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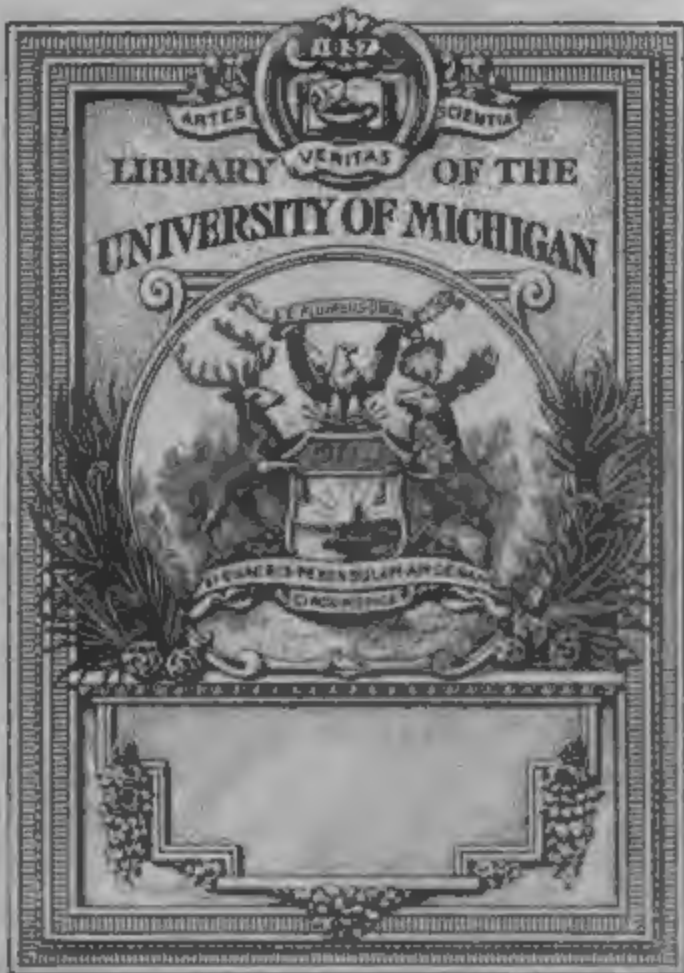
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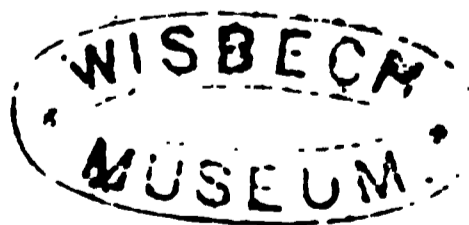
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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1894.

THE ARTISTS.

Translated from the Russian of the late V. M. GARSHINE
by JESSIE MACKENZIE.

I.—DYAYDOV.

TO-DAY I feel as if a weight had been lifted from my shoulders. It was such unexpected luck! Off with my engineer's epaulettes! away with instruments and calculations!

Yet is it not too bad to rejoice thus over the death of my poor aunt, simply because she has left me a legacy enabling me to send in my papers? However, she certainly entreated me when dying to give myself up wholly to my favourite pursuit; and, besides other reasons for delight, I now rejoice at being able to carry out her earnest wish. It happened one evening. . . . What a look of surprise came over our chief on being told that I was leaving the Service! But on my explaining my object in so doing, he just gaped at me!

“From love of art? H'm!—hand in your papers.”

I said no more, turned on my heel and walked out. But what more did I need? To be free and an artist! Is not that the height of felicity?

I felt impelled to go off somewhere, to leave Petersburg and the crowd behind me, so, hiring a skiff, I made for the open bay. The water, the sky, the town glistening afar in the sunlight, the deep blue woods fringing the edge of the bay, the tops of masts in Cronstadt roadstead, the dozens of steamers shooting past, the sailing boats and Finnish barks skimming by—everything appeared to me in a new light. All this is mine, it is all in my power; I can grasp it all, transfer it to canvas, and place it before a public amazed at the power of art. It is true, one should kill one's bear before

disposing of his skin, and until I attain celebrity there is time enough. . . .

My skiff cut swiftly through the unruffled waters ; the boatman, a fine, strong, handsome fellow in a red shirt, bent to his oars unweariedly, first forward, then backward, powerfully propelling the boat with every stroke. The sun was setting, and played with such effect on his face and red shirt, that I longed to sketch him in colours. (I always keep a small box by me, supplied with canvas, colours, and brushes.)

“Stop rowing and sit still for a moment ; I want to paint you,” I said.

He flung down his oars.

“Just place yourself in the act of lifting your oars.”

He seized his oars, brandishing them aloft like the wings of a bird, and so settled himself in a capital pose.

Having quickly sketched in the outline, I set to work to paint. With what a peculiar feeling of delight did I mix my colours, knowing that no one would tear me from them during the remainder of my life.

The boatman soon began to weary ; his fearless expression grew languid and bored. He commenced to yawn, once even wiping his face on his sleeve, for which he had to bend his head down over his oar. The folds of his shirt were quite spoiled. Such a nuisance ! I cannot bear a model to move.

“Can't you sit quieter, my man ? ”

He grinned.

“What are you laughing at ? ”

Again he grinned sheepishly, saying :

“It seems so strange, sir ! ”

“What seems so strange ? ”

“Why, as if I were such a rarity that I required painting—as if I were a picture.”

“I intend making a picture of you, my good fellow.”

“What do you want it for ? ”

“To learn by. I paint small pictures first, and then larger ones.”

“Larger ones ? ”

“Of three sajens even.”

He was silent, and then gravely asked :

“Then you can paint saints, too ? ”

“Yes, I can ; but I paint pictures.”

“Really.” He reflected a little, and again inquired :

“What is the use of them ? ”

“The use of what?”

“Why, of the pictures” . . .

Well, of course, I did not set to work to read him a lecture on the importance of art, and merely replied that hard cash was given for these pictures, a thousand, two thousand roubles, and upwards. The boatman was quite satisfied and relapsed into silence. My study was a great success (those glowing tones of red fustian are very beautiful by the light of the setting sun), and I returned home supremely happy.

II.—RYABEENINE.

Before me, in a constrained position, stands Tarass, an old male model, whom Professor N—— has ordered to be placed with his hand on his head, this being “a highly classic pose,” as he asserts in his German-Russian. I am surrounded by a whole throng of comrades, sitting like myself before their easels, palette and brushes in hand. In front of everybody sits Dyaydov, assiduously copying Tarass, although he is a landscape painter. There is a smell of paints, oil, and turpentine in the class-room, and a dead silence. Every half hour Tarass takes a rest; he seats himself on the edge of the wooden chest which serves him as pedestal, and from a model he reverts to an ordinary naked old man; works his arms and legs, which are numb from not moving, dispenses altogether with the prescribed use of a pocket-handkerchief, &c. The pupils crowd round the easels, examining each other’s work. There is always a crowd round mine; I am a very promising pupil of the Academy, and bid fair to become “one of our coryphées,” to use the happy expression of the art critic, Mr. V. S——, who said long ago, “Ryabeenine will make his mark.” That is why all look at my work. After five minutes all again take their places, Tarass climbs on to his pedestal, places his hand on his head, and we daub away. . . . And so on every day. Tiresome, is it not? Yes, I made up my mind on that point long ago; it is all very tiresome. But I am like an engine when the steam valve is opened, I am threatened with two alternatives: either to roll along the rails until the steam is exhausted, or, swerving from them, to become, instead of an iron monster, a heap of fragments. . . . I am on the rails; my wheels grip them firmly, and if I swerve, what then? At all costs I must travel on to the station, notwithstanding that the aforesaid station appears to me as a black hole in which I can distinguish nothing. Some say that artistic productiveness will be the outcome. As to the artistic part I have no doubt; but—productiveness. . . .

When I visit an Exhibition and look at the pictures, what do I see? Canvas with colours laid on—laid on in such a manner as to represent the artist's impressions—and the impressions which different objects have produced are all similar. People go and admire : “How skilfully are the colours laid on !” And that is all. Whole books, whole piles of books, have been written on the subject ; many of them I have read. But I cannot make much out of Taine, Carrière, Kugler, and all the writers on art, including Prudhon. They all discuss one topic : What is the meaning of art? and whilst reading, the thought forthwith crops up in my mind, Has art any meaning? I have not observed the elevating influence of good pictures on mankind, why should I believe in its existence?

Why should I believe? And yet believing is a necessity to me, an urgent necessity ; but *how* can I go on believing? How can I convince myself that my whole life through I shall not be pandering solely to the unintelligent curiosity of the public (and well were it only curiosity and nothing more—the arousing of bad instincts, for instance) and to the boasting of some wealthy stomach-on-two-legs, who leisurely goes up to the picture in which I have lived and have suffered, my beloved picture, painted not with brush and colours, but with nerves and life-blood, and mutters : “H'm . . . not so bad,” buries his hand in his bursting pockets, tosses me a few hundred roubles, and carries it away from me, together with the appertaining excitement, sleepless nights, griefs and joys, illusions and disillusion. And I pace the crowd alone once more. Mechanically do I draw from the life in the evening, mechanically paint from the same in the morning, arousing the astonishment of professors and comrades with my rapid successes. And why do I act thus, whither am I tending?

Here have four months elapsed since I sold my last picture, and as yet no conception for a new one has dawned upon me.

If only some idea would arise in my mind, I should be thankful. . . . A brief respite full of oblivion. I would step out into my picture as into a monastery, I would think solely of it. The questions : Whither tending? What for? vanish whilst I am at work ; one thought, one aim, is present with me, and putting it into execution is my delight. My picture is the world in which I live, and to which I am responsible. Here worldly morality ceases. I am re-created in my new world, and therein I realise my worth and uprightness, or worthlessness and falsehood, in my own way, independently of the outside world.

But it is impossible to go on painting for ever. In the evening,

when twilight interrupts work, I return to everyday life, and hear anew the everlasting question, "What for?" not allowing me to fall asleep, causing me to toss about feverishly in bed, to gaze into the darkness, as if an answer were written somewhere there. And I sleep the sleep of the just towards morning, in order, on awakening, to sink into another dream-world, in which live only the images shaped by my own brain, which take concrete form before me on canvas.

"Why are you not working, Ryabeenine?" my neighbour inquired loudly.

I was so buried in thought that I started on hearing this question. The hand holding the palette relaxed; the tails of my coat dropped into the colours and were smeared with paint; my brushes lay on the floor. I glanced at my study; it was done, and well done. Tarass stood out on the canvas as if alive.

"I have finished," I replied to my neighbour. The class broke up. The model, getting down from his pedestal, dressed himself; all noisily collected their belongings. Conversation began. They came over to me and praised me.

"The medal, the medal . . . the best study," said some. Others kept silence. Artists do not care about praising one another.

III.—DYAYDOV.

It seems to me that my fellow-students look up to me. Of course my sedate age as compared with theirs has something to do with it. In the whole Academy there is only Volski who is older than I. This Volski, a man of forty-five, quite grey, enters the Academy at that age, and begins school again—is not that zeal? But he works away doggedly; in summer time he paints studies with great perseverance from morning till night, and in all weathers; through the winter he paints unceasingly as long as it is daylight, and draws in the evening. In two years he has made great strides, though Providence has not endowed him with much talent.

Then there is Ryabeenine—that is another matter—a highly gifted nature; but, on the other hand, a terribly idle dog. I do not think he will turn out much, though all the young art students are his admirers. His passion for realistic subjects is to me particularly strange; he paints peasants, their bast-shoes, leggings, and short fur cloaks, as if we did not see enough of them in real life. And what is of most importance, he scarcely works at all. Sometimes he takes his place and polishes off a picture in a month, causing everyone to exclaim as over a wonder, whilst admitting, however, that in technical

qualities there remains a great deal to wish for (in my opinion the technical part of the work is very, very weak) ; and then he throws up even doing studies, loafs about gloomily, addressing no one, not even me, although it seems that he shuns me less than the other fellows. A strange lad ! Those people who do not find full satisfaction in art surprise me. Cannot they understand that nothing so elevates a man as creation ? Yesterday I finished a picture and exhibited it, and to-day they have already begun inquiring about the price. I will not let it go for less than three hundred roubles. They have given two hundred and fifty for others. I am of opinion that one should never reduce a price once named. One is the more thought of in consequence. And I am the less likely to come down, as the picture is sure to sell ; the subject is taking and sympathetic—a winter sunset ; the black tree-trunks in the foreground stand out sharply against the redness of the sky. That is the kind of thing K—— paints, and how his things go off ! They say that this winter alone he has made as much as twenty thousand roubles. That is not so bad ; he can manage to exist. I cannot make out how some artists contrive to be in want ; for of K——'s canvases, not one is left on his hands, all sell. One requires merely to face the business frankly. Whilst one is painting a picture one is an artist, a creator ; once the picture painted, one becomes a dealer, and the more wide-awake one is in the matter, the better. The public frequently attempts to get the better of us, too.

IV.—RYABEENINE.

I am living in the 15th Line, Sredni Prospekt, and four times a day I pass along the quay where the foreign steamboats come alongside. I like the place for its motley colouring, animation, crowd, and noise. I like it because it has supplied me with many subjects. Here it was, whilst gazing on the dock labourers carrying sacks, turning windlasses and capstans, conveying trucks with all sorts of loads, that I learnt to draw the man of toil.

I walked home with Dyaydov, the landscape painter, a man who is as good and as guileless as a landscape, and passionately in love with his art. As for him, he is not troubled with doubts about anything. He paints what he sees : he sees a river and paints a river ; he sees a swamp with sedge-grass, and paints a swamp with sedge-grass. Of what utility are the river and the swamp to him ? he never reflects. Apparently he is a man of education ; at least he got through his exams. as engineer. He threw up the Service, for fortunately some legacy turned up, affording him the possibility of

living without work. Now he paints and paints away ; in summer he sits from morning to night in a field or a wood making studies ; in winter he composes sunsets, sunrises, mid-days ; landscapes before and after rain ; winter subjects, spring subjects, &c., without cessation. His engineering he has forgotten, and does not regret it. Only, when we pass by the wharves, he often explains to me the uses of the huge masses of iron and steel ; they are portions of machines, boilers, and different things which the steamers have discharged.

“Just see what a great boiler they have dragged here,” he said to me yesterday, striking the resounding metal with his stick.

“You don’t mean to say we cannot make them ?” I inquired.

“Yes, we make them too ; but in small quantities, not sufficient. See what a number have been discharged here. And it is nasty work when it comes to the repairing ; do you see the joint is loose ? Look here, too, the rivets are loosened. Do you know how the job is done ? A man seats himself inside the boiler, holding the red-hot rivets with pincers which he grasps with both hands, pressing his chest on them with all his might ; and outside the master strikes the red-hot rivets with a hammer, and raises little protruding heads like that.” He pointed me out a whole row of little knobs running along the joint of the boiler.

“But surely, Dyaydov, it is like hammering on human breasts !”

“Yes, just like. Once I tried getting into a boiler, and after the fourth rivet I could hardly crawl out. My chest felt quite shattered. But the men manage to get accustomed to it. It is true they die off like flies ; they stand it for about two years and then, even if still alive, they are rarely fit for anything. Just think of having to endure the strokes of a mighty hammer on one’s chest during a whole day ; and to make matters worse, inside a boiler, in a suffocating atmosphere, and in a constrained attitude. In winter the iron freezes, it is perishing, and they sit or lie on the iron. Over there in that boiler—look, the red one, so narrow that sitting inside it is impossible—the man has to lie on his side, placing his breast underneath. Those Deaf ’uns have heavy work.”

“Deaf ’uns ?”

“Why, yes, that is what the workmen have christened them. They frequently become deaf from the hammering. And you imagine they are highly paid for such galley-work ? Next to nothing ! For here neither training nor skill is requisite, only human flesh. . . . If you only knew, Ryabeenine, how many distressing impressions one receives at the works ! I am so glad to be clear of them for good and all. My life was simply a burden to me at first, gazing on

all these miseries. . . . Now it is another thing to have to deal with nature ; and one has no need to injure anyone in order to turn her to account, as we artists do. . . . But look, just look, what grey colouring !” he suddenly interrupted himself, pointing to one corner of the sky, “further down, there, under the cloud . . . how lovely with the greenish tint ! Look, if one were to paint like that, just like that, no one would think it was true ! And yet it is worth seeing, eh ?”

I expressed my assent, though, to tell the truth, I saw nothing beautiful in a dirty-green bit of Petersburg sky, and I interrupted Dyaydov, who was beginning to expatiate upon yet another scarce perceptible tint fringing another cloud.

“ Look here, where are your Deaf 'uns to be seen ?”

“ Let us go to the works together, and I will show you everything. To-morrow even, if you like. But you surely do not intend painting these Deaf 'uns ? Give it up, it is no good ; surely there must be other more cheerful subjects ! However, we will visit the works to-morrow, if you like.”

We drove to the works to-day, and examined everything. We saw a Deaf 'un, too. He was sitting in a constrained attitude in a corner of a boiler, placing his breast underneath to receive the blows of the hammer. I gazed at him for half an hour ; the hammer rose and fell a hundred times. The Deaf 'un kept shrinking away. I shall paint him.

V.—DYAYDOV.

Ryabeenine has imagined something so idiotic, that what to think about it I do not know. Three days ago I conducted him to the metal works ; we spent a whole day examining everything, and I explained all the processes to him (to my astonishment I have forgotten my profession very little), and at last I took him to the boiler department. They were just then engaged on a gigantic boiler ; Ryabeenine crawled into it, and gazed for half an hour at the way the workmen hold the rivets with pincers. He crawled out again pale and upset, and was silent the whole way back. And to-day he announces to me that he has already begun painting a Deaf 'un at work. What an idea ! What poetry is there in dirt ! Here I can say, unrestrained by anything or anybody, what I would of course not say to everyone—in my opinion the whole of the peasant theme in art is a pure monstrosity. Who wants those celebrated “Haulers of the Volga,” by Ryaypine ? There is no question that they are splendidly painted, but that is all. Where is the beauty, harmony, elegance ? And is it not for the reproduction of elegance that art exists in the world ?

It is otherwise with me ! Yet a few more days' work and my peaceful "May Morning" is finished. The water in the pond is scarcely rippled, the willows bend their branches over it ; dawn appears on the horizon, the small fleecy clouds being tinged with a pinky hue. A woman's figure is walking along the steep bank, carrying a pail for water, and frightening a flock of ducks. And that is all : it seems simple, and, nevertheless, I distinctly feel that the poetry in the picture asserts itself.

Such is art ! It incites man to calm and gentle musing, soothing his heart. But Ryabeenine's "Deaf 'un" will have no effect on anyone, for the simple reason that everyone will run away from it as quickly as possible, so as at any rate not to offend their eyes with filthy rags and dirty faces. It is curious ! for ear-splitting, unpleasing combinations are not allowed in music. How is it that artists may reproduce downright ugly and repulsive forms ? I must talk it over with L——; he will write an article, and will cut up Ryabeenine's picture. And he deserves it.

VI.—RYABEENINE.

It is two weeks since I left off going to the Academy. I sit at home and paint. The work has quite tired me out, though it progresses capitally. I ought rather to say not *though* it progresses, but *because* it progresses capitally. The nearer it approaches completion, the more and more terrible does what I am painting appear to me. And besides, it seems to me that this will be my last picture.

He sits there before me in a constrained attitude, in a dark corner of the boiler, a man attired in rags and panting from fatigue. One could not see him at all were it not for the light which pierces through the round holes bored for the rivets. The little circles of light speckle his clothes and his face, shining in golden spots on the rags, on the dishevelled and blackened beard and hair, on the livid face, from which pours blackened sweat, on the sinewy and lacerated hands, and on the weary, broad, and sunken chest. The heavy, constantly repeated blows fall on the boiler, causing the unfortunate Deaf 'un to exert all his strength in order to retain his constrained position. As much as it is possible to represent the strength he has to exert, I have done so. Sometimes I put down palette and brushes, and get further away from my picture, just opposite to it. I am satisfied ; nothing I have ever done has been such a success as this awful thing. The misfortune, however, is that this satisfaction does not relieve but tortures me. This is no painted picture, but a disease which has reached its crisis. How it will terminate I know not, but after this

picture I feel it will be useless for me to continue painting. Fowlers, fishermen, and sportsmen, with typical physiognomies and every kind of expression, all "that rich province of genre," of what good is it to me now? I shall never make such an impression as with this "Deaf 'un," if indeed it does impress people. . . .

I made an experiment. I called in Dyaydov, and showed him my picture. He merely said, "Well, my dear fellow!" with a gesture of surprise. He took a seat and gazed for half an hour, then silently took his leave and went off. Apparently he was impressed . . . all the same, however, he is an artist.

I place myself opposite my picture, and it impresses me; I gaze and cannot tear myself away; I feel for that worn-out figure. Sometimes I can even hear the blows of a hammer. . . . It will drive me mad, I must cover it up.

I have covered easel and picture with a cloth, and still I sit on in front of it, reflecting over the undefined and the awful which so torments me. The setting sun casts a slanting yellow streak of light through the dusty pane of glass upon the easel on which stands the canvas. It looks just like a human figure; just like the spirit of the earth in "Faust" as represented by German actors.

. . . *Wer ruft mir?*

Who calls me? I did, I created thee here myself. I evoked thee, not from any "sphere," but out of the suffocating, dark boiler, that thou mightest terrify by thy apparition that clean, well-dressed, hateful crowd. Come forth, thou who art nailed to canvas by the strength of my power, gaze forth from it on the fashionably attired throng, and cry to them, "I am an eating sore!" strike them to the heart, deprive them of sleep, stand before them like a phantom! Destroy their peace of mind as thou hast done mine. . . .

Ay! this is what will happen! . . . My picture is finished, placed in a gold frame, two porters carry it off on their heads for exhibition at the Academy. And there it hangs, surrounded by "Noons" and "Sunsets," in a line with "A Girl with a Cat," not far from a twenty-one feet high picture of "John the Terrible transfixing Vaska Sheebanov's foot with his iron staff." It is of no use saying that people will not look it; they will look at it, and even praise it. The artists will set to work to examine the drawing. The critics will listen to their remarks, scribbling in pencil meanwhile in their note-books. Mr. V. S—— alone is above borrowed ideas; he gazes, approves, extols, and squeezes my hand. L——, the art-critic, throws himself with fury on my poor "Deaf 'un," crying, "But where is elegance here? Tell me where is elegance?" and entirely demolishes

me. The public—well, the public pass by apathetically or with a wry face; the ladies merely remark, “*Ah, qu’il est laid cet homme,*” and sweep on to the next picture, to “The Girl with a Cat,” looking at which they say, “Very, very sweet,” or something of the sort. Sedate gentlemen, with bullock’s eyes, stare a little, cast their eyes on the catalogue, emit something between a grunt and a snuffle, and move contentedly further on. And, maybe, only some lad or young girl stops attentively, and reads in the weary eyes gazing, martyr-like, out of the canvas, the sobs I have depicted in them.

And then? Then the picture is exhibited, bought, and carried off. What will become of me? All that I have lately gone through, is it to be in vain? Is everything attained in this one effort, after which will begin rest, and the search for harmless subjects? . . . Harmless subjects! Suddenly I recalled how one of the keepers of the gallery, composing the catalogue, called to his clerk:

“Martinov! write, ‘No. 112—First love scene: A girl picking a rose.’”

“Martinov! write, ‘No. 113—Second love scene: A girl smelling a rose.’”

Shall I, too, “smell a rose,” as before? or shall I swerve from the rails?

VII.—DYAYDOV.

Ryabeenine has nearly finished his “Deaf ’un,” and to-day invited me to look at it. I went with a preconceived opinion, and I must say was obliged to alter it. The impression is very powerful. The drawing is splendid. The modelling stands out. Best of all is the fantastic, and at the same time eminently realistic, lighting. Without a doubt the picture would have merits, were it not for the strange, wild subject. L—— perfectly agrees with me, and his newspaper article will appear next week. We shall see what Ryabeenine will say then. Of course it is difficult for L—— to pull the picture to pieces from the point of view of execution, but he can touch upon its significance as a production of art, which will not bear debasing to the use of any vulgar or gloomy idea.

To-day L—— came to see me. He praised my picture. He made a few remarks on several points of detail, but praised it on the whole. If only the Professors would look at my picture through his eyes! Surely I shall at last receive that to which every pupil of the Academy aspires—the gold medal! the medal and four years of life abroad at Government expense, and, in years to come, a professorship. No, I cannot be mistaken, I shall then throw up this dismal,

workaday, dirty work, where one runs against some "Deaf 'un" like Ryabeenine's at every step.

VIII.—RYABEENINE.

My picture has been sold, and removed to Moscow. I have received the price, and at my comrades request I have to get up an entertainment at the "Vienna" restaurant. I do not know for how long this has been the custom, but nearly all the merry meetings of young artists come off there, in a corner room engaged for the occasion. The room is large and lofty, with a chandelier, bronze candelabra, a carpet and furniture dingy from time and the fumes of tobacco, and a grand piano, which has seen much service in its day under the lively fingers of improvising pianists; the big looking-glass alone is new, for it has to be renewed two or three times a year, every time that merchants, instead of artists, engage the corner room for a spree.

A whole crowd of people assembled: painters of genre, painters of landscape, sculptors, two critics belonging to some small paper or other, and a few casuals. They set to work drinking and talking; in half an hour's time they were already in high spirits. And so was I. I remember being shaken, and making a speech. Then I embraced the critic and drank "brotherhood" with him. We drank, talked, and embraced a great deal, returning to our quarters at four in the morning. It seems that two fellows made themselves comfortable for the night in that corner room. I could hardly get home, and threw myself undressed on my bed, experiencing meanwhile the sensation of rocking in a boat; it seemed as if the room swayed and went round, together with the bed and me. This continued for about two minutes, and then I went to sleep. I slept, awakening very late. My head ached, I felt just as if lead had been poured into my body. For a long time I could not uncloset my eyes, and when I opened them I beheld the easel—bare, the picture gone. This recalled what I had gone through in painting it, and now it has all to begin over again. . . . Ah, my God! I must put an end to it! My head aches worse and worse, darkness envelops me. I go to sleep, awake, and again drop off. And I cannot distinguish whether I am surrounded by a death-like stillness or a deafening noise, a chaos of sounds unusual, terrible to the ear. Maybe it is—the stillness, yet something is ringing and beating, whirling and flying, through it all. Just like a huge thousand-power pump, pumping out water from a bottomless abyss, swaying and making an uproar,

whilst the dull rolling of falling water and strokes of a machine are audible. And above all this there rises one note, never-ending, protracted, and overpowering. And I want to open my eyes, to get up, to cross to the window, to open it, to hear living sounds, human voices, the noise of cabs, a dog's bark, to free myself from this everlasting row. But I have not the strength! Yesterday I got drunk. And I must lie here, listening and listening, on and on.

And I doze off and again awake. Again the knocking and roaring somewhere, shrill, nearer, and more persistent. The blows come still nearer, and beat in time to my pulse. Are they upon me, upon my head? or are they within me? Resonantly shrilly, and evenly, . . . "one, two," "one, two." . . . They strike on the metal and on something besides. I clearly hear the blows upon the iron, which clangs and vibrates; at first the hammer falls with a dull thud as on a soft substance, then clearer and gradually clearer, until at last the huge boiler rings out like a bell. There is a pause; again quiet; then louder and yet louder that unbearable, deafening sound. Yes; this is what it must be; at first they hammer on the malleable red-hot rivet, and then it hardens. And the boiler rings out once the head of the rivet has hardened. I understand. But those other noises . . . what are they? I try to grasp what they can be; but a film overclouds my brain. It seems as if remembering were so easy, and then something whirls round at my head, in agonising proximity to my head, and what it is I know not, it is impossible to seize it. . . . Let the noise continue, I will not trouble myself about it! I am conscious, but my memory is gone.

And the noise increases and decreases, the sounds now rising till they become agonising torture, now seeming to disappear. But, apparently, it is not the noise that disappears, but I myself who disappear somewhere. I hear nothing, I cannot move a finger, lift an eyelid, or cry out. Numbness restrains me, and terror surrounds me, and I go off to sleep in a high fever. I do not quite awake, but appear to be in some other dream. Apparently I am visiting the works again, but not those I went over with Dyaydov. These are far huger and gloomier. On all sides are gigantic furnaces of unknown shapes. The flames shoot up from them in sheafs, blackening roof and walls of the building, which were black as charcoal before. The machines sway and creak, and I can scarce pass between the revolving wheels and running and quivering straps; not a living soul is to be seen. There is a knocking and roaring somewhere, that is where work is being carried on. There is a furious noise

there, and frantic blows are falling ; it is awful to me to go there ; yet something seizes and leads me, and the blows are ever louder, and the noise more terrible. And behold everything flows together with a roar, and I perceive . . . I perceive a strange disfigured creature, cowering on the ground from the blows which fall on him from all sides. A throng of people, armed with whatever falls to hand, level the blows. Here are all my acquaintances, with infuriated countenances, striking with hammers, mallets, cudgels, fists, the creature for whom I cannot find any fitting designation. I know who he is—it is he to the life. . . . I fling myself forward, want to cry, “Stay, why this . . .” and suddenly I behold a pale, mutilated, unusually awful countenance, awful on account of its being my own countenance. I watch how I, my other self, raise a hammer with all my strength to deal a furious blow. . . .

Then the hammer crashes down on my own skull. And everything disappears ; for a little while I still realise the darkness, the stillness, the voidness and immovability, and swiftly I, too, vanish away.

Ryabeenine lay in complete unconsciousness until evening. At last his landlady, remembering that her lodger had not left his room that day, thought of entering, and seeing the poor lad lying stretched out in a high fever, and muttering all sorts of nonsense, she got frightened, emitted some exclamation in her incomprehensible dialect, and sent the girl off for the doctor. The doctor came examined, felt, listened, and grunted a little, seated himself at a table, and having written a prescription, went off, while Ryabeenine continued to wander and toss about.

IX.—*DYAYDOV.*

Poor Ryabeenine was taken ill after yesterday's spree. I went over to him and found him lying unconscious. His landlady looks after him. I had to give her money, for not a kopek remained in Ryabeenine's table. I do not know if the cursed woman took all, or whether, perhaps, all his money remained at the “Vienna” restaurant. Truly we feasted well yesterday ; we had a lively time ; we drank “brotherhood” with Ryabeenine. I drank with L——, too. He has a beautiful soul, that same L——, and how he understands art ! He realised in his article so delicately, as no one had done before, what I wanted to express in my picture, and I am deeply grateful to him for that. I must paint some small trifle, perhaps something à la Klever, and present it to him. Yes, by the way, is his name not Alexander ? and is to-morrow not his name-day ?

But with poor Ryabeenine it may fare badly ; his large picture

for competition is not nearly finished yet. Should his illness last a month, then he will not get a medal. And then—farewell to the trip abroad. I am very glad of one thing—that, as a landscape painter, I do not compete with him ; his comrades, however, are probably rubbing their hands.

But I cannot leave poor Ryabeenine at the mercy of fate ; I must carry him off to hospital.

X.—RYABEENINE.

On looking round me to-day, after many days of unconsciousness, I had to consider for a long time where I was. At first I could not even make out the meaning of the long white roll before my eyes—it was my own body, wrapped up in the clothes. Having with great difficulty turned my head to right and left, from whence sounds reached my ears, I made out a long faintly-lighted ward with two rows of beds, on which lay the muffled-up forms of the sick ; the figure of a knight in armour standing between the large windows with lowered blinds (and which turned out to be merely an enormous brass wash-hand basin) ; the figure of the Saviour in a corner, with a dimly shining image-lamp, and two colossal tile stoves. I heard the gentle intermittent breathing of my neighbours ; the choked gasps of a sick man lying somewhere further on, somebody's peaceful snore, and then the deafening snore of the warder, probably placed on duty at the bedside of someone dangerously ill, who, maybe, was still alive, and maybe already dead, and lying just like us patients who are yet alive. We who are alive. . . . "Alive," I mused, even whispering the word. And suddenly an unusual, pleasing, cheering, and peaceful sensation which I had not experienced from quite a child came over me, together with the conviction that I was far from death, that a whole life still lay before me, which I should certainly make use of in my own way (oh, that you may be sure of !). I turned on my side, though with difficulty, crossed my legs, placed my hand under my head, and went off to sleep just as I did in my childhood, when I used to wake at night by the side of my slumbering mother, with the wind beating at the window, and the storm howling pitifully in the chimney, and the beams of the house snapping like pistol shots under the cruel frost ; and I used to begin to cry softly and feel frightened, and want to wake my mother ; and she, half awakening, would kiss me, making the sign of the cross over me through her sleep ; and, quieted, I would curl myself up in a little ball and drop off, with comfort in my little heart.

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Good heavens! how weak I have become! To-day I tried to get up and cross from my bed to the bed of my opposite neighbour—some student or other recovering from a fever—and I nearly fell down half-way. The mind recovers more quickly than the body. When I gazed around I could hardly take in anything, and it was with difficulty I could recall even the names of my most intimate acquaintances. Now everything has come back to me, not as past facts, but as a dream. No, it does not worry me. No. The old order of things has passed irrevocably away. This morning Dyaydov brought me a whole pile of newspapers, in which my “Deaf ’un” and his “May Morning” are much lauded. L—— alone has not praised me. And, as far as that goes, it does not matter now. It is so long, long ago. I am very pleased about Dyaydov; he has been awarded the large gold medal, and will soon be going abroad. He is inexpressibly contented and happy, his face shining like a Shrovetide pancake. He inquired if I had any intention of competing next year, after being hindered as I have been through illness. It was a sight to see how wide he opened his eyes when I replied, “No.”

“Seriously?”

“Quite seriously,” I replied.

“Then what are you going to do?”

“We shall see.”

He went off thoroughly puzzled.

XI.—DYAYDOV.

I have lived through these two weeks in a maze of excitement and impatience, and have only just calmed down, sitting in a carriage of the Warsaw Railway. I cannot take it in. I am a Travelling Scholar of the Academy, an artist starting off abroad for four years to perfect himself in Art! *Vivat Academia!*

But Ryabeenine, what of Ryabeenine! I met him to-day in the street, stepping into a cab to drive to the terminus. “I congratulate you,” he said, “and you must congratulate me, too.”

“Congratulate you on what?”

“I have just got through my exams. for the Teaching Seminary.”

The Teaching Seminary! An artist, with talent too! And he will be wasted; he will go to seed in the country. Can the fellow be mad?

Dyaydov was right this time. Ryabeenine did not turn out much of a success after all.

A GASCON TRAGEDY.

VERY late on the evening of St. Catherine's Day (Nov. 25), in the year 1388, Jean Froissart, Canon and Treasurer of Chimay, accompanied by a friend, rode into the little town of Ortais (some twenty miles from Pau), and dismounted at the hostel of the "Moon," a small inn still in existence and known to modern travellers as "La Belle Hôteesse."¹

Having sent word of his arrival to the castle of the Count de Foix, whom he had come to visit (with the view of acquiring information at first hand of the wars in Gascony and Spain), the historian, who bore letters of introduction from his patron, the Count de Blois, was at once received with every hospitality, and remained as his lordship's guest, so he expressly tells us, for more than twelve weeks.

Ortais, or Orthez as it is now spelt, was once, as we may learn from modern guide-books, a place of considerable importance, as the residence of the Princes of Bearn, until, at the close of the fifteenth century, they removed to Pau.

Of the "Castle of Moncada," built after a Spanish model by Gaston de Foix in 1240, and dismantled by Cardinal Richelieu, but one stately tower and a few ruined walls remain.

The associations of the place seem, curiously enough, to be mostly of a sanguinary cast. On the heights above the little town (Feb. 27, 1814) we defeated the French army under Soult in a bloody engagement, the only one in which the Duke of Wellington was ever injured.

From the Gothic bridge, or rather from the tower in the centre of it, the Calvinistic soldiery, who took the tower by assault in 1569, are said to have precipitated into the river the Roman Catholic priests found with arms in their hands who refused to abjure their religion.

We may here note two facts important to our story, viz. that the Protestant College at Orthez was founded by a Queen of Navarre, and

¹ *Chroniques de France, Angleterre et d'Espagne.* Reveu par Denis Sauvage de Fontenailles-en-Brie. Fol. Jan de Tournes, Lyon, 1559-60-61 (Bk. III., ch. 8.)

that the Catholic establishment instituted by Henry IV., after his conversion, is now deserted after having for some time been used as a manufactory, so a recent guide-book informs us.

Lastly, the castle—more particularly the tower—“was the scene of unparalleled crimes during the life of the brutal Gaston Phœbus, who filled its dungeons with the victims of his unbridled passion; among them his own kinsman, the Viscomte de Chateaubon, Pierre Arnaut, the faithful Governor of Lourdes,¹ and finally his own son and only child, whom he killed with his knife here in the dark cell in which he had caused him to be immured. Blanche de Navarre,” we are further told, “was poisoned here” by her younger sister, the Countess de Foix. That was in 1466.

The place was in fact a complete mediæval Chamber of Horrors, and the “brutal Gaston Phœbus,” Comte de Foix, has been handed down in history as a monster of profligate iniquity in a period when such celebrity was no trifling achievement.

At the close of the fourteenth century the feudal system was at the height of its power. The tremendous forces inevitably developed within itself by European society for dealing with a chronically recrudescing chaos, seemed only too often—in their independence of any public opinion—to act in the direction of unmixed evil.

The despotic defiance by feudal lords (the ideal “wicked barons” of later romance) of the conceptions of right and wrong, law and outrage, which were in an irregular way beginning to leaven society, is a

¹ The horrid murder of Pierre Arnaut is described in detail (*Chronique*, iii. 6) by the Chevalier d'Espaing du Lyon, whose store of anecdotes beguiled, as well they might, the long ride from Pamiers (where F. had met him) to Ortais. The Count, his relative and liege lord, having invited the Governor of Lourdes to a parley, adjured him to give up the citadel. The latter declined, with profuse apologies, saying he was in honour bound to the King of England, who had placed him there. On this De Foix, in mortal rage, drew a dagger, and crying “Ha, traitor! ‘No,’ sayest thou? By this head it shall not be for nought!” stabbed him fiercely in five places. “Oh, my lord!” cried Arnaut, “you do no knightly deed to send for me and then murder me!” “But stabbed he was whether he liked it or not” (*toutefois il eut ces cinq coups de dague*) is the singular comment; and the Count ordered him to be thrown into the castle ditch, where he shortly afterwards died. *But not a knight nor baron dared stir a finger to prevent it.* . . . De Foix’s “neighbours,” the kings of France and England, were, the same informant tells us, a perpetual source of diplomatic anxiety to this “sage prince,” who was careful never to offend unnecessarily any *great lord*. He could levy any day more men-at-arms than either of the kings of Aragon and Navarre. In response to Froissart’s cross-examination his companion was going on to recount the fate of young Gaston, but it was too late for so long a story, as the travellers were just then arriving at Tarbes, where they made themselves very comfortable at the “Star.”

thing peculiar to the age when the power of the former, already at its zenith, had yet no cause to fear extinction from the new influences of gunpowder, the printing-press, and general enlightenment.

This is one of the great sources of interest attaching to the period of history illuminated for us by the brilliant colouring of the greatest of born chroniclers.

Froissart in his history seems to live for the purpose of accumulating information on every subject which might interest posterity. Inconsistent, inaccurate, as he often is, heartless (*qui pis est*) as he often seems, endowed neither with the simple Christian pathos of Joinville nor the *thought* of Christine de Pisan, much less the diplomatic judgment of Comines, as to his capacity for telling a story there can be but one opinion ; and nothing in his whole work forms a more complete, instructive, and dramatic episode than that briefly and inaccurately abstracted in the passage we have quoted from Mr. Murray's "Guide."

The genealogy of the Counts of Foix and Bearn, according to the *Art de Vérifier les Dates*, extends, with but one break of the direct succession, from the tenth century to the end of the fifteenth, where it merges in the royal house of Navarre ; and of all who bore the title none were more famous, or infamous, than the particular Gaston III., called "Phœbus," in the annals of the De Foix family cited by Denis Sauvage ; whether on account of his superlative personal attractions, or of his passion for the chase, seems not quite certain. Certainly no one would conjecture, from Froissart's description, that the gentleman who on this November evening, in the year of grace 1388, received the chronicler into his magnificent château and "made him good cheer" for some three months was identical with the "monster of iniquity," the brutal tyrant whose cold-blooded murder of his only son brought to an end the long generations of the ancient barons of Foix.

Yet Froissart indubitably saw the ogre in his castle, knew him, as we say, "at home," and was, it may be presumed, disposed to take people, and especially the rich and powerful, as he found them, with perhaps no special care as to how they treated their other fellow-beings. The Count was at this time, he tells us, about fifty-nine years of age.

"I tell you I have seen in my time many knights, kings, princes and others, but never none have I seen so handsome, so tall, so well built," as the Count Gaston Phœbus. He was so perfect in all respects *qu'on ne le pouvoit trop louer*—an Admirable Crichton, in fact, as we are shown by the detailed portrait that follows.

A splendid figure of a man, brave, beautiful, accomplished, munificent, with a bright colour, a winning smile, and *green eyes*, from which darted now and then an amorous glance.

A sage statesman, and a wise ruler, a skilful and daring warrior (for had he not fought in all parts of Europe, slaughtered the "heathen" in Prussia, engaged, on his own account, the Powers Spain, England, Aragon, and Navarre, and even defied the King of France himself, with tolerable success?); "he loved what should be loved, and hated what should be hated." Most regular in all religious observances, *il disoit planté d'oraisons*, with every night a "Notturme" of the Psalter, Hours of our Lady, The Holy Spirit, and the Cross, with Watches for the Dead; and every day five florins given in small change to the poor, and alms at the gate for all comers. The Count was also an ardent sportsman, and even an *author* upon his favourite subject, fond of dogs above all animals—we are told elsewhere that he kept several hundred¹—liberal and hospitable. At midnight, the dinner hour, twelve varlets carried twelve torches to light him and his numerous guests to the dining hall, where a plentiful banquet was daily spread *pour souper qui souper vouloit*. None spoke to the Count (who, by the way, was particularly partial to *fowl*, especially the legs and wings) unless first addressed. At other times he was approachable by anyone, and spoke them fair and "lovingly," though his answers were brief and presumably to the point.² The castle was, of course, thronged with knights and squires from all quarters; it was a great centre of news, and there was much talk of "love" and "feats of arms," the principal "news" in the good old days of Jean Froissart.

Then there was music. The Count was well skilled in the art, and had many a song, rondeau, and virelet sung before him of an evening. These fanciful forms of verse were just becoming popular.³

¹ The book is intitled *Miroir de Phébus des deduits de la Chasse des bestes sauvages & des oyseaux de proie*, and seems to have been first printed in black letter about 1505, and by Anthoine Verard (in 1507) with woodcut illustrations, of which two editions copies are in the British Museum. De Foix is cited as a great authority on sport by Jacques de Fouilloux in his *Venerie*, 4to. 1585. Froissart brought the Count four greyhounds (called Tristan, Hector, Brown, and Roland) from England (*v. Sainte-Palaye—Mém. sur la Chasse*). Froissart himself, as he travelled on horseback with his portmanteau behind him, was always accompanied by one of these animals.

² *E.g.*, on the critical occasion of the defection of D'Armagnac, when others thought of retreat. "As we are here, my lord," said De Foix to his father, "we will fight your enemies," and he started off with 1,700 *men at helm*, and 6,000 foot, killed 11,000 Spaniards, and chased their king out to sea, bringing his son and brother home as prisoners. The Count was then quite a young man.

³ Massieu (*Hist. de la Poésie Française*) says that Froissart did much to bring

Froissart, moreover—on such terms were the two—had brought the Count a precious volume written out by himself at the request of King Wincelaus of Bohemia, Duke of Luxemburg and Brabant, and containing all that “gentle Duke’s”¹ poetical works. Every night after dinner was Froissart requested to read this book aloud (it was called, he tells us, “Meliader”), and during the reading no one dared to utter a sound, so anxious was the Count that it should be heard properly; but such literary points as occurred to him he would himself discuss with the reader, “*not in his native Gascon, but in good French and fair.*”

In truth, De Foix was quite an ideal host, and with all the lavish munificence of his court (no visitor departed without a handsome *douceur*), a careful and strict man of business. He kept a safe in his private room. Twelve agents managed the estates under a controller, who had to show vouchers for everything to the Count himself; and there were four copying-clerks who *had to be ready* (*bien convenoit que fussent prests*) when the master of Foix stepped hurriedly out of his study to read and answer letters.

This last detail of the accounts has a touch almost of Gilbertian burlesque when we consider that after a successful foray, the popular form of rural visit in the fourteenth century, among the Armagnacs or other relatives or neighbours, there would frequently be a dozen or a score of distinguished prisoners in the dungeons at Orthez. The “bag” made at Cassières in 1362 alone (*d’une seule prise*), as described in a previous chapter, and which included the Count D’Armagnac (husband of De Foix’s eldest sister) himself and many inferior nobles, brought in a sum total of 1,800,000 francs, doubtless duly apportioned on the credit side of the “*roolles & livres escrits*” aforesaid, minus the expense of each prisoner’s board and lodging. For the Count “never loved wild debauch, nor *foolish extravagance*, but would know each month what became of his property.” His economy is exhibited in an anecdote related elsewhere, but which, as Froissart himself is so fond of saying, is not *altogether* out of place here, although it chiefly illustrates the popular practical joke of the

them into vogue. Of the poems composed by the worthy canon himself, Estienne Pasquier, in his interesting miscellany, *Les Recherches de la France*, Book vi., ch. 5, gives a list taken from a volume of the same which he had seen in Francis I.’s library at Fontainebleau. One of these pieces, cited by Sainte-Palaye (*Memoirs of Froissart*), was a pastoral in honour of Gaston Phœbus—a truly Arcadian subject!

¹ The Royal balladmonger is no other than Wincelaus VI. (or IV.), King of Bohemia, Emperor of Germany and son of Charles IV., known to history as “the drunkard,” whose cruelties and debauchery earned him the name of the “Nero of Germany.” He succeeded his father in 1378, and having been born in 1359, must now have been in his thirtieth or thirty-first year. His sister Anne married Richard II.

fourteenth century. One Christmas night, when the house was crowded with guests, an intimate friend and neighbour, one Ernanton d'Espagne (a gentleman of remarkable physique), happened to be in the great gallery, to which you go up by twenty-four steps, where there was a *chimney*, and sometimes, when the Count de Foix was at home, a fire, but a very small one, such was his rule, and none otherwise, however cold it was. "Lord, what a wretched fire," exclaimed the cheery D'Espagne, who had probably been out hunting all day, "for such a frosty night!" and without more ado he tripped off down the gallery and steps and out into the courtyard, where, as he had noticed from the windows, there chanced to be a number of donkeys standing laden with wood. Promptly seizing the biggest, he carried it upstairs on his shoulders, and threw the animal, feet uppermost, wood and all, upon the fire, amid roars of laughter from De Foix and the company. This was on a festive occasion, and neither ass nor wood belonged, as it happened, to the Count. . . . But to return to our serious narrative. And well as any did he know whom to trust, and *how to take what belonged to him* without, we may be sure, waiting to be asked. Nor need we wonder that he was continually amassing treasure against a rainy day; for even he was anxious as to the future.

But with all this external splendour and prosperity there was a skeleton in the cupboard, a death's head at the nightly banquet.

The Count de Foix and Madame his lady were not on good terms, nor had been for a long time: and their only son was, alas! no more. On this latter point Sir John, as we know, was curious. He had probably too much tact to ask De Foix himself how the death (of which he had heard from his fellow-traveller D'Espagne) had occurred. The green eyes might have replied with a flash of something different from love. No; he discreetly inquired of an ancient and notable "Esquire" of the House, and heard and has recorded for our benefit the whole "piteous tale."

It is difficult not to smile at the "jolly-good-fellow" after-dinner eloquence of Froissart's account of his noble host. Nothing more *natural* was ever penned by an easy-going and uncritical visitor entertained in so sympathetic and sumptuous a style. Moreover, the chronicler, if he lacked depth of feeling and perception, was single-minded in his industry. For some forty years, as we know, he never rested—travelling, inquiring, exploring records and docu-

¹ The endless quarrels of D'Armagnac arose from the claims of the latter (who had been disinherited by his father for not appearing in arms against the Spaniards (*v. note, p. 20*) to certain rights then conferred upon the hero of this story.

ments, and sparing no expense (which his own or a patron's purse could supply), and nightly noting down the results of his labours. Had he deliberately gone aside to falsify the personal character of an important personage in history, he might have given good politic reasons for it. Suppose the account written—nothing is more likely—during the early part of his stay at Orthez, and that the gentle Count had asked him one evening to read aloud his own work instead of those eternal rondeaux and virelets of the “German Nero,” nay, even insisted on despatching one of his ready “clerks” to fetch the MS.: how then? And, to take the least danger, fancy quarrelling, on account of a few private peccadilloes, with a man who had such priceless information to give relating to every war of the last twenty years! Doubtless Froissart acted for the best. The probability is also that his hasty and brilliant portrait was perfectly sincere. In any case it forms an admirable introduction to the tragedy that follows.

The Count and his lady—so said the ancient esquire in private conference with the Canon—were not, “truth to tell,” on good terms. The reason is simplicity itself. The Countess was the sister of the King of Navarre, by whom the Sieur d’Albret had been “pledged” with the Count, for the sum of fifty thousand francs.¹ He was kept in one of the dungeons at Orthez by his uncle Gaston. The latter, knowing the King of Navarre to be “crafty and malicious,” was unwilling, in spite of the entreaties of the Countess, to give his brother-in-law credit for this amount.

The event seems to show that he here exhibited the prudence for which Froissart gave him credit.

But the lady was bitterly wroth. “My lord,” said she, “you do but scant honour to the King my brother when you will not trust him for fifty thousand francs. *If you never got more out of the Armagnacs and Labrissiens² than you have had already,*” she continued, treating the Count’s commercial warfare with his relatives as one might an abuse of their hospitality, “*that should suffice you ;*” and the Countess concludes with a clinching argument. Fifty

¹ Compare the figures given above (p. 21). These were *gold* francs, first coined in 1360, and called *francs à cheval* (from their bearing a mounted figure of the king) as distinguished from the *franc à pied* introduced by Charles V. Silver francs do not appear till 1575. Chéruel, *Dict. des Institutions, &c.*

The franc d’or may be roughly valued at about £1. The ransom of King John when captured at Poitiers in 1356 was 3,000,000 crowns, or something between one and a half and two million pounds sterling. But the fluctuations of money values in the fourteenth century baffle calculation. *Vide* Michelet, *Hist. Fr.* ² Those of Labreth, otherwise called Albreth. *Sauvage.*

thousand francs was the precise amount of the marriage settlement which her lord, as she reminds him with some asperity, was bound to hand over to Monseigneur her brother, presumably in trust for her. To which the Count Gaston Phœbus replied curtly, "Madam, you say truth. But if I thought the King of Navarre would so reckon the sum, the Sieur D'Albret should never leave Orthez till I had been paid the last penny. But since you ask it, I will let him go, not for love of you, but of my son."

And at this point we may conjecture how the speaker "parted with rude strides among his dogs."

So, however, the matter was arranged.¹ D'Albret gave a bond to his highness of Navarre (who became De Foix's debtor) and went back to France, where he married the Duke of Bourbon's sister. Before that, however, he had repaid "at his ease" the sum due to the King of Navarre. But it was never forwarded to De Foix. Therefore he suggested that the Countess should pay a visit to her brother and explain that the Count took it much amiss that he was not paid "what was his." The lady readily consented to do so, and went off to the court at Pampelune to her brother, who received her gladly. The Countess gave him her message straight to the point. But the King (who also had a genius for saying what he meant) replied, "My fair sister, that money is yours; De Foix owes it you for dower, and *long as I have control over it never out of the Kingdom of Navarre shall it go.*"

"Nay, my lord," quoth the Countess, "that will be to make too great hatred betwixt myself and the Count. If you hold to your word I shall not dare return to my lord. He will slay me. He will say I have deceived him."

¹ The business-like manner in which these affairs were conducted may be seen from the case mentioned in a preceding chapter (III.). The ransom of the Count d'Armagnac amounted to 260,000 francs. The Prince of Wales ("The Black Prince") on one occasion, being requested to beg him off, replied (with that royal tact and good sense to which we are still accustomed) that, "all things considered," he could not undertake to do so. "You were taken," he replied to D'Armagnac, "in fair fight, and our cousin De Foix risked his person and men in adventure against you, and you must abide the result. Neither my royal father nor myself would like to be asked to give up what we have lawfully got." In fact, they went (as no one has told us better than Froissart) rather to the opposite extreme. . . . The Princess approached the subject in the kindness of her heart, with feminine artfulness, by asking vaguely for *a gift*. But the noble Gaston Phœbus, *qui en ses besongnes assez cler veoit*, was too many for her. He was, he said, a poor knight in quite a small way ("petit home"), who could not make expensive presents; he had many outgoings, *castles and towns to build* (the magnificent château at Pau, famous as the birthplace of Henri IV., was in fact then in course of reconstruction); and he only consented, as a great favour, to knock off the odd 60,000 francs.

“I don't know,” concluded her royal brother, “what you will do (*ie ne say que vous ferez*), whether you will go or whether you will stay : but I am master of this money to take care of it for you, and it will never go out of Navarre.”

So the Countess also stayed, for she did not dare return to Foix ; and the Count, who had been on good terms with her before, began to be consumed with hatred against her, though she was in nought to blame, for not giving his message (he knew the malice of the King) and returning to him. And thus matters remained. Now the young Gaston¹ of my lord, was grown to a fine youth, tall and handsome, very like his father in build. Being now some fifteen or sixteen years of age, he was married to a young lady, the daughter of the Comte d'Armagnac, “sister of the present Count ;” and it was hoped that this alliance would heal the feud between the two families.

And the fancy took him to pay a visit to his uncle and his mother in Navarre ; and he went, and stayed there some little time, and then took his leave. But he could not, by any means, persuade his mother to return with him. For, she asked, *had the Count, his father, specially charged him to bring her back?* and the boy could only say, No ; there had been no special mention of that at his departure. So she dared not come. For she knew her husband to be cruel (this and the remark of Arnaut's quoted above are the first suggestions that he was anything but “gentil”), at least in matters where he found cause for displeasure. So Gaston went alone to take leave of his uncle the King at Pampelune.

The King of Navarre received him hospitably, and gave rich presents both to the young Count and to his attendants, and kept him there ten days.

Just before their departure, Gaston's uncle drew him aside and gave him a little purse full of powder, and said, “Fair nephew, you must do as I tell you. You are aware that the Count de Foix is wrongly enraged with your mother and my sister, which I much regret, as doubtless do you. Now, to bring them on good terms again, as soon as you have opportunity, take a little of this powder (be sure no one sees you) and put it upon his food : and as soon as ever he has eaten it, his one desire will be but to have your mother again with him, and they will love one another and live together in peace : which you must surely desire. But be sure to tell no one.”

¹ Only son born of the Countess. He had two others, of one of whom we hear presently. On the death of the Count, Yvain, here described as ill-disposed, made an attempt to seize the inheritance. The Count had expressed a wish to prefer his illegitimate offspring to the legitimate heir, of whom he had a poor opinion.

And the boy believed every word, and replied he would gladly do it : and so went home, and was gaily received by his father, and showed him the presents—all but one.

Now in the De Foix mansion it was usual for Yvain, the bastard, to share the chamber of Gaston, and they loved one another from children like true brothers ; and being much of one size and age they even wore each other's coats and clothes. And it happened one day, as will with boys, that their clothes got mixed up, and that Gaston's coat got upon the bed of Yvain, and the latter, a mischievous boy, noticed the powder in its little bag, and asked Gaston, "What is this thing that you wear at your breast?" Of this word Gaston had no joy at all, but cried "Give me back the coat. It has nothing to do with you." And Yvain threw it him, and Gaston put it on, and was more thoughtful than ever before, that day. And it happened (as God would, to save the Count de Foix) that three days later Gaston quarrelled with his brother at fives, and boxed his ears. And the boy Yvain, angered and sulky, went crying to the Count's chamber, where he found him, having just heard a mass.

"What do you want, Yvain?"

"God's name, my lord, Gaston has beaten me, but he deserves a beating more than I do."

"Why so?" said the Count, who at once became suspicious.

"My faith ! since he came back from Navarre he carries at his breast a little bag all full of powder, but I know not what use it is or what he will do with it : but that he has told me once or twice that my lady, his mother, will soon be in your good graces more than ever before."

The unconscious Yvain was dismissed with the strictest injunction to hold his tongue.

The Count, we are told, then spent a long time in thought, till the dinner-hour, when he entered the hall and took his seat as usual.

According to the feudal custom of the day, the son Gaston waited upon his father, handing him the successive courses, and tasting each one himself.

He had no sooner placed the first dish before the Count, when the latter, with a quick glance, detected the strings of the mysterious purse hanging at the boy's vest,¹ *le sang luy mua*, and that not for the

¹ The similar discovery described in Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, act v. sc. 3 (a drama belonging to the same date as Froissart's story), will recur to many readers. In Aumerle's case the seal "that hangs without his bosom" betrays to his father, the Duke of York (by what seems an extraordinary piece of carelessness), his possession of a treasonable document.

first or second time, in Froissart's brief account of one who never forgave an injury and whose wrath was dreaded like the plague by even his adult and powerful enemies.

"Gaston," he said, "come here. I would speak with you privately."

Deathly pale, trembling and confounded, the boy stepped forward, feeling that he was undone as the Count, fumbling at his breast, seized the fatal purse, drew it out, and taking a knife from the table cut it open and found the powder.

Putting some of it on a slice of bread, he called a dog and gave it him to eat. The dog no sooner tasted it than he rolled his eyes and lay dead on the floor.¹

The wrath of Gaston Phœbus broke all bounds, and in a moment his son would have fared like Pierre Arnaut, but on this more important occasion, knights and esquires rushed in between the two, imploring the Count at least to inquire further into the matter. But his first cry was, "What! Gaston, caitiff! *For you and the heritage that should be yours have I had war and hatred against the Kings of France, England, Spain, Aragon, Navarre, and held my own against them, and now you would murder me!* You shall die for it." And he rushed from the table with his knife and would have killed the boy. But friends and retainers fell on their knees in tears before him. "Ah, good my lord, for God's sake, mercy; slay not Gaston. You will have no other son. Let him be put in ward, but wait and judge of the matter, for belike he had no guilt in the deed, and knew not what he brought."

"Away with him, then," cried the enraged Count, "to the tower." And there was the boy imprisoned. Of the companions that had attended him to Navarre many were arrested, and many prudently "departed." But fifteen were put to death "most horribly"; for the Count did not see how he could do otherwise, since they were in the secrets of his son. And this, we are told, did move some to pity, for they were as pleasant and well-looking esquires as any in all Gascony. But they had never told of young Gaston's wearing the fatal purse (perhaps they never knew), and for that they died "most horribly." The news of these tragical proceedings spread soon over the whole country: and the feeling which they aroused seems to show the Count de Foix in a pleasing light. There can be no doubt that he was a popular landlord in the feudal sense. He looked after his own and protected them with the strong hand, as with a strong and

¹ Of the crime here attempted by the King of Navarre—Charles II., "the bad" (1347–86)—it may be observed that he had attempted, in a similar manner, the lives of the two unpopular uncles of Charles VI. of France; but he employed an English agent who bungled the matter. (See Chapuy's curious *Hist. du Royaume de Navarre*, 1596, where the story is told with a few variations.)

merciless hand he had suppressed the terrible rising of the "Jacquerie." Knightly adventurers who returned with great plenty of plunder, and prisoners from forays in other quarters, dared not touch a thing on the De Foix property without paying for it—for they might not "abide" his wrath: and not the precipitous pass of Lagarde, where half a dozen might hold a host at bay, could keep back Gaston Phœbus when "greatly desirous to get by," that way, to succour his people at Pamiers.

So the nobles and prelates, the estates of Bearn, in fact, gladly assembled to *intercede* for the imprisoned youth. For when the Count briefly expounded the crime and his fixed intention of putting his son to death "as he deserved," they, without argumentation, all with one voice expressed their particular desire, "saving his good grace," that Gaston should not die. By these entreaties the Count, it is said, was seriously moved. He bethought himself, and meditated punishing the boy by a term of imprisonment, then sending him for three or four years travel, till change of air had cured the inherent viciousness of his disposition. And with this assurance he sent the company away. But those who knew him best would not leave without a positive promise of mercy, *tant aimoyent l'enfant*, and the Count promised, and they all went. No one seems to have thought of consulting the boy himself, who remained shut up in the Tower of Orthais, in a chamber "where there was little light." In similar apartments, as we know, various relatives of the Count had been detained for periods varying according to their financial circumstances. Among others, his own heir, Chateaubon (a young "coward," in whom the Count could not be expected to take much interest), had spent eight weeks there, and paid for such sumptuous lodging at the rate of 5,000 francs a week. Yet the young Gaston, imprisoned only for ten days, seems to have taken it more to heart. Confined, "as he was," and in his clothes (a thing, we pathetically read, he was not used to), he grew even more melancholy, and cursed the hour when he was born. He would not eat, and when the servants brought him his food (and we are specially told what nice servants they were) and said, "Gaston, here is your dinner," he would only say, "Put it there," and took no further notice.

The event had been so noised abroad that Pope Gregory XI. sent a Cardinal from Avignon¹ to try and accommodate matters; but the Cardinal was stopped half-way by the news that it was too late.

¹ This shows that the death of Gaston must have taken place in 1377 (when Gregory XI., who died the next year, restored the Papal seat to Rome) or earlier, *i.e.* at least eleven years before Froissart's visit to Orthez.

“Having told you so much,” says the ancient esquire, as if Froissart would have let him stop there, “I may as well tell you the end.” And thus it was. A servant having informed the Count that Gaston would not eat, and that his food lay there all untasted, and implored him to take thought for his son, the indignant father strode upstairs to the tower, trimming his nails the while, as ill luck would have it, with a small knife. The prison door being opened, he went up to the boy standing in the corner (consumed with we know not what innocent indignation, faint with hunger, and trembling before the wrath of his father), and angrily asking him what he meant by not eating, the baron with his right hand, in which the knife was covered, “all but the size of a gold piece,” “jobbed” him, as one would say, roughly, in the neck, and went downstairs again. The blade, it seemed, could hardly have touched the flesh, anything to speak of; but by ill fate it chanced upon a vein, and under the circumstances that was enough. Poor young Gaston, the hope of the De Foixs, “turned aside” from this trying world of alchemist-uncles and suspicious, cut-throat fathers, and then and there died.

When the Count heard of it (he had only just got back to his room, and would not believe the news at first, till he had *sent some one to see*) he was taken with one of his chronic attacks of indignation, mingled, we may believe, with some serious regret that he had not been more careful.

“Ah, Gaston, an ill chance this for me and thee. I shall never know such joy again as I had before. Woe worth the day thou wentest to Navarre;” and he sent at once for his barber, and then ordered mourning for himself and his retainers.

There was a grand funeral, of course, and much weeping and wailing, and that was all.

And thus did God preserve the gentle Count de Foix from the wiles of his royal relative. But it was not for very long.

Three years later we find Gaston Phœbus in the woods of Sauveterre—after a long summer morning devoted to his favourite pastime of hunting—they had just killed and cured a bear—riding with a party to the little village of Rion, where lunch had been prepared.

It was “deep noon” (*basse nonne*)¹ and very hot, and the room had been nicely decorated with refreshing and sweet-smelling

¹ The only trace of the ecclesiastic about Froissart is his chronology, expressed in the terms *prime, tierce, vèpres*, and *nonne*, modified by the epithet *haute* or *basse*.

greenery. The Count sat down and called for water. Scarcely had he dipped his fingers (which were "long and fair") in the silver bowl held by two squires, when his face turned white, his feet trembled, and with one cry, "Lord God, have mercy on me, I am dead," he fell back senseless; and though they applied bread, water, spices, and such mediæval restoratives, he was gone in half an hour, gone—shall we say?—to meet Pierre Arnaut, Gaston, and other known and unknown victims of his lust and cruelty.

The well-known Court doctrine as to the damnation of a "man of quality" applies with far more point to a feudal tyrant, who was also at least a stark man of action, than to his enfeebled descendant of the Revolutionary period.

To deny heroism, nay, romantic grandeur, to the former, would be absurd. But life, somehow, to the reflecting eye, assumes under their *régime* a sombre hue.

The mere recurrence in Froissart's descriptions of words expressive of rage and ill-temper is such as to strike the eye. Someone is forever becoming *courroucé*, *enfelonné*, &c., a prelude to someone else being *décollé*, *décapité*, or, in some other form, *occis*. Eternal freebooting "chevauchées," burning villages, outrages, and piteous deaths teem through the volumes. Indeed, were every description of bloodshed in these pages printed in a congenial red, not the most brilliantly illuminated mediæval missal would compare with their flaring hue. The thing does not seem matter for melancholy to the parties chiefly concerned. With a light heart do they join the frequent fray, "fighting and cleaving one another so well it was wonder," with as sincere joy as any hero of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's. Even to Froissart as spectator, and much more to the warriors themselves, did it appear that there was nothing else half so well worth doing. To those who thought otherwise, matters appeared, we know, in a very different light.

The Count de Foix assured Froissart, while complimenting him on his history, that more remarkable things had occurred in "the last fifty years" than in three hundred before them. Oddly enough, this is just what most of us think at the present day. But from his point of view, in which "feats of arms" were the chief events of interest, he was not altogether wrong.

In truth it was a fearful time, a period of moral and intellectual stagnation; the earth full of triumphant iniquities; righteousness, it would seem, scarcely venturing to look down from Heaven; the hearts of men (of the few who had leisure or peace to reflect) failing

them for fear and for looking after those things which were coming upon the world, where so faint and far glimmered the dawn of a better day.

The misery of the common people was something terrible, and of all countries perhaps France suffered most. The Seven Years' War of Burgundy and Ghent, which ruined half the north of Europe and "was deplored by Turks, Pagans, and Saracens"—"you may judge," confides the chronicler, "how it affected adjoining countries."

Charles V. "stifled," as a French historian tells us, "all spirit of liberty." The crushing burden of taxes was yearly increased. The experiment of a permanent *taille* was first applied in the thirteenth seventies. Civil revolt was everywhere stirring: and everywhere, whether headed by a Rienzi, a Wat Tyler, or an Estienne Marcel, repressed in blood. In 1358 burst forth the blind, wild-beast fury of the Jacquerie; stamped out in turn by the fierce reprisals of indignant feudalism, assisted by the very Count de Foix of whose heroism we have heard so much. Yet this was but an item of calamity to the chronic invasions of the English, whose kings and princes well seem to have spent their leisure time, seldom interrupted by a "rain of stones" from heaven, in "chevaucher"-ing up and down the harried and mangled provinces which, by a curious irony, they persisted in calling their own.

It is quite a pathetic reflection that the only proposed "invasion of England" (1385) was, like several of later date, a miserable and ruinous failure, ridiculed by Froissart with such scathing details of English contempt as French historians, otherwise given to citation of that author, do not like to reprint. And while a return of the black death decimated the population, whole countrysides were often, by the forays of the nearest resident nobility, swept of the better class of inhabitants, whose ransoms had to be ground out of a starving peasantry, only left behind for this useful purpose. The condition of the latter, at the close of the fourteenth century, may be studied from the nude in the bald and agonising "Plaint of the poor commoner and labourer," preserved in the first volume of Monstrelet.

It was also an age of peculiar and frantic extravagance among the upper classes. The chronicler of St. Denis goes so far as to attribute the defeat of his compatriots at Crecy (1346) to their ridiculous and impossible style of dress. While the upper clothing, made of the most expensive materials and elaborately embroidered, was so tight that to take it off "was like *skinning* a person," and required assistance, the sleeves were so long that they almost swept the ground. At the date of Poitiers, ten years later, French knights

and nobles went about laden with gold and jewels. The Duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI., wore, embroidered upon his sleeves, "at full length," the ballad "Ma dame, je suis plus joyeux." The notes of the tune were represented by *five hundred and sixty-eight pearls!*

The contrast of such barbaric luxury with the appalling misery of the labouring classes seemed almost to be part of a natural law. The lower orders, ill-fed, neglected when not oppressed, fell in thousands, as a contemporary Latin poet tells us, "before the lightest breath" of the destroying plague.¹ "*But Death respected princes, nobles, knights, gentlemen; of these few die, because the life allotted them is one of enjoyment.*" "To the poor life is more cruel than death." The pleasures of life, indeed, seemed strictly reserved for the upper classes. Upon the phenomena of unrestrained individual conduct we have in this sketch specially dwelt.

King John, by no means a bad specimen of a king, after raising 600,000 florins by the sale of his "flesh and blood" (Villani's expression), *i.e.* his daughter Isabel, aged eleven, to Galeazzo Visconti, the most ferocious tyrant in all Italy, who hunted men in the streets of his capital and cast them alive into ovens, escaped from the burden of his national and feudal responsibilities to the Paradise of—London, where, as we commonly read, he ate himself to death. In 1364, Charles VI., torn in pieces by the unchecked fury of every evil passion—bloodthirsty and other—found a different refuge, in insanity. Had there been a few more monarchs like Pedro the Cruel, we should never have heard ill of the Comte de Foix. It is but for one trait that we recall this monarch, who in any museum of the moral monstrosities of the age would occupy a class by himself. When at the suggestion of "a trusty Jew" (whose fair daughter he loved) Pedro had despatched a "sergeant" to strangle his wife (sister of the King of France), he revoked the order two days later, thinking that the murder of a virtuous lady *of such high lineage* might run counter to some dimly discerned ethical convention.

It was, unfortunately, too late. The sergeant, wearying of the "pretty orisons" which she had leave to say first, had stifled the queen with a cushion; and thus the whole force of Pedro's repentance was diverted upon the Jew. The man of money was beguiled awhile by the redemption of his teeth at 100,000 crowns apiece, which (the biographer of Du Guesclin gravely tells us) *seriously impoverished him.* But to Pedro it seemed but poor fun. The wicked Jew was accordingly tortured in true mediæval fashion, blinded with

¹ Cited from a French MS. in Wright's edition of *Piers Plowman*.

hot irons, &c., &c., *écartelé*, and finally hanged. A catalogue of the awful crimes of the century would fill many volumes. It is yet more appalling to think to how many an individual,

Pinned to earth by the weight
And persistence of hate

of the *instans tyrannus* of feudalism, death itself, from poniard or rope, must have been welcomed as a relief. Justice, though assisted by the revival of torture, did but feel in the dark after minor wrongdoers, without affording peace or security to the average harmless and industrious citizens. True, there was the cloister. But that nothing may be wanting to complete the picture, religious ties and hopes are enfeebled. The Papal Court of Avignon has already been described by Petrarch as a very sink of iniquity ; and in 1378 came the great ecclesiastical schism, shaking men's religious convictions, and undermining the allegiance of the Church long before Reform had attained shape or power to replace it.

Mediævalism, in fact, with all its fierce chiaroscuro of dark and bloody splendour, is at its apogee, on the very verge of the precipice down which are doomed to slide all human institutions that have run their course.

And through the whole scene, past pillaged house and wasted land, in gay converse with robber baron, knight, and esquire, good queen and wicked prince, ever goes "gallivanting" the cheery Froissart, Canon of Chimay, and *soi-disant* Canon of Lille (for the reversion never fell in), recking as little of Church preferment as of the unpaid tavern bills in his parish at home—filled with but one thought, the splendour of his age and the magnificence of the portrait of it which he would leave behind, and "well knowing," as he avows with his usual frankness, that "when I am dead and rotten this grand and lofty history shall be known far and wide, and all noble and worthy folk shall therein take great pleasure and profit."

GEO. H. POWELL.

THE WOMEN OF FICTION.

Die Menschheit ist bedingt durch Belürfnisse. Sind diese nicht befriedigt, so erweist sie sich ungeduldig.

GOETHE.

THERE is a small but most unhappy class of men—men to whom a high ideal is given, but who yet seldom or never find in life their ideal woman. Such men cannot marry trivially or ignobly, and therefore seldom marry at all. They experience a strong inner impulse towards worthy marriage, and are, nevertheless, prevented by some inscrutable, unseen power from knowing, wooing, winning, and wedding a noble woman. Sometimes, a prey to despair, some of these enforced celibates of misfortune “are driven o’er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess”: at other times they merely subside into the dull torpor of sad solitariness; but, in many cases, they find a refuge—a comparatively forlorn refuge—in the glorious women of fiction. “Things seen are mightier than things heard;” but the women of fiction are at least attainable. The men of whom we are thinking—mostly men of great heart and of fine imagination—are full of tenderness for, worship of, and delight in, their ideal loves; would be capable of compassing a woman with sweet observances and with fine protection; are created to love, through their higher nature, all that is best and noblest in woman; are worthy to be her companion, and merit the treasure of her deepest love. It seems a hard lot to be endowed with an imperative ideal longing, and yet to find no realisation of it.

The bachelors by compulsion are doomed to incomplete life—to lives embittered by the desolation of lonely longing, and by the torment of unsatisfied desire. They know the vain waiting which makes the heart sick, and they feel that want of love which leaves the heart empty and the career joyless. The dream which is implanted in them contains and remains a yearning unfulfilled. They are haunted by a vision of fair women, dowered with the loveliness of love, the charm of grace, the magic of beauty, the warmth of tenderness, the truth of constancy, the coolness of purity. We, the unfor-

fortunate, cannot call these delicate creatures ours, but yet know, even to our sorrow, that such beings exist. The poet receives into himself the idea of a true woman, and then gives it forth, possibly sometimes enriched and ennobled by his own shaping imagination. The true ideal is based upon the real; there must be models for the exquisite figures that poets paint, and yet we, the unlucky, seldom meet ideal women in actual life. Nevertheless, they must and do exist—for the fortunate few, or occasionally for the unworthy aspirant. For he who observes the facts of life will notice, with deep dejection, that when a woman is bent upon marriage she exercises little more choice than does a cow. Henry Taylor makes his Philip say, truly—

How little flattering is a woman's love !
Given commonly to whomsoe'er is nearest,
And propped with most advantage ; outward grace
Nor inward light is needful : day by day
Men wanting both are mated with the best
And loftiest of God's feminine creation,
Whose love takes no distinction but of gender,
And ridicules the very name of choice.

Men feel this depressing truth with the "sense of tears in human things."

On rare occasions, the despairing idealist who is, as it seems, arbitrarily shut out from paradise, is tempted to cry, with Ziphares in "Mithridates,"

By Heaven ! I think it greatest happiness
Never to have been born ; and next to that,
To die.

In his anguish the desolate victim tries to find solace in desperate remedies. He observes, perhaps, that not all the marriages that he can see into are noble or happy; and he asks himself, defiantly, whether the sadness of solitude may not be better than the degradation of ignoble companionship. He notes, with horror, the squalid mental misery of some unions; and then he turns, with some feeling of distressed comfort, to the solitary pipe. In hours of leisure, by the lonely fireside, the blue wreaths curl suavely upwards, and the women of fiction (some of whom, if they were living, *might* object to tobacco), float in fairy visions by the empty hearth, and fill the vacant easy-chair. These heroines are almost always with us, though they cannot be persuaded to stay long enough. They can always be invited, and, in the worst wintry weather, they never fail to come. Indeed, they often—bless them for it!—come when uninvited. They are always in a good humour; and are actuated by a gracious, generous desire to give to a solitary worshipper all the benefit and

delight of their charming and sacred presence. I have known them long and still know them well. They never grudge the time or stint the grace. Their blessed mission is to charm, to comfort, to console.

And, as we think of them, we are compassed by such a cloud of witnesses. They belong to all times, and appear in all costumes. Their beauties vary. They are dark and fair ; are tall (like Rosalind) or *mignonne* ; they are gentle, soft, and tender, or brilliant, witty, and vivacious. Their variety is infinite as their witchery is irresistible. Dear to the heart and precious to the fancy is this almost numberless host of noble, of platonic sweethearts. We cannot even enumerate the haunting visions of a crowd so lovely and so dear ; but we may specially summon up a few, a very few, of the dearest and the best.

We will call up the spirits only of those that we can worship and can love. The women of fiction include Lady Macbeths, Gonerils, Mrs. Mackenzies, Becky Sharps ; but it is not to-day our hint to speak of such women, even though they be, as they often are—for they may be easier to draw—as profoundly true to life as are the darling heroines of story and of song. Nor will we confound good and bad, or listen to the artful claims of those who would gladly be thought to be higher creatures than they are. In that sad marine accident which happened (some years ago) at Misenum, Acerrima, with a view to save herself, called out that she was Agrippina, and was, in consequence, incontinently done to death. If tender, we will yet be just ; and our little list can only be suggestive—cannot pretend to be in any way complete. We must deal with our lofty theme through glimpses and through hints.

How shall we, gravelled for lack of space, select from Shakspeare's heroines? They must come first ; they are, happily, so many, and all are so divine. If we must restrict ourselves, say, to two of them, let us select Imogen and Desdemona. God never made women purer, tenderer, lovelier, than these two. Imogen is a royal lady, while Desdemona is only the daughter of a patrician ; but each chooses nobly for herself, and, in defiance of parental authority, gives heart and hand to a lover who is her soul's free election. Their lots are different : poor Desdemona is piteously done to death by the hand that she so loved ; while Imogen forgives an erring husband—we forgive him only because she forgives him—and the curtain falls upon a prospect of supreme and regal wedded happiness. These dear, divine ladies resemble each other specially in the qualities of loftiest womanly purity and modesty. Imogen prayed her husband

“oft forbearance” ; Desdemona asks, in her chaste, wondering simplicity :

“Dost thou, in conscience, think—tell me, Emilia—that there be women do abuse their husbands in such gross kind ?”

And these sweet saints of wives are so nobly constant, so tender, so forgiving, and so true. It is the arch-fiend’s mock to slay Desdemona for a suspicion of faithlessness in a woman who could not be, or even conceive being, false. It took an Iago to bring about that tragic result ; as it required the devilish arts of an Iachimo to induce the besotted Posthumus to believe in the supposed sin of fair, royal Imogen. This princess was incapable of being, even of thought, foul or false ; but yet both these peerless creatures are traduced, and become the victims of their own transcendent virtue. O, the pity of it ! But it is the dark of night that makes the stars shine so gloriously. Their background of slanderous mischance renders the heroines more brightly fair and noble.

The spectator, the reader, knows these lovely ladies for what they are, and pities to see them so villainously defamed and wronged. They are dearer to us for the very trials and troubles which set off their lustrous purity of soul. And how beautiful they must have been ; though, in Shakspeare’s infinite variety, there is a fine but strong difference between their charm. Desdemona is more meek, gentle, tender, timid ; Imogen, though not wanting in these qualities, has a somewhat loftier and more heroic touch of peerless princess. The shadow of a monarch’s crown is softened in her golden hair. Would Desdemona have gone to Milford Haven ? Portia also had locks of gold ; Desdemona is, in very essence, so much more English than Italian that we can credit her soft beauty with fair hair, and with a blonde complexion. What gift in life could compare with the rapture of having won the love of such women ? Posthumus might return to his earlier, better self ; might even well improve upon that, and might be much ennobled by the lofty love of such a noble wife ; but on the sad death-bed of woeful Desdemona attend the tears and praises of all time.

As we learn to know and love such women, we feel, reverently, how ideal a relation—the loftiest granted to humanity—marriage may be. Shakspeare’s good women are, too, such ladies. A heroine means a god-like woman ; and his heroines are fully that. They are fair, and—fairer than that word—of wondrous virtues. Winsome, graceful, feeling, they do not attach or attract through the mere senses ; but are, in their loveliness and in their charm, physical types and expressions of spiritual, ideal beauty—of a beauty which

delights alike the brain, the senses, and the soul. After Shakspeare we will turn to Scott, and will summon up the image of his Di Vernon.

She first appears in our little lonely room, as she did to Frank Osbaldistone in the hunting-field, in a riding-habit, with the little foot in a stirrup which sways by the side of black Phœbe ; her beauty all aglow with excitement and with exercise, her long black hair streaming in the breeze which blew against her gallop. In her library we begin to know, and warmly to love, Di Vernon, the dearest, bravest girl of girls, who, young, unprotected, surrounded by danger, involved in such a series of nets, and toils, and entanglements, is yet irresistibly fascinating and purely noble. She, the dependent orphan, has constantly to hide an aching heart under a smooth brow, but is always high-couraged, if occasionally sad. Di is full of simplicity, frankness, haughtiness, is of bright wit and tender pathos, and is rare and delicate in her supreme beauty. She is generous, ardent in the defence of a friend—as witness the charming ride, undertaken to help Frank, to Squire Inglewood—and can be proud—as witness the incident of the gloves in the library. She is Jacobite and Papist, but her politics and her religion came to her from outside, while her heroism and devotion are a part of her very self. How delighted we are when happy Frank, a blind partner in her romantic and mysterious situation, is permitted to clasp Di to his bosom ! We love Frank because Di loves him ; and yet we are jealous of him : although admitting, if a little reluctantly, that he is *almost* worthy of such a prize—of a high-hearted girl of such witchery and worth. Frank learned pleasantly on the moonlit, misty heath that he should not whistle his favourite airs when he wishes to remain undiscovered. Her tear falls upon his cheek, and the young lovers part, as it seems, “for ever” ; but a later record adds, “You know how long and happily I lived with Diana ; you know how I lamented her ; but you do not—cannot—know how much she deserved her husband’s sorrow.” And so, farewell, dear, dear Di Vernon !

Jeanie Deans is, morally and spiritually, a most true heroine ; and yet we are contented to let her marry Butler. She is fitly mated, and we would not rival the worthy man, who was mortal, and had been a schoolmaster. Effie, the sadly erring, had more of the delicious delight of personal and winsome romance. If the ill-spirit have so fair a house, good things will strive to dwell with it.

The women of fiction, who “do not blush to be admired,” are numerous, but we can only cite a very few of the highest mark. Stars, and even constellations, are obscured by the trail of a

great comet. The Shaksperian ladies are always distinguished by fine manners, and by voices gentle and soft and low. The delightful women of real life we may sometimes catch a glimpse of in the park, in the theatre, or crossing the pavement to enter a carriage, but we do not often actually find ourselves in touch with them ; while with the woman of fiction we enjoy that liberal intercourse which soul to soul affordeth. And what variety and contrast there is between such ideals ! Take Undine, the dainty darling of weird, watery romance, and compare her with the slightly tame and highly proper young ladies of Jane Austen. Dear Gretchen is one of the most memorable women of the poetic drama. With natural instinct exposing her to dæmonic influence and temptation, and given over to such dire sorrows, she remains intrinsically pure and womanly, and shares so loftily the ultimate triumph of good over evil. Think, too, of Coleridge's tender Genevieve. Then there is Mrs. Browning's Lady Geraldine, "pure as the snow on high hills," who likes to be rich in order to share wealth with love, and condescends so sweetly, with woman's noble, self-sacrificing generosity, to her enraptured poet. Let us not forget Sophia Western, whose sweet femininity seems so cruelly wasted upon so coarse a scamp as Tom Jones. Ethel Newcome and Laura Bell should not be overlooked, nor dear Mme. de Florac ; and, when rapt with the rage of our own ravished thought, we vividly picture to charmed fancy the heroines of Charlotte Brontë, who all resemble somewhat their creatrix, in respect that they suffer under the long pressure of dull sorrow ; that they have intense imagination, which is at war with the sad facts of life ; that nearly each one makes but timid claims upon happiness ; that almost every one of them is of nervously weak physique ; and that they are hopeless, repressed, depressed. They are female problems in an unintelligible world. The lengthy ladies of Richardson need not long detain us ; but we think with a kind of fond rapture of the fair, tender saint in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster." Hero-worshipping Dorothea Brooke, serving a false idol so devotedly, has soft, yielding charm, and we cannot omit allusion to Eve and to the Lady in "Comus." What will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ? It almost might do so ; but we must exercise self-restraint and be satisfied with a few suggestive types. The "sense aches" at those that we include, and even at many that we omit. The theme is one fraught with undying and with noble charm. It is no waste of time to have "conveniency of conversation" with such exquisite creatures. Men—and especially those unhappy ones to whom fate denies a knowledge of the real ideal woman—may well thank God for the WOMEN OF FICTION.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON

THE FOURTH ESTATE.

THE Fourth Estate is organising. The recently-founded Institute of Journalists, with its Royal Charter, does not yet include the whole journalistic body. As a matter of fact, many of the leading Press-men of to-day, who are an honour to the profession, and seek to make it honourable, have not yet seen their way to join the Union. Very few of the large company of men of letters who contribute frequently to the daily and weekly Press, adding thereby to its moral authority and educational influence, but who do not profess to pursue journalism as the sole, or even the main, business of their lives, have been asked to associate themselves. Nevertheless, though the Institute is still very far from being all-embracing, it has become "a great fact." At the last annual conference held in London the membership was reported as 3,556. That means that the great majority of the working journalists of the United Kingdom and Ireland have entered the Union, and that the Institute is by far the most comprehensive and best-equipped organisation of Press-men which has yet been formed.

Happily, defence not defiance, is the object of the new Union. It is true that Mr. Charles Russell, of the *Glasgow Herald*, in his presidential address last September, remarked: "We must be strong in point of numbers, strong in earnestness of purpose, strong in actual performance, and then there will be little that we cannot effect, and little that we cannot prevent." These words, however, may be safely accepted as innocent of any threat. The words, "there will be little we cannot effect," certainly do not foreshadow any great revolutionary design under which the Fourth Estate will acquire a dangerous authority or will secure indefensible privileges. The Press looks with no envious eye on any of the other estates of the realm; and if under the guidance of the Institute it attempts to alter its relations to any of them, probably the most it has at present in its mind is the amendment of the law of libel, in the interests not of licence, but of freedom of discussion of questions affecting the public interest, and of fair play. At present all journalists—and especially all newspaper

proprietors—feel that they have not the amount of protection necessary for the promotion of work undertaken solely for the welfare of the people, or of the State ; and that while they are not infrequently dragged before the courts without adequate cause, and thus burdened with costly defences, they are too often made the victims of awards of heavy damages, returned and assessed without rhyme or reason. The Institute has a duty to discharge to itself and to the public in striving to effect an amendment of the law of libel. But, as a corporate body, it means to concern itself mainly with professional affairs. Its object is to make journalism increasingly effective and honourable by taking care that the members of the craft are, in respect of education, character, and capacity, fit for the great task of informing, guiding, and educating the public in their own affairs, whether local, or national, or imperial.

There are to-day men in the profession who do not like to consider themselves veterans, who remember that when they in their youth proposed to join the Press, they were warningly told that no man was fit to be a reporter who could not write at least as good a speech or a lecture as the one he reported. A quarter of a century ago probably a majority of the reporters for the Press were either ignorant of shorthand, or practised an imperfect system of their own manufacture, and made no pretensions to verbatim note-taking. Many of these men, however, were remarkably well-educated, and widely read—“stickit” ministers or “stickit” dominies, gentlemanly in their manners, and personally acquainted with dignitaries in all the higher ranks of life—men who had missed their way in other professions through some moral lapse or occasional unsteadiness of habit, and who prided themselves on their ability to produce reports of speeches which were considerable improvements on the originals. This type of reporter has now, however, almost completely disappeared. In these days nothing more quickly ends the career—aye, and the life too—of a Press-man than intemperate habits. The exigencies of the daily Press require unfailing steadiness, the strictest temperance in the regulation of the daily life. The man who yields to the social temptations that surround him speedily ends his engagement ; or, if he manages by strength of will and professional dexterity to hold on to his post, it is soon seen that he is burning the candle at both ends, and is preparing for himself an early grave.

Another cause of the marked change in the *personnel* in the Press is the wide dissemination of a knowledge of shorthand, and especially of Pitman's system. Phonography is now taught in our public seminaries, and the numbers of men who by its aid are

enabled to dispense with the need of making the speeches they report is legion. The attainment of the power of writing 150 or 200 words a minute, in legible phonographic characters, by many shorthand students in every part of the country, has enormously enlarged the number of applicants for reporterships, and the large increase of the supply of shorthand writers over the demand for them in the Press has certainly a tendency to depreciate the status of the profession. Naturally, the journalists who have formed the Institute do not like to see the labour market thus over-supplied with inexperienced and incompetent workmen. One of the commonest remarks made by the "old hands" to the young aspirants who commend themselves by telling of the number of words per minute they can take down, is that shorthand writing, or even the power of verbatim note-taking, is not of itself sufficient to make a man a good reporter or a successful journalist ; that while the power of taking a verbatim note is indeed an essential qualification of a reporter for the Press, he must likewise be possessed of literary taste and skill, and be able to write intelligently on even a wider variety of subjects than that which formed the discourse of King Solomon ; that he must likewise be endowed with a physical constitution fitted to bear up against prolonged spells of the most onerous duties. Notwithstanding these depreciatory and warning assurances, the number of applicants for admission to the profession is still increasing, and it may be that the number of inadequately furnished men, content with low wages, who are forming connections with the Press, is increasing too.

This is one of the chief evils the Institute of Journalists is meant to check. A system or scheme of examination is now under its consideration, for the express purpose of securing that no uneducated men shall henceforth enter, or rather that only well-educated men shall be allowed to enter, the profession bearing the diploma or the credentials of the Institute. The scheme of examination, which has received the endorsement of the annual conference of the Institute, applies to pupil-associates and members. The examination for the pupil-associateship is to include—(a) English History ; (b) English Literature ; (c) Arithmetic, up to and including vulgar and decimal fractions, with easy questions in algebra and the first book of Euclid ; (d) Geography, especially of the British Empire ; (e) Latin, or French, or German, at the choice of the candidate, by the translation of easy passages into English ; (f) a paper, of not less than 500 words, on one of six specified general topics ; (g) correction of twelve inaccurately constructed sentences ; (h) to condense a report

of 1,000 words into a report of from 200 to 300 words ; and to write paragraphs upon three incidents briefly narrated by the examiner ; (i) General Knowledge. The examiners may test and take into consideration any candidate's knowledge of shorthand. But examination in this subject shall be optional.

The candidate for the second division or membership is required to show proficiency in the following subjects : (a) the English Language ; (b) English Literature ; (c) English Constitutional and Political History ; (d) Political and Physical Geography. The candidate shall also be examined in—(e) Latin ; (f) either French or German, at the choice of the candidate ; (g) Natural Science or Mathematics ; (h) General History ; (i) Political Economy. No candidate shall be regarded as proficient in the English language unless he is able to satisfy the examiners of his mastery of composition, and of his aptitude at condensation and *précis* writing. It shall be an instruction to the Examination Committee to prepare papers, in the first instance, in so far as regards subjects (a) to (d), up to about the standard of the Oxford or Cambridge Senior Local Examinations, or any equivalent examination in Scotland, Ireland, or Wales. In so far as regards subjects (e) to (i) a much lower standard shall be held to be sufficient ; and the examination shall be conducted throughout with a special view to the requirements of practical newspaper work. The candidate shall be also examined in—(j) the principles and practice of the Law of Newspaper Libel and Copyright ; and (k) means shall be taken by paper, or by *vivâ voce* examination, to test the candidate's general information. For general reporters there shall be an optional examination in—(a) Verbatim Reporting ; (b) Condensation ; (c) Descriptive Writing ; (d) the conduct of the best known branches of public and legal business. Candidates passing this test shall be awarded special certificates.

The literary or scholastic requirements of this examination may appear to many readers not particularly exacting. They are, however, sufficient, if insisted on, to secure on the part of the future members of the Institute such a command of the art of composition as will take the sting out of the taunting phrase, "Reporters' English." It is not at all likely, however, that the entrance examination will restrain the rush that is now being made to the profession. The probability rather is it will increase it by strengthening the impression that journalism is a calling fit and intended for gentlemen ; and in these days of universal education of a comparatively advanced order the demand for anything like gentlemanly, as distinguished from manual or industrial, employment is becoming increasingly

urgent. One important result will, however, be secured—the status of the Press-man and of his profession will be raised. The door will be barred against the ignorant and will be opened only to the educated—surely a necessary and a natural requirement at a time like the present, when the readers of newspapers are being daily increased by young men and women who have successfully passed through the standards of the schools.

Two words of warning to the enthusiastic novitiate may here be respectfully offered. The first is, the profession of journalism is an arduous one ; the second, it is not in itself a likely road to fortune. Undoubtedly the Press is an “ Open Sesame ” to many privileges and pleasures. It secures admission to the most eligible seats or places at all public meetings and ceremonial functions, however high or select the company may be, and however clamorous the demand for entrance by persons of wealth or social ambitions. It commands stalls or boxes at places of entertainment, alike the most popular and the most exclusive. If at times it is subjected to slights and affronts it can assert its power with promptitude and effect, and win an attention and a deference befitting a Minister of State. It has its times of leisure too. One reporter, who was known to have a voracious appetite for work, was wont to show a pencil that had lasted him for three months in a summer or autumn of exceptional dulness. Further, many pleasant excursions fall to the lot of the working journalist—a trip to the country to fulfil some light engagement, a short river or sea voyage to describe at leisure some new route, or a visit to some centre of general or world-wide attraction where the daily duties required are just sufficient to save one from *ennui*. But, as a rule, the daily routine of work is laborious and exacting. The journalist that knows his duty, knows that his time is never his own. A sudden call—a fire, a tragedy, a great commercial disaster, a railway collision, unforeseen calamity in its myriad forms, bringing loss of life and destruction of property to others, but opportunities of distinction to the wielders of the pen of the ready writer—may send a reporter scores of miles away on the briefest possible notice, and at the end of a previous arduous engagement with which he had hoped to complete to his own satisfaction his day's work. Aware of this liability to unexpected demands on service, the ambitious and the conscientious reporter never loiters over his work, but strives to get it finished at the earliest opportunity, and so be ready for the emergency which, if promptly and successfully met, will bring credit to his paper and reputation to himself.

Every journalist of distinction who has risen from the ranks

has his stories to tell of triumphs achieved by promptitude of action, by speed of penmanship, and by capacity for endurance. And every journalist of experience has witnessed feats performed the recital of which in the hearing of younger men stimulates their zeal and quickens their *esprit de corps*. The writer has known of a four-column speech delivered by the late Lord Sherbrooke, when still Mr. Lowe—one of the most difficult speakers the phonographer ever followed—written out by a single reporter during a railway journey between Glasgow and Preston, *en route* to Manchester. He has seen a colleague rise from the sub-editorial chair at eight o'clock at night, and, filling a breach in the reporter's arrangements, attend an important meeting, produce a four-column report for next day's paper—all the while keeping a general supervision of his own proper work. He has known two reporters make a five hours' railway journey, take full notes of a six-column speech, re-travel the same long way, and each produce an independent verbatim report. He has seen men work, not eight hours nor sixteen hours, but twenty hours at a spell, and be ready for duty on the following day. Of course, such calls and such exertions are exceptional ; and, in these days when reporting staffs are more elaborately organised, and when the wider field of news supply makes demands on the space inconsistent with the page reports of single meetings of former times, they are becoming increasingly rare. Still they may be taken as illustrations of the heavy taxes which from time to time are suddenly made on the strength and the capacity of the reporter. Moreover, the conditions under which the work has sometimes to be done add to its onerousness and its dangers. In the old hustings days, notes had occasionally to be taken in the open air in the midst of a blinding snowstorm or in a numbing frost ; occasionally, too, under the fire of rotten eggs or putrid fish discharged against an unpopular candidate bending over the reporters' bench. At the present time, when the social condition of the people so persistently engages the attention of the public, the reporter, as special commissioner, is required to explore fever dens and to invade the haunts of the most reckless criminals. The dangers and hardships to which the reforming commissioner is exposed are, it is true, slight compared with those bravely undertaken by the military correspondent. Still they are at times sufficiently real to make a severe trial of nerves and of power of endurance, and they form no inconsiderable contribution to the sum total of trying experience which the reporter for the Press is called upon to undergo in the prosecution of his arduous calling.

The duties of the sub-editor are, in some respects, still more exacting. His work is more regular, but it is also more constant. The easy times that now and again come to the reporter never reach the sub-editor. He must be constantly at his post, and he must produce the paper whoever is resting. Nowadays, the ordinary news agencies and supplies are so productive of copy that, even during a dull recess, the material available for filling the paper is always largely in excess of its space capacity. This constant surplus of supply adds to the difficulties and responsibilities of the sub-editor, whose duty is to keep every item of news in the several departments in fair proportion, in view of its comparative importance. The commercial, the shipping, the sporting, the local, the Parliamentary, the foreign news services, along with the reviews of books, and even the editorial demand for space for leading articles, are all under his eye. Perhaps the most constant of his occupations is the restraint of excessive zeal, followed by a series of revisions and curtailments and reappportionments, until the block at the newspaper Temple Bar is relieved and the daily paper is pieced together. And while he has his eye and his hand on every department of the work, he has constantly, like the reporter, to be on the watch against a surprise. A telegram may come to hand which, if published as received, would be unintelligible to the great mass of the readers, and therefore valueless. It is his business so to correct it or add to it as to bring out its real meaning. Herein lies all the difference between intelligent and slovenly sub-editing—the competent sub-editor is able to make his news speak and live; the incompetent fills his paper with blunders and riddles. Further, at the last moment, news may come to hand of some great disaster or of the death of a man of world-wide fame. The sub-editor who knows his duty ruthlessly sets aside as much of the matter which he has carefully prepared as is required for the effective presentation of the later and more important news; he falls back upon his “reserves”; he quickly brings from the treasury of his books of reference elucidating material, and next morning he has the satisfaction of feeling that his energy and enterprise have made his paper universally talked about.

Of course, the duties of the editor-in-chief are more responsible still. As a general rule the editor charges himself specially with the supply and supervision of the leading articles. This is a duty which brings him into contact with specialists in all the spheres of modern culture. He must be a strong man—widely read, endowed with a shrewd, sound judgment and resolute will—not to be mastered by them. He must at the same time be a quick, sympathetic, adaptive

man, in order to be able to manage his opinionative contributors and bending their wills to his without letting them suspect it, extract from them the best they have to give in the way most fitted to catch the opportunity of the day and hour. At the same time, however, the really skilful editor maintains a close supervision of all the literary departments, that he may be able the next morning to point out every weakness or defect, and to discover who is responsible for it, while he marks and commends what is good and effective. In this way he keeps his whole staff in full sympathy with himself and in the best of working trim.

It has already been stated that the members of this honourable and laborious profession are not too munificently remunerated. A reporter for a country weekly paper seldom receives a higher weekly wage than is paid to a journeyman printer, and frequently he is expected to assist either in the counting-house or in the case-room. The salaries of junior reporters on the daily Press are not understated when they are set down as between £100 and £150. The more experienced men on the better class provincial dailies receive from £150 to, perhaps, £250; while the remuneration of the heads of the staff may range from £250 to £400—very rarely indeed reaching £500, even when special descriptive work, or art and musical criticism is expected of them. The rate of the sub-editorial pay is on the whole a little higher, but few of the best men on the best papers are allowed as much as £400 or £500 per annum; while the editors who receive £1,000 or more may be counted on the ten fingers. It is true, indeed, that many opportunities of an augmentation of income present themselves. A man of modest ambition, who is content to settle down in a country town, may, by gathering into his hands the local correspondence, make a fair income out of penny-a-lining. The supply of a report of a weekly market for which there is something like a universal demand may yield a little fortune—so long as the local Press-man can keep the service out of the rapacious maw of the London news agencies, which appoint their own correspondents and secure customers by offers of low rates. A man of enterprise and of energy can, however, easily create a large constituency for himself, and establish a fairly remunerative connection. Most of the members of the reporting staffs of the daily papers also succeed in time in obtaining more or less profitable correspondence, and thus add considerably to their income. This kind of business is, however, perhaps most fully developed by the gallery reporters and lobbyists at Westminster. The right of entry is limited to the members of the London papers,

and to such of the provincial journals as are able or willing to maintain a special Parliamentary staff. The members of the Parliamentary corps, who are paid by the papers they represent at the modest rate of six or seven guineas a week while Parliament is in session, possess, therefore, a certain monopoly of the service. As a rule they are not over-driven if they are but moderately paid by their own papers, and therefore they are able to accept supplementary engagements for provincial papers as reporters or as writers of political gossip or of descriptive Parliamentary letters. A few of them are able to make really handsome incomes ; but even the most successful of them, however arduously they may work, never command such an income as is easily within the reach of a popular doctor or barrister of comparatively moderate ability.

The experience of the leader-writers is perhaps the hardest of all. Many a young man of brilliant parts joins the Press in the belief that he will there enjoy a mental freedom such as is denied to the clergy as sworn upholders of the Articles and Confessions of the Churches. For a time all goes well with the enthusiastic, ardent young men who give to their employers the full benefit of all their talents and learning and increasing experience. By-and-by, however, the political partisanship or the editorial supervision of the paper changes. New questions arise, on which the editors or proprietors and the leader-writers find it difficult or impossible to agree. Grey hairs, too, begin to appear, before, as yet, there is any conscious diminution of intellectual power, though the mind may be becoming less supple, less adaptive, less responsive to hints from head-quarters. Thus it comes to pass that men who still feel themselves in the prime of life, and who were wont to be praised and fêted, discover a declining enthusiasm for their work in quarters where it was formerly highly appreciated. Next comes the galling mortification of unsympathetic editorial revision, to be followed in time by rejection of contributions and reduction of salary. As a rule, it must be admitted that newspaper proprietors deal patiently and generously with writers whose brilliant work and devoted service laid the foundation of their papers' prosperity and of their own fortune. Yet it does too frequently happen that the writer who, in the heyday of his prosperity and fame has been indifferent to worldly considerations, and has failed to secure his future by a partnership, finds himself compelled either to suppress his own convictions and write against his own beliefs, or let himself be shelved when still in the maturity of his powers—his prestige declining and his income diminishing—while those of other men in other professions, much

his inferior in capacity and in the power of work, are steadily increasing. The journalist who toils unselfishly for the public, making everybody's concerns his own, all too frequently neglects his personal interests. Often at the end of the day he is himself a neglected man, having little comfort or consolation beyond the reflection that if success has not been achieved it has been deserved. Of course many Press-men, especially those endowed with the business instinct, do win fame and fortune. In their declining years, as proprietors of prosperous papers earning high dividends, they have

That which should accompany old age :
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.

But the prizes which await the journalist, however gifted and industrious he may be, are really few and slight compared with those which are to be won in the other learned or scientific professions ; and though, as a journalist, I think no higher or nobler profession than mine exists, I must ask young men of talent and ambition to think not once, but twice and thrice, before they decide to enter it. Meanwhile, those who are connected with it, and wish to magnify it, have many calls to activity. The Institute of Journalists may find a humble, but not to be neglected sphere of usefulness in putting an end to a scandalous underpayment such as I have been shocked to learn prevails in some parts of England—viz. a halfpenny per line of matter used, whether in the form of news or of a leading article. Probably, too, the women journalists, connected more especially with the society and fashion papers, need kindly supervision and advice. Some action should also be taken to secure pecuniary benefit to the writer of more important and telling articles that may be and are used now by shrewder men of business for their own enrichment. As has already been indicated, an amendment of the law of libel is urgently required, and probably some joint demonstration by the Press of the United Kingdom, asserting the rights and the power of the Fourth Estate, would have the effect of securing for it greater consideration in the Courts of Law than has for some time been extended to it.

In these and other spheres the new Union will doubtless find means of rendering important service to the journalism of the United Kingdom. As in the past, however, the Press has owed its influential position to, and has held it by, the character of its individual members, so in the future its authority, its power for good as an educational agency, must depend mainly on the honesty, the self-respect, the incorruptibility, as well as on the talents and devotion of

the rising race of journalists encouraged to look upwards by the Institute lately founded. It may be that the road to increased influence will be found in a decline of partisanship and a growth of independence. Possibly the day is not far distant when the Fourth Estate will claim to be the master of both political parties, and refuse to be the servant of either except in so far as the party is a wise and disinterested servant of the public. The resources of the modern daily newspaper as guide, philosopher, and friend to the man of business and commerce, as well as to the politician, to the social reformer as well as to the religious teacher, to the scholar and scientist as well as to the omnivorous devourer of news of all kinds and from all climes, are now being developed even more fully and marvellously than is the Union of the working journalists in defence of their own interests and for the greater honour of their craft.

A FELLOW OF THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.

“DUKE” COMBE.

A CURIOUS CHAPTER IN LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

AMONG my earliest recollections of books, before I had even mastered the difficulties of the alphabet, is an edition of “Dr. Syntax’s Three Tours.” The bright and glaring tints of Rowlandson’s illustrations were a special delight to me, and although I do not remember, at that time, reading the text, the adventures of the eccentric and didactic D.D., as delineated by the pencil of the famous caricaturist, from the moment when, head resting upon hand, he meditates upon his momentous expedition until, last scene of all, where the worthy is laid in his grave—to save him from the hands of piratical scribblers—afforded many hours of pleasant amusement to my childhood’s days. Although “Dr. Syntax” was republished with *facsimiles* of the original plates five-and-twenty years ago by Mr. Camden Hotten, few people are now acquainted with a work which, on its first appearance, attained an extraordinary popularity, and was considered by our grandfathers to be a classic, worthy of a place beside “Gil Blas,” “Don Quixote,” and “Humphrey Clinker,” or have any knowledge of the author, who, at one time, was set side by side with Churchill as a satirist, his “Diaboliad” creating quite as great a sensation as “The Rosciad” or “The Times” of that clerical bruiser. William Combe was also one of the most voluminous *littérateurs* that this country has produced, while his life is one of the strangest records of a dead and gone state of society to be found among the curiosities of literature of the eighteenth century.

The stories of the earlier years of this strange, eventful life are so hazy and so full of contradictions that one never knows when one is on safe ground. The fog begins even with Combe’s birth and parentage, and concerning these points there is little certain beyond the fact that he was born in Bristol in the year 1741. It is generally understood that his father was a Bristol merchant, and a writer in *Notes and Queries*, in 1866, took a great deal of trouble in searching out the records of all who bore the name of Combe in that city

during the last century. Among the results of his quest were the facts that one John Combe was sheriff of Bristol in 1738; that one Henry Combe was mayor in 1740, and during his year of office laid the foundation-stone of the Bristol Exchange; that another Combe or Coombe gave a large sum toward the foundation of the City Library, and that in 1780 a Mr. Combe, merchant, of College Green, dropped down dead from electioneering excitement while canvassing for Edmund Burke. Which of these was William's progenitor it is impossible to discover. It would appear that William was educated at Eton, and was contemporary there with the notorious Lord Lyttleton, Charles James Fox, "Vathek" Beckford, and Bennet Langton, and, in company with these choice spirits, led a life that would now be considered dissipated in a man; that at Oxford he was amongst the wildest of undergraduates, and was noted for the elegance of his dress, the costliness of his entertainments, and his general extravagance. Nevertheless he was a young fellow of fine parts, for, although nobody ever saw him at study, he continued to get through his work in a more brilliant style than the most industrious plodders.

Combe left the University, however, without taking a degree, and went to live with Alderman Alexander, of London, who has been variously represented as his uncle, godfather, or probable father, who paid all the young scapegrace's debts, and at his death, which occurred in 1762, left him a fortune. Apropos of this, the following passage occurs in Rogers's "Table Talk": "He [Combes] was certainly well connected. He moved once in the highest society, and was very intimate with the Duke of Bedford. Twenty thousand pounds was unexpectedly bequeathed him by an old gentleman who said he ought to have been Combe's father—that is, he had been on the point of marrying Combe's mother—and who, therefore, left him that large sum. Combe contrived to get rid of the money in an incredibly short time." If Rogers's version be correct, it entirely precludes the avuncular relationship, though it favours either of the alternative theories. Sir Egerton Brydges, in "A Note on Suppressed Memoirs," put the sum bequeathed at £10,000, and Mr. Camden Hotten, in the biography attached to his edition of "Dr. Syntax," at £16,000. But here we are floundering in a very morass of contradictions, for the writer in *Notes and Queries*, previously quoted, gives one to understand that he had consulted Alderman Alexander's will, in which, he says, William Combes (*sic*) was bequeathed only an annuity of £50 a year until he should have attained the age of four-and-twenty, when he would be paid £2,000, with the contingency of

a large property, between him and which two lives and their issues stood. Whether by one of those extraordinary fatalities which occur now and again death removed those two barriers to affluence, or whether, upon the strength of his £2,000 and unlimited credit, he started as a man of fashion, there seems to be no means of determining. In the biography attached to the “ Letters to Marianne ” it is stated that he lived abroad several years ; that he was called to the Bar in 1768 ; that his handsome person, polished manners, and intellectual accomplishments gave him the *entrée* into the best society, and so led him into a life of extravagance. At the time of Combe’s death, *The Bristol Observer* published some recollections of him. “ He came to the Hot Wells,” says the writer, “ about the year 1768. He was tall and handsome in person, an elegant scholar, and highly accomplished in manners and behaviour. He lived in a most princely style, and, though a bachelor, kept two carriages, several horses, and a large retinue of servants. He had resided abroad for several years. He was generally recognised by the appellation of ‘ Count ’ Combe.”

In London, his magnificence won for him the sobriquet of “ Duke ” Combe. He had taken a house in Bury Street, then one of the most fashionable streets of the town, and he was among the very few males ever admitted to that celebrated ladies’ club, “ The Coterie.” He became quite the hero of the hour by, according to Moore, “ kicking ” Lord Lyttleton downstairs for calling Lady Archer a drunken peacock, on account of the sort of rainbow feathers she was in the habit of wearing. Sir Egerton Brydges (“ Note on Suppressed Memoirs ”) gives a milder and more probable version of this story by saying that by his firmness Combe induced his lordship to retire. In curious contradistinction to the manners of the age, Combe neither gambled nor bet, and in living was so abstemious that he drank only water. In one of his “ Letters to Marianne ” (1807) he records having, through the doctor’s recommendation, tasted Madeira for the first time. His one passion was ostentatious display. And whatever might have been his means, they were quickly dissipated, creditors became clamorous, an execution was put into his house, his fine friends turned their backs upon him, and one fine morning “ Duke ” Combe disappeared and was lost sight of for many a year to come.

And now follows a period of poverty, degradation, and strange adventures, the story of which reads like an eighteenth century novel. Upon quitting London, he made his way on foot to Chatham, where he enlisted as a common soldier. One day, while he was

marching, weary-footed and dusty, with his company through a provincial town, he was recognised by one of his former associates. "Is it indeed you, Combe?" exclaimed the gentleman. "It is; but a philosopher should be able to bear anything," was the reply, as he passed on. The gentleman soldier, however, did not hide his light under a bushel, and became quite a hero while quartered at Wolverhampton by one night, in the parlour of a tavern where he was billeted, capping a Greek quotation rolled forth by a school-master of the town, and afterwards conversing with the pedagogue in that language. The Homeric tongue in the mouth of a common soldier would be startling even in these days; how much more surprising was it, then, at the time of which I write, when the rank and file of the army were drawn from the veriest scum? Combe did not attempt to conceal the fact that he was a gentleman as well as a scholar, though he was silent about his previous history, and naturally became to the townspeople the subject of general curiosity. Roger Kemble, the father of all the Kembles, who was the manager of the Wolverhampton Theatre at this time, got up a benefit for "the unknown," to enable him to purchase his discharge; and it was announced that the beneficaire would deliver an address between the play and the farce. The curious, who were on the tip-toe of expectation that he would disclose himself, crowded the house. But in this they were doomed to disappointment, for after expressing his thanks for the patronage accorded him, he added, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, you wish to know who I am?"—a pause. "I am, and ever will be, your grateful and obedient servant." Then, with a graceful bow, he retired.

Having bought himself out of his red coat, Combe tried to establish himself as a teacher of elocution at Wolverhampton, and desired to number Sarah Kemble, then quite a girl, among his pupils; but the prudent mother considered him somewhat too fascinating for such a position, and he seems to have been severely snubbed by the matron, and, perhaps, by the daughter as well; at all events, his pen was always hostile to the latter when she became the great Mrs. Siddons, and he loved to tell how he remembered her standing in the wings of the Wolverhampton Theatre knocking two pieces of tin together to imitate the sound of the clicking of a windmill. Not long did he remain in the Black Country capital, where the advantages of elocution were not appreciated. We next hear of him as a waiter in country taverns, where now and again he was recognised by some old acquaintance. Then, after a time, to escape, according to Mr. Camden Hotten, from the importunities of

his father, with whom he had quarrelled and refused to be reconciled, he crossed over to the Continent and entered the French army. His second trial of soldiering would appear to have been as brief as his first, though how he again contrived to abandon the musket is nowhere recorded. His next metamorphosis was into under-cook, at Douay College, where he attained such celebrity for his soups that the professors did all they could to induce him to change his faith and attach himself permanently to the house. Here occurs another hiatus, and then we find the wanderer back again in England. It would appear that it was George Stevens, one of the editors of *Shakespeare*, a friend of the old days, who, now meeting him in some menial position, first suggested that he should turn his education and accomplishments to account, make a trial of literature, and induced him to return to London.

Combe, under the influence of the philosophic affectations of the times, does not seem to have been much troubled by his degradation, and appears to have regarded—or to have pretended to regard—such vicissitudes of human life as beneath the care of a philosopher. Whether, as Mr. Camden Hotten stated, Combe was too proud to accept help at the hands of his father, who was probably disgusted at his spendthrift habits, or whether indeed he was the natural son of the old gentleman who had left him the fortune, is of very little moment ; but the following extracts from a letter written to Rousseau and published in Ackermann's "*Repository of Arts*" (3rd Series, chapter iii. page 205) in 1824, are curious and suggestive. Combe's acquaintance with the author of "*Le Contrat Social*" probably commenced during Rousseau's visit to England in 1766 ; the letter is not dated, but I should say was written early in the seventies, when the writer was about thirty years of age.

" I am at this moment, like you, in a crowded and populous city, where pleasure is the object of universal idolatry, where all are fluttering towards the same enjoyments, and involved in the same dissipations ; yet I feel myself alone amidst all the tumults of it. I therefore recommence my letter : I write to you from this solitude, the world, or, I should rather say, from one corner of it to another. Believe me, my friend, that if your letter had not afforded me a subject, I should have been very much at a loss how to have addressed or what to have said to you. Time and chance have so ordered matters with me that it is long, long since I have written a letter of friendship or sentiment. My pen is so unaccustomed to the business that it trails heavily along the paper, and I scarcely know how to conduct it to those pleasing purposes of affection which were

once its best and dearest office. When we first knew each other, I was surrounded with a crowded throng, who called themselves my friends—my friends they were while Fortune rode in my chariot with me; but I do not complain. Fortune did not abandon me. I deserted Fortune, and with the goddess, the crowds who surrounded her altars. In losing Fortune, it is true, I lost a few pleasing though shadowy connections; but I was restored to myself, and to myself I have lived almost the whole of the interval which has fled away since we were wont to pass so many pleasant hours together. My former life is a vision which is now almost effaced, and there is little left of it but the ghosts of friendships now no more; and when I venture to open my lattice and look into the world, I miss so many of those faces which were so pleasant to behold, and see others so changed by time and sorrow, that I am disposed to shut my window in haste, and withdraw from so mortifying a spectacle. . . . I have neither fortune nor friends, neither father¹ nor mother, nor brother nor sister. I do not possess the more endearing ties of life, and those which are supposed to conduct most to its felicity—I mean the connections of marriage and of children; and yet without all these various objects of human pursuits I am happy and contented, perfectly resigned to my lot and condition, and should exceedingly repine at being obliged to change it with any one person in the world however loaded and adorned he might be with honours, riches, and greatness. I pity everyone's infirmities; I laugh with those who laugh, and weep with those who weep. . . . My eyes, I fear, have looked upon you for the last time; they will behold you no more, and as in my vainest moments I can have no reason to suppose that you will give me any written acknowledgment of this long letter, I must consider it as a last farewell to you."

Combe's first acknowledged literary production was "The Philosopher in Bristol," published in 1775, which is a series of essays something after the style of "The Connoisseur" or "The Adventurer." But the first of his writings that brought him into fame was a satirical poem, *à la* Churchill, entitled "The Diaboliad: Dedicated to the Worst Man in His Majesty's Dominions." This achieved such a success that it was followed by a Second Part, and in the same year by "The Diabo-Lady: Dedicated to the Worst Woman," &c. Sir Egerton Brydges says: "A quarrel with the late Lord Hertford was the cause of his principal satires; his heroine was an old Dowager Countess of Home. I remember distinctly the

¹ It is not obligatory to take these words literally, as they would apply with equal force had Combe simply renounced all communication with his family.

great impression those satires made when I was a boy, and how many of the severest passages were on everybody’s lips.” Another authority says (Campbell in his “Life of Mrs. Siddons”) that the hero was Simon Lord Irnham, who had induced Combe, under the promise of a handsome sum of money which was never paid, to marry a cast-off mistress of his, and “The Diaboliad” was penned out of revenge. In the three poems Combe runs amuck among the fashionable celebrities of the day with a bitter fury not inferior to his model, Churchill. In the *Times* obituary it was said that “there was hardly a person of any note of his time with whose history he was not in some degree acquainted. He knew others as well as he was known to them ;” and in the satires he doubtless paid off many an old score he owed to those who had feasted with him in his prodigal days and deserted him in his poverty. “The Diaboliad” series was quickly followed by other pasquinades : “The First of April ; or the Triumph of Folly ;” “An Heroic Epistle to Sir Joshua Reynolds,” “The Royal Register,” caustic sketches of political characters, &c., &c.

In 1777 Combe, according to Mr. Hotten, came into some more money at the death of his father—or was it through the removal of the two lives that stood between him and the further provisions of Alderman Alexander’s will? Be that as it may, notwithstanding the stoical professions of his days of poverty, he again plunged into the extravagances of fashionable life, dissipated his second fortune as quickly as he had his first, and then, pursued by a swarm of creditors, took shelter, under the arrest of a friendly one, within the “Liberties” of the King’s Bench, where he passed the whole forty remaining years of his life.

In order to understand the possibility of such an existence, it may be necessary to give some account of an institution concerning the nature of which, although it has passed away within living memory, most people at the present day are profoundly ignorant. Within the portals there were little indications of a prison, for you found yourself in a street crowded with people, talking, loitering, or chaffering at butchers’, bakers’, cook-shops, taphouses, hawkers calling their wares, and all the bustle of a low neighbourhood ; and there was not a phase of society, from the highest to the lowest, that was not represented among the eight hundred or a thousand people that were usually congregated within the walls. Those who had the means to do so could live as riotously here as in any other part of London, give parties, dinners, suppers, to which anyone, in or out of the prison, could be invited ; here ladies and

gentlemen rubbed shoulders with fashionable courtesans, blacklegs, and swindlers. At this very time a Mrs. Montgomery, a celebrated society beauty, and a notorious woman known as Fanny King, gave almost daily receptions and soirées. But the debtor need not live within the walls unless he chose to do so, for the "Liberties," which were really a survival of the old sanctuaries, included an area of three miles, comprehending all St. George's Fields, one side of Blackman Street, and a portion of the Borough High Street ; and these limits were so elastic that a wag once remarked that to his certain knowledge they had on one occasion extended to the East Indies ! Prisoners were permitted to pursue their avocations during the day in any part of London, and were only compelled to sleep within the three-mile radius. The cost of these privileges was five guineas for small debts, eight for the first hundred, and half that sum for each additional hundred. "Day Rules" could be purchased for 4s. 2d. the first day and 3s. 2d. for each succeeding one ; but these did not permit the debtor to sleep outside the prison walls. Readers of "Nicholas Nickleby" will remember that the father of Madeleine Bray was "a Ruler," and resided with his daughter in a shabby house "not many hundred yards from the Obelisk."

William Combe lived at No. 12 Lambeth Road, and there worked with the most indefatigable industry at his pen. The list of his acknowledged works, most of which bore other authors' names, that Combe compiled at Ackermann's request shortly before his death, is a very long one, and besides these, he said that he had contributed more than two thousand columns to newspapers and magazines. It was he who compiled Adam Anderson's "Origin of Commerce," a work of great research and labour ; Anderson's "Secret Expedition to Egypt," Viscount Grant's "History of the Mauritius," Mackenzie's "Voyage to the South Atlantic," and various other books of voyages and travels ; it was Combe who wrote the life of the notorious George Hanger, one of the bucks of the Regency ; supplied the text to Farington's "Views of the Thames ;" wrote "The Devil on Two Sticks in England," a continuation of Le Sage's "Le Diable Boiteux." He also supplied clergymen with sermons. Indeed, he was a ready writer upon any subject, and had a marvellous power of imitating the styles of other authors. One of the cleverest of literary forgeries was his "Letters of the late Lord Lyttleton," in which the manner of that notorious personage is so perfectly imitated that they even deceived his mother and his closest friend, Windham, and for years everybody regarded them as genuine. In 1802 Combe edited for Colonel

Greville a newspaper called “The Pic-Nic.” Horace Smith, in a notice of his brother affixed to his “Comic Miscellanies in Prose and Verse,” writing of Combe, says :

“If a column or two of newspaper remained unsupplied at the last moment, an occurrence by no means unusual, Mr. Combe would sit down in the publisher’s back room, and extemporise a letter from Sterne at Coxwold—a forgery so well executed that it would never excite suspicion.” Indeed, these were afterwards collected and published in volume form as genuine epistles by the author of “Tristram Shandy.” All letters, therefore, not to be found in the first collected edition of Sterne’s works, 1780, should be regarded as apocryphal. Combe used to say that it was with him Sterne’s “Eliza” was in love, and boasted of having had private assignations with her. In 1789 Combe’s pen had been hired in support of Pitt’s government, for an annuity of £200, which was taken away at the minister’s fall in 1801, renewed when Pitt returned to power, and finally suppressed at his death. In 1803 Combe was engaged upon the staff of the *Times*, writing articles under the signature of “Valerius.” Crabbe Robinson, in his Diary, gives us a glimpse of him at this period: “It was on my first acquaintance with Walter I used to notice in his parlour a remarkably fine old gentleman. He was tall, with a stately figure and handsome face. He did not appear to work much with his pen, but was chiefly a consulting man. When Walter was away he used to be more there and to decide as a *dernier ressort*. In the “Letters to Marianne” there are frequent references to his returning home from the *Times* office in the early hours of the morning. Thus we find that, in Combe’s case, the “Liberties” of the King’s Bench extended across the Thames to Printing House Square. In the course of time Combe grew so accustomed to his retreat that he had no desire to exchange it for another. Walter offered to compromise with his creditors, but he declined the proposal. “If I do so, I shall have to sacrifice the little means I possess,” he replied. “The best chambers in the Bench are mine by right of seniority for a few shillings a week. My habits have become so sedentary that, if I lived in the airiest square in London, I should not walk round it once a month; I have plenty of friends come to see me; I can still give my little suppers and enjoy good society, and I have an excellent library.” Sir Egerton Brydges, in the “Note” previously quoted, met him about this time, and thus describes him: “He had lived long enough out of the world, at least out of the highest ranks, to have some coarseness

of accent when I conversed with him ; but he had two delightful attractions, he was manly and unaffected. He was, perhaps, seventy-seven, but he did not look more than sixty-five. He was of middle size, muscular, and of a countenance rather rough and heavy than elegant, brilliant, or intellectual."

It was in 1810 that Combe was first introduced to Ackermann. Ackermann was a German who came over to England to draw designs for coachbuilders, and about 1796 opened a print shop, first at 96 and afterwards at 101 Strand, there ultimately becoming one of the most famous of London publishers. Combe was engaged to contribute to Ackermann's "Poetical Magazine," and write up to Rowlandson's illustrations, and it was in 1810, when he was three score and ten, that the most famous of his compositions, but for which his name would now be unknown to all but literary students—"The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque"—was first issued. The history of this work is somewhat curious. It is thus told by Adolphus in his "Memoirs of John Bannister." "Dining at a tavern with John Bannister and a third person, Rowlandson was asked, 'What are you about, Rowly?' 'Why, nothing in particular ; I think my inventive faculty has been somewhat sluggish of late ; I wish one of you would give me a hint.' Being asked of what kind, he answered : 'I feel in a humour to sketch a series where the objects may be made ridiculous without much thinking. I have been making a tour in Devon and Cornwall with a friend, who, although I made sketches on the coast for him, wishes me to introduce adventures at inns and other comic incidents. But what can I do for such a hero—a gentleman weighing 17 st. ? For such scenes he is quite out of the question. I want one of a totally different description.' 'I have it,' said Bannister ; 'you must fancy a skin-and-bone hero, a pedantic old prig in a shovel-hat and rattle-traps, and place him in such scrapes as travellers frequently meet with—hedge ale-houses, second and third-rate inns, thieves, gibbets, mad bulls, and the like. Come, give me a sheet of paper, and we will strike off a few hints.' The paper was produced, Bannister gave his ideas, Rowlandson adopted them, Combe explained them by a well-written poem ; and to this conversation, and to the lively invention of Bannister, the public is indebted for a highly-favoured publication."

I may add that Combe was quite unacquainted with Rowlandson, and during two years he each month received a picture, and wrote the letterpress without meeting the artist or ever knowing what was to come next. The success of the work was enormous ; everything

was *à la* Dr. Syntax ; there were Syntax hats and coats and wigs ; everybody read it, and everybody quoted it. Collected in book form, in one year it passed through five editions. It was not until 1818, after many spurious imitations had appeared, that the second part, “Dr. Syntax in Search of Consolation” (on the death of his spouse) was issued. The third, “Dr. Syntax in Search of a Wife,” quickly followed, and in 1822 appeared the last and poorest of the series, “Johnny Quæ Genus,” the history of a foundling, introduced into the previous work. Among other tasks he executed in conjunction with Rowlandson, were “The Dance of Death,” and “The Dance of Life.”

Combe was twice married. A reference has been previously made to his first match, which was a very unhappy one, and the pair lived apart, the lady mostly residing in Ireland, but seemingly on amicable terms with her husband, for in the “Letters to Marianne,” frequent mention is made of “Mrs. C——,” to whom Marianne sent, at Combe’s desire, specimens of her needlework, which were very graciously acknowledged. Camden Hotten says she died in a lunatic asylum in 1814. Previous to this, in 1810, Combe made the acquaintance of Charlotte Hadfield, the sister of the well-known architect and of Mrs. Cosway, the artist’s wife ; she was at that time a still handsome woman of forty, and, after the death of the first, became the second Mrs. Combe. But this matrimonial venture does not appear to have been more comfortable than the former one ; Charlotte Hadfield was a strange, eccentric creature, according to the showing of her own sister’s letters, and lived apart from her husband, whom she survived by several years.

Combe in his latter years wrote a very minute autobiography, and had arranged that a young man, whom he had adopted, probably a natural son, should publish it after his death. But just before that event, which happened in 1823, the *protégé* offended the old man by marrying Olivia Serres, the daughter of the self-styled Princess Olive of Cumberland, and Combe employed the very last days of his life in destroying a record which might have almost rivalled the “Confessions” of his friend Rousseau in interest. Such frequent reference to the “Letters of Marianne” has been made in this article that I cannot conclude without giving some account of that book. In the early years of the present century, Combe made the acquaintance of a mother and daughter named Brooke, who were at the time in very straitened circumstances. Combe appears to have conceived an affection, presumably platonic, for the daughter, Marianne, and greatly befriended her and her

mother, settling them in a house at Camberwell, which he furnished at his own expense. Almost daily he wrote letters to Marianne, many after his return at four or five o'clock in the morning from his labours in the *Times* office, and mostly couched in warmer terms than are usually employed by a septuagenarian. By-and-by, however, a young man named Birch came to lodge with the Brookes, and paid great attention to Miss Marianne, seemingly with the young lady's approval, after which a coolness sprang up between her and her elderly admirer, though Miss Brooke never failed to visit him when she was in need of his assistance. After the old man's death she had the infamous meanness to hand over his letters to Birch, who at once published them. There is a copy of the little book in the British Museum, which is said to have belonged to Ackermann, annotated probably by his own hand, the notes containing much valuable information and several important corrections as to certain points in Combe's life.

In one of his letters Horace Walpole brands our author as "that infamous Combe, the author of the 'Diaboliad.'" But Combe would be naturally antipathetic to such a very superior person as the master of Strawberry Hill, who, moreover, had not escaped the lash of that satiric pen. Even judged by the low moral standard of the age, Combe in his early days was, no doubt, a shady character. "Yet," says Dr. Doran, in "The Last Journals of Horace Walpole," "he was a friend of Hannah More, whom he loved to make weep by improvised romances, in which he could pile the agony with wonderful effect." Horace Smith frequently visited him, and records that he never left without admiring his various acquirements and the philosophical equanimity with which he endured his reverses. In the *Times* for June 1823 will be found an eulogistic but stiltedly-written obituary notice of him; but the writers of obituaries are usually too much under the influence of the *nil nisi bonum* maxim for their opinions to be of much value in estimating an individual's private character. As an author, Combe has long since passed into oblivion. That he was a man of learning and remarkable ability is beyond dispute, but everything he did was hack work, written for mere bread and cheese, and his most notable creation, "Dr. Syntax," which is little, if anything, more than facile doggerel, has only been kept alive by Rowlandson's illustrations. Yet his career is a curious and interesting chapter in the literary history of a period the traditions of which survive only in books.

A LADY'S LIFE IN COLOMBIA.

“WHERE *is* Heligoland, dear?”

“Don't you know, dear! It's one of those places Stanley has just discovered.”

If I remember rightly, two charming young women said this in *Punch* some little time ago. It sounds absurd, of course; but upon my honour the geographical knowledge of ninety-nine hundreds of our educated fellow creatures is not very much further advanced.

“Going to Columbia?” as I volunteer the information. “Oh,” with a pause of uncertainty, “I *see*. Columbia, British Columbia,” with a delicate but distinct accent on the *lum*, to gently intimate my shortcomings.

“No, not British Columbia,” meekly; “Colombia, in *South* America, you know.”

“Oh!” with an air of having imperfectly heard my first announcement, but *now* being quite on firm ground. “South America—of course. And will you be far from Buenos Ayres, dear? I have some cousins there.”

As my own geographical knowledge, though extensive, is not unlimited, and I am unable to tell to a few hundred miles how far I shall be from my questioner's kin, I answer cautiously, “Oh, yes—some distance, I fancy.”

As my readers may possibly be also a little hazy as to my whereabouts, I will briefly mention that Colombia is in the north-west of South America, with an area of over three hundred thousand miles, is a Republic, is divided into nine states, was formerly known as New Granada, and rejoices in a constitution dating from 1863. The country was first discovered in the sixteenth century—by the way, think what a century that was to live in, when the possibilities of happening on a new country seemed practically limitless! The veriest pessimist would have found life worth living then! A Spanish exploring party, under Belcazar, started from Peru on a northern search for the Temple of the Sun, which, adorned with idols of pure gold, was said to be somewhere in the ranges of the

Andes. As Amyas Leigh and his men sought and did *not* find Manoa, so Belcazar and his band never reached their goal, but they did come on some rich gold-producing gravel, which induced them to found a colony ; and one little town at least, Mariquita, looks as quaintly old-world as any of our English mediæval cities, with its old Spanish ruins and archways, taking one back for good three hundred years. It is a bit of a place ; but Spanish piety was redundant in those days—piety which had effected an absolute divorce from morality—and seven churches were built there, of which but one is left.

Though the Temple of the Sun never gladdened their eyes, the colonisation of Colombia was a lucky thing for the Spaniards. There was gold, and there were Indians. Spanish arithmetic made the product riches for the white man, and hideous, hopeless slavery for the brown. Spain has a fair amount of human suffering to answer for, with her little arrangements of the holy office and the autos-da-fé ; but nowhere perhaps has Spanish cruelty been more full-blown and frightful than in the barbarities inflicted on the gentle, friendly aborigines who fell under their yoke in the New World. About a century ago Colombia shook herself free of the Mother Country, and seems at present, having no navy, and not much of an army, and therefore being incapable of showing her teeth to her neighbours, to chiefly occupy herself in a series of little revolutions between the Liberals and the Conservatives. A thousand men were killed in 1877 in a fight in the plains below Frias, which an English lady and gentleman watched from their windows. In 1885 the two opposing parties fought for a bridge at Mariquita, and the next day an Englishman from Malpaso rode past, and counted forty corpses, the amiable Colombian custom in time of war being, “ Let the dead bury their dead.” During this little war the first mentioned Englishman had in his charge £8,000 of gold, which, for better security, he took to bed with him. Fortunately, in these little affairs Colombians keep themselves *to* themselves, and do not molest English, or any other strangers within their gates ; but as all communication with the coast is cut off, it sometimes happens that for a year the unhappy foreigner is unable either to send or receive letters, and his horses and mules are always appropriated by the Government when a war is on, an allowance for them, however, being generally made afterwards.

People who go to Colombia must make up their minds to leave their nerves behind them. Revolutions and earthquakes—these, however, though common, not being serious, only a little tremble-

ment de terre, rattling china and shaking doors—not like the dreadful Riviera secousses—lurkes, alligators, and scorpions being among the commonplace facts of existence ; and if the husband is a medical man to one of the mining companies, his wife must make up her mind that about every four days in a fortnight he will be away on his long round, and, unless she can go with him, she must make herself happy alone—servants don't sleep in the house—with a baby and a revolver. On the other hand, to set against all these cons—the pros—the climate, the scenery, the flowers, the birds, the trees. To a botanist, an entomologist, an ornithologist, a naturalist, Colombia would be paradise.

Our destination was Frias, which we reached at *long* last. Somehow, in these days, distance seems so annihilated with expresses and mail steamers, that it has all the charm of novelty to hear of a real old-fashioned journey, where one has time, and *more* than time, to see where one is going. I think Ruskin would approve of Colombian travelling. We are certainly not whisked over the country in a train like parcels, as I think he somewhere unkindly says is the way of us moderns. We began in the ordinary way—mail from Southampton to Sabanilla, twenty-four days—and we took the same time to do the seven hundred miles from there to Frias ! We started by waiting at Barranquilla—it seems rather an Irish way of putting it, but we *did*—for a steamer to take us up the Magdalena ; and fifteen hours after we set out, we broke our crank, and had to run into the bank and wait there five days, till another boat came and rescued us. Another day we struck on a sandbank, otherwise the voyage was uneventful — “ kinder monotonous,” a Yankee fellow-traveller remarked, but very delightful. The scenery was gorgeous ; the flowers, trees, and shrubs exquisite ; and some days the mountains were quite close. The river is beautiful, full of islands, and alligators well called “ loathly,” who take the air on the sand-banks with their awful jaws wide open. If the old ballad maker had ever seen an alligator, he could have turned Kempion's lady into even a more “ laidly worm ” than he did. In one day we counted a hundred and sixty. The heat was terrible ; and when we got to Honda, a pretty little place, something like a Welsh village, with mountains all round, it was a relief to stay there a few days, till the mules came down to fetch us. Frias is forty miles from Honda, and the road !—*il n'y en a pas !* Thirteen miles driving across the plains in a buggy—during which we alternated pleasingly between a break-neck gallop and a crawl—brought us to Lombi. The nature of the *road* may be guessed when I mention that we were three hours and a half doing

thirteen miles. After coffee we mounted our mules and began our ride. As I have observed before, people with nerves must not come here. I don't think a nervous person would have enjoyed that ride. The way lay up a steep precipice with loose stones. The mules took their own way, like Swiss ponies. We sat on their backs, but did not presume to interfere with them. As all one's resources were taxed to hold on, this was rather a fortunate arrangement. In about twenty minutes we came to clayey ground, and climbed on. There were only paths worn by the mules' feet, but that seemed all that was necessary. How the creatures go as they do—rushing uphill, jumping pieces of rock—and never making a mistake, is a mystery. Four and a half hours' riding brought us to Santa Ana, near which we met and killed a big snake. We had five hours riding the next day, so altogether it took thirteen hours to cover forty miles!

Frias consists of the North Tolima Silver Mine, the houses of the English connected with it, and of one or two Colombians, and ranches for the peons, or native labourers. The English, who, speaking Hibernicé, are nearly all Welsh! are mostly mechanics. It also boasts a chapel, very small and squalid—a priest, by the way, has only been here twice in six months!—a prison, and a fonda, or general shop. It is 4,100 feet above sea level, and in sight of perpetual snow, but lies in a hole, surrounded by mountains. Our house is a hundred feet higher up. It is not an imposing structure—one storied, as all houses hereabouts are—we remember our earthquakes—and consists of a sala, or living-room, with two bedrooms opening out of it on one side, and one on the other, verandahs back and front, and a small pantry. The kitchen, with a room for the female servants, is a separate building. The great servant question is not of engrossing interest here, and we do not indulge much in cook stories. Our domestics are not very troublesome to provide for; they need neither bed or blanket, but roll themselves up in a rug, and sleep where they feel “so disposed”—on the kitchen floor sometimes. Wages are infinitesimal. A cook, who is also laundress, gets twelve shillings a month; a housemaid six shillings, and a boy to look after the mules and do odd jobs sixteen shillings. As the female servants only wear a print gown and a coloured cotton handkerchief, their dress expenses are not great! But, O ye British housewives! we Colombians have an advantage over you which will excite your keenest feelings of envy! Think of it, O London matrons, when next you settle your butcher's “little bill,” we buy our meat at threepence halfpenny a pound, and our turkeys at five and six shillings each, our chickens are from sevenpence to

tenpence, our coffee fivepence a pound, and our eggs twenty-five for a shilling! A man and his wife and child, with three servants and three mules can live here and pay all expenses, including maize and sugar-cane for the beasts, for £10 a month. En revanche, bedroom candles are twopence halfpenny each, and petroleum three and sixpence a gallon; and it must be admitted that clothing is an awful price. White drill, linen, and brown holland *can* be got at very big prices, good calico there is none, and the print is like paper. Boots are well-nigh unattainable luxuries, and a pair of canvas shoes for a two-year-old boy cost four shillings. However, as it really does not matter *what* one wears in this most unsophisticated region, the want of fashionable attire is not so awful as it might be. The latest mode in bonnets, *par exemple*, is a thing with which we have absolutely *no* concern. Nothing is ever seen here but sugar-loaf hats, made of the very finest straw. The sight of a lady on her travels is startling to the uninitiated. Imagine her seated on a small mule, with a very long flowing habit, put on *over* the dress, her head and body covered with a large sheet, for the sake of coolness, merely the face showing; a sugar-loaf hat, and a small parasol as the crowning effort of elegance. One Yankee dame added to the effect by insisting on retaining a dress improver under her habit, which had at least the merit of originality. Colombian fashion sanctions for ball dresses such curious combinations as blue and orange plush, and white, thickly covered with a floral design in brown and blue, heavily ruched and puffed, and enriched with a front breadth of pale green spotted satin. At a dance, or "bailé," wall-flowers are things unknown, as there are at least ten men to every woman present. The music consists of a "tiply" and a "bandola"; the lords of creation are refreshed with *acquadiante*—the native spirit—rum, and beer—at three shillings a pint: the women with sponge cakes, dulee, and tea. As soon as a dance is ended, etiquette forbids a man to talk to his partner; so the lady is solemnly conducted to a seat among the rest of her sex, her cavalier makes a magnificent bow and retires to *his* kind, who congregate on the opposite side of the room—a kind of sheep and goats arrangement, terribly contrary to the views of any British match-making mamma of well-regulated mind. At one dance, which ended at 3.30 A.M., when it was pitch dark, the guests left in a procession, riding mules, and carrying lighted tallow candles. Carriages are not; everyone rides; and the mules, who are far more numerous than, and generally very superior to the horses, average £12 to £20 each, while a horse can be bought as low as £7. The marvellous surefootedness of these mules makes them perfect

treasures in a region where every place is up and down, and where some of the roads, so called, are like flights of stone steps. I have no hesitation in saying that some of these creatures could be ridden with absolute safety up and down any staircase in England.

“The weather?” Do I hear you, as a true-born Briton, inquiring anent the national subject? *We have none.* That perpetual ram-mering, that wearisome reiteration of inanity, “talking about the weather,” is unknown here. We have *a climate*—and a climate that knows how to behave itself in a rational and regular manner—not all fits and starts and inconsistency, such as you endure at home. Our climate—let me beg you not to mention “weather” again—is delightful, like an English May or June on its best behaviour, and *never varies* (think of that, O ye happy islanders, who put up a parasol one day and wrap yourselves in furs the next!). That is the case with us here at Frias. Of course, as one goes up or down, the temperature changes. A few days’ ride from here in the plains, it is 100° in the shade; while going upwards, great coats and furs are desirable. Indeed, high up, where it is all rock, bare, or overgrown with lichen, when water actually boils it is cool enough to drink. At Frias we live in the open air, literally, as doors and windows stand always open—at least, I can more correctly aver that windows are never shut, as they do not exist, and there are only wooden shutters in their stead. Our time is six hours behind England; and we ought to be, if we are not, healthy, wealthy, and wise, for we go to bed somewhere about eight, and get up with the sun. I remember, in Switzerland, being dragged up the Righi by conscientious friends to see the sun rise there—the railway in itself was a nightmare—and being only too glad when, thanks to a beneficent fog, the sun did *not* rise—at least, dispensed with our attendance at his levée. Here it is rather different to the marrow-piercing cold of that unfriendly mountain; and it *is* worth while, even to the laziest of mankind, to see Ruiz (18,000 ft.) and Tolima (19,000 ft.), both extinct volcanoes, meet the dawn. Think of two glorious heights which could look down from four and five thousand feet upon the Jungfrau, and hold their own with the mighty nursery of the Nile—Ruwenzori itself! I always wonder that men never invented mountain worship, while assimilating their multitudinous cults. They always seem so unapproachably sublime—unchanging monuments of omnipotent might.

However, to the ordinary mind, perhaps, ordinary things are more congenial—the population, for example, which is *very* ordinary. I have seen but one Colombian lady with any pretensions to good breeding. The people are a mixture of the Indians discovered here

by Belcazar and the Spaniards. The ordinary workpeople, called peons, are, on the whole, handsome, but small, idle, and ignorant. There are a few blacks, descendants of slaves emancipated in 1854, but the majority, from intermarriage with the peons, are of mixed blood. The term intermarriage is rather a *façon de parler*, for, as a matter of fact, marriage is a ceremony more honoured in the breach than in the observance, as it is a very expensive process, and in the country districts priests are rarely seen.

The mention of slaves reminds me that I have not said anything about gold-fields. They are alluvial, that is, the gold has been "weathered" away from the original reefs, and is found in a gravel composed of quartz and a reddish clay. It is washed out by water, led, under considerable pressure, through a pipe with a short tube at the end, shaped like a cannon, and called a monitor. Through this the water passes with tremendous force, sufficient, it is said, to cut a man in half, and describes a parabolic curve for a distance of a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet. It falls on the face of the cliff on which the gravel lies, and a few hours' working will wash away a cliff of considerable size in an almost incredible manner. It is a very fascinating sight. The gravel, in a muddy stream, runs down a ditch with a sharp grade called a sluice, paved with oblong blocks of wood, between the crevices of which the gold, from its greater weight, sinks, and can be picked up at stated intervals—"clean-ups," as they are called. At Malpaso, after six weeks' washing, they cleaned up £5,000 of gold. It was the gold to which the poor natives of the country owed their destruction. The Spanish Conquistadores had no mercy; and the Indians, made into beasts of burden, died by the hundred under the lash, as they carried the hide-bound packages to the coast to be shipped for Spain.

We are in a land of flowers here—such orchids as my poor pen is powerless to describe. Oleanders and magnolias grow wild; and in our own garden we had in April Maréchal Niel roses, dahlias, sunflowers, very large sweetwilliams, heliotrope and tuberose, all in full bloom. There are oranges, lemons and guavas in plenty; and, oh, if I could but give the very faintest description of the forest! Just about us there are extensive clearings, as this is an old settled region, and of course, higher up, in a colder temperature, the tropical trees and flowers merge gradually into others less luxuriant, till Spanish oaks are reached. Palms come up to where we live, but hardly beyond, yielding to the ferns, many of which can be easily ridden under, while some of the hanging ones are twenty feet in length. In the plains we get to the *real* forest, and there one stops appalled at the utter

inability to describe the gorgeous luxuriance. Let me take the words of one abler than myself—Frederick Boyle.

“Great tree-ferns meet across the bubbling water, their fronds translucent as green glass where the sunlight flicks through a canopy of leaves. Every tree is clad and swathed in creepers, huge snakes of vegetation, bare and ponderous, sunning their jewelled heads at a windy height above, or slender tendrils starred with blossom. Here and there is a vast hollow pillar, reticulated, plated, intertwined—the casing of a parasite which now stands unaided, feeding on the rotten *débris* of its late support, and stretching murderous arms abroad, in the world of leaves above to clasp another victim. Other trees are fading to a lovely death under shrouds of fern, which descend from the topmost branches in a gray-green cataract soft as a fall, three feet thickness of tender sprays. Great sheaves of bamboo make an arch of verdant feathers overhead. A thousand tropic blossoms unknown to us clothe earth and brushwood in a veritable sheet of colour. . . . The forests of the New World seldom show that dim and awful gloom so impressive in tracts of oriental jungle, probably because all the land was densely peopled when the Conquistadores came. But in the older parts where undergrowth is checked gray Spanish moss drooping from the boughs has much of the same effect. I do not remember where I described the trees thus solemnly caparisoned as ‘standing like cloaked mourners in procession.’ I do not now think of a better form of words.”

Let me add one or two touches of colour from a master hand—the hand of him whose “At Last” ends the dream of his long life—the glowing splendour of the tropics. “Trees full two hundred feet high, one mass of yellow or purple blossom to the highest twigs, and every branch and stem one hanging garden of crimson and orange orchids or vanillas.” “The full sun-gleam lay upon the enormous wall of mimosas, figs, and laurels, which formed the northern forest, broken by the slender shafts of bamboo tufts, and decked with a thousand gaudy parasites; bank upon bank of gorgeous bloom, piled upward to the sky, till where its outline cut the blue flowers and leaves, too lofty to be distinguished by the eye, formed a broken rainbow of all hues quivering in the ascending streams of azure mist, until they seemed to melt and mingle with the very heavens.”

I wish I could name the trees, but many are unknown to me. Some I do know—mahogany, cedar, ceiba-trees—and cacti, lianes, matapolos of all sorts and kinds. Do you know what a ceiba, or cotton-tree, is like? If not, let Kingsley tell you. “The hugest English oak would have seemed a stunted bush beside it. Borne

up on roots, or rather walls, of twisted board, some twelve feet high . . . rose the enormous trunk full forty feet in girth, towering like some tall lighthouse, smooth for a hundred feet, then crowned with boughs, each of which was a stately tree, whose topmost twigs were full two hundred and fifty feet from the ground. And yet it was easy for the sailors to ascend, so many natural ropes had kind Nature lowered for their use, in the smooth lianes which hung to the very earth, often without a knot or leaf. Once in the tree, you were within a new world, suspended between heaven and earth, and, as Cary said, no wonder if like Jack, when he climbed the magic bean-stalk, you had found a castle, a giant, and a few acres of well-stocked park, packed away somewhere behind that labyrinth of timber. Flower gardens at least were there in plenty, for every limb was covered with pendant cactuses, gorgeous orchises, and wild vines ; and while one half the tree was clothed in rich foliage, the other half, utterly leafless, bore on every twig brilliant yellow flowers, around which humming-birds whirred all day long. Parrots peeped in and out of every cranny, while, within the airy woodland, brilliant hybrids basked like living gems upon the bark, gaudy finches flitted and chirruped, butterflies of every size and colour hovered over the topmost twigs, innumerable insects hummed from morn till eve ; and when the sun went down, tree-toads came out to snore and croak till dawn. There was more life round that one tree than in a whole square mile of English soil."

Near us the beasts are not numerous, owing to the many clearings ; but we have within two days' ride pumas, jaguars—the "lions" and "tigers" of the New World—bears, deer, and wild pigs. By the way, the puma is infinitely more dreaded than the larger and fiercer jaguar, as, unlike the latter, it has a gruesome habit of following a human trail. Its own trail can always be distinguished from the "tiger's" by the small heap of earth thrown up by the forepaws. The humming-bird—the "oiseau mouche," as Buffon calls it—is very common here. The old French naturalist gives a pretty description of it, which it quite deserves. "Of all animated beings it is the most elegant in form and the most brilliant in colours—our precious stones cannot be compared in lustre to this jewel of Nature, who has bestowed on it all the gifts which she has only shared amongst other birds. Lightness, swiftness, grace, and the most splendid clothing all belong to this little favourite. The emerald, the ruby, and the topaz sparkle in its plumage, which it never defiles with the dust of the earth, and scarcely ever deigns to touch the green turf for a moment. It is always on the wing, fluttering from flower to flower,

and possesses their freshness as well as their brilliancy ; it lives on their nectar, and only inhabits those climates where flowers never cease to bloom. It is in the warmest regions of the New World that all the species known of these birds are found ; for those which advance in summer to the temperate zones only remain there a short time. They seem to follow the sun, to advance and retire with him, and to fly on the wings of Zephyr in the train of an eternal spring." There are also exquisite butterflies, measuring ten inches from tip to tip, lovely green beetles, and fireflies. One of these latter was caught one day, put under a glass, and forgotten. Some one moved the glass, and in the middle of the night the firefly was found floating about the room, a perfect ball of light. The whole place was lit up, and the effect was so uncanny that the creature was gladly allowed to escape. It had two "lamps" in its head, which gave out a strong light when it was at rest ; but apparently the real lights were under the wings.

But we have *other* forms of insect life, alas ! besides fascinating fireflies and beautiful butterflies. In Stanley's "Darkest Africa," he gives a blood-curdling account of *his* little friends in the forest. We are not vainglorious, and we cheerfully give him the pas. He outdoes us in the quantity of different species ; but *not*—would that he did !—in the quality of their kind attentions. *We* have the jigger—he is eminently at home here—only we call him negua. He is a *very* small flea, a sort of *multum in parvo* arrangement, and buries himself chiefly in the toes, down by the nail, but sometimes in the soles of the feet. If not removed quickly, it swells to the size of a pea, and the foot and leg inflame and break into sores, and one hops about, sorrowful and stockingless, in a native sandal, for many a day. Every night people arm themselves on retiring to rest (?) with big needles, wherewith to dislodge the unwelcome guest. They *do* say that if we would only follow native customs, and go about barefoot, and give up that extraordinary British habit of perpetual washing, we should be free from his attentions ; but the remedy sounds worse than the disease.

The æstrus, or gadfly, generally confines itself to the cattle, but occasionally goes for higher game. The egg is deposited under the skin, and forms a large tubercle. Quite recently, a man had one in his arm, and another unlucky wight had one extracted from the corner of his eye.

Ixodes—Anglicé, ticks—swarm on the trees in the plains, and infest every creature they can hang on to. They are perfectly flat, and as large as a lady bird ; and when once they fix on the skin to

suck the blood, it is impossible to pull them off, and they can only be removed by acid or grease.

The walking-stick insect, or "mata o caballo"—death to the horse—so called because it is believed that if it gets into the horse's food it is fatal, is about six inches long, six-legged, greenish-brown in colour, with long antennae, the body no thicker than a piece of thin twine, and the legs than coarse thread. *He* is not so dreadful—but the ants! To keep anything from them, cups must be set in soup plates full of water, and food must be placed in plates on the top of the cups. (It sounds rather like the house that Jack built.) The big, red soldier ants bite; the very tiny black ants swarm into and over everything sweet, and infest the bread. There is another black ant, which, unlike its relations, may be considered "a boon and a blessing to men"; but the first introduction to his kind was a little alarming. An army of them invaded the house one morning. They were apparently en route for somewhere, and could not break their line for such a trifling obstacle as a house. They came right through; the walls and floors were covered. Clothes were hastily thrown into boxes, curtains and vallances turned up, furniture put into a heap in the middle of the room, and the inmates retreated, leaving the ants in possession. They were a couple of hours marching through, but they not only did no damage, but proved of immense benefit, as they cleared out every scorpion, beetle, and cockroach in the place. One day an army on the march met a two-year-old laddie, who did not yield them the pas; so they went straight over him, to his extreme discomfiture, and he had to be hastily removed, undressed, and dusted, to shake off the invaders. If King Solomon had lived in Colombia, he would have thought it hardly necessary to bid the sluggard "go to the ant." You see, it comes to him instead.

There are snakes in plenty, but almost the only one to dread is the terrible *fer de lance*, so greatly feared in Trinidad and Martinique, which is here called tya. There are many coral snakes—some six or seven feet long—of which one kind is said, I know not how truly, to be venomous. It is unfortunate that the poisonous snakes attack people, while the harmless ones are always anxious to get away. A young English lady discovered a snake in her bedroom, and one evening a family were visited by one in the gala. One creature, kept by an Englishman in a box, was apparently some kind of boa. For four months it ate nothing but one small kitten, which really seemed very short commons for a personage eight feet long; and an old tom cat was put into its box not long since, but, being a veteran, it resolutely declined to have a coil put round it, and

delivered such weighty and discriminating blows on the snake's head that the latter declined further combat, and the cat was released victorious. Up here in the hills snakes are not so numerous as in the plains ; still, it is not safe to venture out after dark, as they come out on the paths, and even the verandahs. The more pigs there are the fewer snakes, as their hides are impervious to bites, and they trample down *and eat them* ! Well might the Jews call swine unclean beasts !

BARBARA CLAY FINCH.

*REMINISCENCES OF
THE "MAFASSAL" LAW COURTS
OF BENGAL.*

THE word "Mafassal," sometimes written "Mofussil," and in various other ways, is most intelligibly translated by the word "provincial," so that these Indian Courts may be roughly said to have their counterpart in the County and Magistrates' Courts of England. For several years after we had assumed responsibility for the administration of the law in our Indian Empire, the old Musulman names of "Amin," "Sadrála," "Nizámat Adálat," "Diwáni Adálat," "Sadar Nizámat Adálat," and "Sadar Diwáni Adálat" were retained, until the Acts of the Indian Council reconstituted the Courts—which now are known by the names of High Courts, District and Sessions Courts, Small Cause Courts, Subordinate Judge's, Munsiff's, District Magistrate's, Joint Magistrate's, Assistant Magistrate's, and Honorary Magistrate's. The High Court is not "Mafassal," except so far as it is the Supreme Court of Appeal in Bengal ; and the other tribunals have distributed amongst them all, and more than all, the judicial work, both civil and criminal, that our County Courts, Recorders, Quarter and Petty Sessions perform in this country. It is not my purpose to give a full account of these Courts, with their large staffs of subordinate officials, and all the minute details of their procedure. It will be sufficient to mention that one judge unites the civil jurisdiction of a District Court and the criminal jurisdiction of a Sessions Court, whilst under him are the Civil Courts of Subordinate Judges and Munsiffs, and the Criminal Courts of the various magistrates I have already named. This enumeration is not exhaustive, as there are other Courts in non-regulation provinces, and in odd corners, so to speak, of the Empire ; but they may be considered as quite exceptional, and need no other mention in a description so concise as this must be. The District and Sessions Judge is, with but one or two exceptions, a European. He has an original civil jurisdiction, broadly speaking, unlimited,

with a supervision and appellate powers over the Subordinate Judge and Munsiff ; and he has a like unlimited jurisdiction in criminal cases—except that he cannot hang a European—with similar powers of supervision and appeal over the magistrates. He is always a covenanted civilian, who has gone through the grades of assistant and joint magistrates, at which latter stage he has had to choose between a judicial or an executive career, the two bifurcating into, one, a District and Sessions Judge, the other, a Collector and District Magistrate. As the counterpart of the barristers and solicitors of the English Courts, there are advocates, pleaders, and “Muktars.” The advocate, who is always a barrister, is known to the mass of natives by the appellation of “ballister sáhib,” or “counsly sáhib.” He is a very important man in the eyes of his client. The climate precludes the possibility of his impressing the public by that factitious addition to his dignity, a wig ; and in many parts of the “Mafassal” the gown and bands are also dispensed with. In fact, it has been within my experience that these sedate and learned gentlemen have so far forgotten both the dignity of the Court and the profession as to appear in a jaunty, light lounging-coat, or even in the brilliant stripes and white flannel of a lawn-tennis suit. But, in spite of these disadvantages, he is considered a necessity in all big cases, or where the litigant, anxious about the result of his case, is not too penurious or avaricious to pay his price. He is supposed to have, in an especial manner, the ear of the Bench, both *in* Court, and, sometimes, I regret to say, *out* of it. By a delusion, which is still common enough amongst the natives, he is believed to have opportunities of putting in a word for his client at odd and, what I may call, uncanonical moments. He is credited with being on those easy terms with the European dispensers of the law, that during a comfortable chat over a cheroot at the billiard-table, or at the convenient intervals that may occur between the games of lawn-tennis or racquets, without any breach of propriety, he may metaphorically “button-hole” them, or give the conversation a turn upon the merits of his case ; though, for the sake of appearances, the whole matter is afterwards formally argued through, as if the Court had never heard anything at all about it. Of course, if there be an advocate on both sides, this power may be partially or wholly neutralised. By the still more unenlightened clients, who suppose that

Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys,

he is credited with a still more effective power ; or, to put it in a more vulgar form, he is able to “grease the wheels of justice”

with a little "palm oil." It may be considered impertinent to remark even that the practices suggested exist merely in the imaginations of the grossly ignorant, but nevertheless it is a fact that the idea is a possibility, if not more, in the minds of many whose limited experience of life has taught them that everyone has his price. Besides these fictitious claims upon the public confidence, he is more justly considered to have the ear of the judge *in Court*—sometimes from his superior abilities and education, sometimes from his European pluck and energy, sometimes from his better social position, or sometimes from all combined. It may be that when the magistrate is considered weak, and the advocate is one with a talent for bullying, there is a demand for his services ; but this has, to a certain extent, reacted, and with some very young civilian magistrates there is a tendency to be prejudiced against the party that retains an advocate. The pleader combines the work of both barrister and solicitor. He is mostly a native, often a Bengali, and generally a smart, able practitioner. They are to be met almost in crowds at every local bar where there is work to be had. They are keen and often successful competitors with advocates in the struggle for clients, having the advantages of a more familiar acquaintance with the native languages, which are the languages of the Courts—where there are no interpreters—and being free to do work which by etiquette or procedure is not done by the members of the higher branch. They mostly speak English well and fluently, having been perhaps well-educated at the Calcutta University, from which many have obtained degrees ; and, when successful in their profession, acquire a social status and a respect from both their fellow-countrymen and Europeans that very few native advocates in the "Mafassal" ever obtain. There may be a sort of clique amongst them, more understood than expressed perhaps, when the first European advocate or pleader appears on the scene, but it is not the determined boycottism that we find in our own country amongst the highly-respectable businesses of life ; and then native gentlemen are particularly approachable and courteous, and ever ready to be friendly to anyone who is a gentleman and will take the little trouble to be courteous to them. All the same, it is not an easy thing for a European, whether advocate or pleader, to establish a connection in the "Mafassal." The competitors are too many and the competition too keen for that, even where an ignorance of the language is not an additional obstacle. The "Muktar"—pronounced "mooktar"—or law agent, is quite peculiar to the genius of the country. He has no exact counterpart in England, but he bears some resemblance to the old pettifogging,

ignorant attorney, with a few common points of practice at his fingers' ends—a race now extinct. He is the first recourse of the litigant who wants advice cheaply. Both the certificated “Muktar” and the empiric prowl about the purlieus of the Courts in swarms, grabbing at every client that has any kind of law-business in hand. Then a traditional and stereotyped mode of helping a client they have is to, as they think, improve his case by suppressing some facts and adding others. Every witness, before he is allowed to go into Court, is well drilled and taught, and has practised his evidence before them till he is believed to be tolerably safe. Unfortunately the necessity of improving their case—more especially, perhaps, when it happens to be a very simple one—is so thoroughly rooted in the imaginations and habits of native litigants, that the “Muktar” would stand little chance of getting on in his profession if he neglected or was above this mischievous trick ; and the idea of winning a case by telling the simple, short, unvarnished truth has yet got to be realised by the public. The consequence is that a magistrate has sometimes to decide in favour of a litigant who, with every one of his witnesses, has perjured himself. Some magistrates say that they can readily detect when a witness is speaking untruth, but though I believe this to be to a great extent true, it helps little to the arriving at a just decision, to the unmasking of the whole deceit, or the discovery of the true state of facts. The “Muktar” often conducts the case himself in the Magistrates' Courts. His chief aim there is to impress the client with his energy and zeal ; and consequently every technical objection, however microscopic, is raised, and the patience of the magistrate is frequently strained beyond judicial endurance. In cross-examination his efforts are chiefly directed to making the witness contradict himself—which, as I have already observed, is not always of much importance in influencing the decision of the Bench—and it generally ends, after many irrelevant questions, by his being summarily told to stop and sit down. In most instances the “Muktar” chooses the advocate or pleader for his client, and he is not always above doing a little smart practice for himself at that time. He will sometimes, when his client is not able to look after him, pretend to have retained an advocate for a certain fee, while all the time he has retained a junior pleader on a much smaller fee, pocketing the difference himself. Or he will, having retained the advocate at a fixed fee, debit his confiding client with just double the amount, so that he gets sometimes a good “haul” out of the case. In many instances, though, he is wretchedly paid, taking just what he can get. Nor do I mean to imply that there may not be some very honourable

exceptions among the class. He has often the sole conduct of the case in the preliminary stages, and, as often as not, the advocate or pleader finds his services have been called in when some hideous blunder has completely or almost destroyed the chances of success. He has, as a rule, the first word with the client, and has the general conduct of the legal business, whether contentious or not, of certain regular clients, for whom he also registers documents, and gives all the information he can at the various stages of progress through which the business goes. He is, in short, the legal agent or servant of those wealthy natives, of whom it may be literally said that the business of their lives is the endless litigation they have in the Courts, men who are never free from legal contention of some sort. Sometimes when he instructs advocates or pleaders he assumes a knowledge which he does not possess, and those gentlemen find, to their disgust, that what they relied upon as facts are pure fictions.

The interiors of the Courts afford little to describe. The Judge or Magistrate sits on a daïs with a table in front of him, while just beneath sit the advocates or pleaders. Behind them sit the "Muktars," and behind them stand the public, whilst the parties and witnesses are examined in much the same position as you find in most English Courts. Some of the Magistrates' Courts, though, are simply execrable. The advocates or pleaders are elbowed and crushed by an odoriferous crowd pressing to the front, and a badly-placed punkah gives its partial breezes to the Bench alone. Perhaps, too, the daïs is very high, and it is only by an occasional stand on tiptoe by a moderately tall man that a view of the magisterial countenance can be obtained.

Little episodes of an exciting or amusing character sometimes happen. I remember, once, an elephant was being sold by auction in execution of a decree, and, for some reason or other, it had not its proper "mahout," or driver, on its back. The sale was taking place on the large open ground or plain round the Courts, and a small crowd had assembled to listen to the bidding. What with the noise and the absence of its proper keeper, the animal began to show signs of irritation, which of course only increased the excitement and the noise amongst the people. Suddenly it ran at one of the spectators, knocked him down, and was proceeding to tread the life out of him when one of its "grass-cutters," standing by, struck it with a spear and drove it off. The driver on its back then got frightened and, watching his opportunity as the elephant went under a tree, seized hold of a branch and swung himself up. The elephant tried once or twice to push the tree down, but, not being able to do this, it

wandered about in the thorough enjoyment of its liberty, at every turn of its body sending the panic-stricken but still curious people, now collected in large numbers, scampering in all directions. Soon it came upon a dog-cart belonging to one of the judge's clerks, who had probably left his work to see the spectacle. The horse had been taken out, and the elephant, lifting the whole vehicle up in its trunk, with as much ease, apparently, as I should lift up a small terrier by the scruff of the neck, let it fall with a crash to the ground. By this time everyone who had any description of a vehicle within the vicinity, and could get away, began to drive off as fast as possible. The Courts became demoralised, all turning out to witness what would next take place. The "grass-cutter" went to the animal, which, though it suffered him to approach, would by no means allow him to get on his back, or control him in any way. The police sent round a notice to the few European bungalows—it being near the time for the evening drive—to the effect that they should stay at home, or look out for the elephant. There was no need to proclaim the danger to the native bazaar, though I believe it was done, as the news would spread far faster in its natural course. The Courts suspended work for the day, not only because it was near the time to do so, but because it was impossible to stop occasional stampedes into them by frightened crowds at every new movement of the elephant, and because everyone was in too excited a state to do any business. At last another elephant, which was kept at the police "lines," arrived on the scene, with chains and a number of men armed with spears to capture the truant, but immediately it caught sight of its would-be capturers it turned tail and bolted, with its pursuers following, and was not secured until early the next morning, about thirty miles distant, by its proper "mahout."

At other times it has happened that the course of justice has been suspended by, what may seem to many, a strangely small cause, contrasted with the story I have just told. There was once a District and Sessions Judge—"and a good judge, too"—who had a particular antipathy to the notes of a bird which is generally known over some parts of India as the "brain fever" bird—the proper ornithological name being, I believe, "Koel." The above nickname suggests the annoyance it causes to the many Europeans who, when the temperature is high in the hot months, suffer from cerebral irritation. It begins in a comparatively low key, getting gradually higher and higher in tones of greater and greater despair at each repetition of notes, which I have often heard jokingly described as resembling the words "we feel it." When it has reached a point at which its excited feelings seem to be most intense it stops and begins again with little

or no interval. One dreadful peculiarity of this bird is that it sings at night as well as by day, and very frequently takes its position just outside the open door of a bungalow, where some restless being is trying to steal a few hours of unconsciousness in the sultry heat. Now you can imagine the effect upon one of fine nervous organisation in such a climate, in the heat of the day, perhaps after having had a night's performance of this dreadful chant, with a crowded odoriferous Court, and a case perhaps too hopelessly entangled with lying, and too badly conducted by some second-rate pleaders to give one a chance of ever extricating the truth, except by chance. Well, the story is current that this judge used to keep a loaded gun in his Court, ready at hand, and whenever one of these intolerable nuisances began to wail he would rush out, stalk, shoot it, and, returning into Court, quietly resume the proceedings as if nothing had happened of an unforensic character.

The Court buildings are generally spacious single-storied blocks, with a verandah round the four sides. There is, however, no waiting-room accommodation for the numerous pleaders and "Muktars," still less for the crowds of litigants. In most stations the pleaders have erected, at their own expense, a small bungalow, wherein they sit in one long room waiting for their cases to be called on. This room is open to the public, and the most important points of law, and business of the most vital interest to clients, are discussed and settled here in the midst of a noise and bustle sufficient to make the inexperienced European, accustomed perhaps to settle, or see matters settled of this kind in the quiet of a barrister's, solicitor's, or some private room, wonder how it can be done. But it is all a matter of custom, and the native pleader has always been in the habit of giving his attention, whether it is to advise, argue points of law, or write out documents, in the midst of what the good old-fashioned housewives used to call "a duck market." In some places there is a very respectable law-library, got up by private subscription; and advocates, whose bungalows are perhaps a little distance off, sit there waiting for their cases, or consulting with their clients. The "Muktars" squat under an erection of grass and thatch, which we should in England call a shed; whilst the unfortunate litigants, for whom primarily, partly at whose expense, all this wonderful system of law, these costly buildings and staff of officials are kept up, sit or stand anywhere, often in picturesque groups, in the verandahs, under the great "peepul" and "parca" trees, or in the blistering sun. At one time of the year there blows a hot wind from the west, with all the force of a hurricane. Clouds of fine white dust rush along, covering

everything and blinding everyone. Then the European shuts up his bungalow, and lives the day in darkness, but the wretched witness and the still more wretched suitor or party in the cause has to sit, sheltering himself as best he can, day after day in attendance, and often for many days after the date fixed for his case to be tried.

In the extensive ground round the Courts markets thrive, money-changers and licensed stamp-vendors seem to do a brisk trade, and most articles that are procurable in the bazaar shops can be had with a little judicious bargaining, both cheap and good. Beggars, fakirs, and cripples of every description mingle with the crowd, or take their daily and regular position on the roadside leading to the Courts. In one station there was an old woman, whom the natives called a witch. She lived close to the Magistrates' Courts, in a very small grass hut, something similar in shape to those erections in which our own gipsies live under the hedgerows. Here she kept twenty cats, each one answering to its name by springing on to her shoulder in turn as she called it. She seemed a half-witted, perfectly harmless old dame. Whether, like "Miss Flite," she had had her mind crushed, both "youth and beauty" blighted, and her vicinity to the Courts and her fancy for cats could be connected with the history of some dreary lawsuits and injustice, I never knew. Soon after I saw her first she was evicted by the authorities, or taken away by her relatives; at all events she and her house disappeared, and I never heard of her again.

Some curious cases crop up in these Courts occasionally. I remember one in which the only real point at issue was the identity of a village. It really was doubtful, from the evidence, whether it had one name or another, whether there were one or two villages, and even whether it existed at all or had become merged in some other. Native accounts are generally beyond the European intellect. Fortunately for the judicial brain, the Procedure Code enables them to be handed to experts, who can submit an abstract of their investigations to the Court.

The Bench, more especially the District and Sessions Judge, is subject to various annoyances, or what would be considered such in England. He is immediately and solely subordinate to the High Court, and it is the constant practice of, perhaps, disappointed suitors to send anonymous letters to the latter, with accusations against the partiality of the judge. In one, I remember, it was stated that he watched the eye of an old influential planter in the district, who was in the habit of attending the Court for cases he was interested in; and the innuendo was, of course, that the

decisions were given in accordance with some well-understood ocular signal. Another judge had, in open Court, expressed his disapprobation of the practices of some wealthy native gentlemen who had formed a sort of ring for the purposes of what, in legal parlance, is called "maintainance" and "champerty." Immediately after this he received an anonymous letter of a very threatening character, and, stranger still, he very soon after died in a way mysterious enough to warrant a *post-mortem* examination being held. The result of the examination, I believe, sufficiently accounted for the death without justifying the uneasiness felt that there had been foul play ; but the cause of death was, I understood, a rather unusual one, and the coincidence created a good deal of suspicion, which to this very day is not, perhaps, entirely removed from the minds of some.

Not infrequently one witnesses fierce combats between a couple of ponies in the open ground round the Courts. They are in considerable numbers, the properties chiefly of "Muktars" and litigants, and always secured to the trunk or bough of a tree, or to the wheel of a native vehicle from which, perhaps, they have been unharnessed. Occasionally they break loose, and immediately "go for" some other pony close by, and then most desperate fights take place. They roar like wild beasts, rear, kick, bite, and roll each other over in the dust ; and it becomes a combat *à outrance*, until their owners or others rush to the spot, and with difficulty secure them again. And in the midst of the dense crowd round the Courts you will often see a fat Brahminy bull walking lazily along to find some more suitable pasture, or on his way to join the herd of cows which daily grazes upon the scanty grass. Little or no notice is taken of him, his appearance is a sufficient guarantee of his disinclination for any kind of aggression that necessitates the least activity.

The Court hours are from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M., unless they are changed, as they sometimes are during the few hottest months, and then they are from 7 A.M. to 11 A.M. There is always a considerable crowd lingering round and about the various offices, long after the Courts rise, but it gradually dwindles away, and by sunset the once busy scene has completely changed.

A. D. BOLTON.

THE DOG IN BRITISH POETRY.

THE critic of poetry who cares nothing for dogs is at once warned away from this article. For I will admit readily that comparatively few British poems about dogs are great—in the sense that Wordsworth insisted upon—and the rest must be approached sympathetically for the subject's sake. It is, after all, merely a question of the personal equation.¹ Not even with the assistance of Mr. Henley, say, can “the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue” be induced to delight in poems devoted to warlike themes; or the misogynist be made to take pleasure in love-sick ditties. But, without further forewords I will attempt, in short space, to review the position of the dog in British poetry, from the middle ages to the present day.

In the mediæval metrical romances are found the first noteworthy references in our language to the dog. Thomas the Rhymer, of Ercildoune, wrote “Sir Tristrem” some time in the thirteenth century. The story is familiar, of course, but the pathos of it is here augmented by the knight's dog also being brought under the spell of the fatal love potion.

An hounde ther was beside
That was y-clept Hodain,
The coupe he licked that tide,
Though doun it sett Brengwain.

Tristrem and the beautiful Ysonde of Ireland,

Thai loved with all her might,
And Hodain dede al so.

When Tristrem was banished to Wales, and fought for Trianour—

The king a welp he brought
Bifor Tristrem the trewe . . .
His name was Peticrewe,
Of him was michel prüs.

¹ This is clearly shown by two chance criticisms of my recent book, “The Dog in British Poetry”: “An unfortunate idea badly carried out.”—*Athenæum*. “A true anthology, and one of the most delightful we know of, both from the dog-lover's point of view, and that of the lover of poetry.”—*Saturday Review*.

But more interesting than these occasional references is an anonymous rendering, done in the fourteenth century, of one of the stories of the "Seven Sages," an Indian romance, written probably before the Christian era. The story would not, of course, be complete without a moral, which is that women are not to be implicitly believed; and the romance will be recognised as an earlier version of the tragedy of "Bethgellert"—an ancient Aryan myth that has come down to us through several European sources. A knight had a baby boy, and loved nothing half so well, except another jewel—"a greyhound that was good and snel" (swift). The nurses deserted the child while they went to attend a tournament which was being held close at hand. Meanwhile "a nadder," disturbed by "trump, tabor, and melody, and heraldis' loud cry," crept from a crevice, intending to slay the infant. The greyhound, however, was on watch—

There they foughten together long,
And either wounded the other strong.

The cradle went upside-down, but the child "had nought but good"—

It no woke nor it no weep,
But all still and sleep.

When the maids returned they were dismayed not to discover the baby. Seeing that the greyhound was bloody, they told their mistress that the animal had gone mad in their presence, and had eaten the child. The distracted mother repeated the lie to the knight, who in a frenzy slew his dog, as the favourite "set both his feet on high upon his breast to make solas." A serving-man, ordered to take the cradle away, discovered the child, and exclaimed, "Alas! thy good greyhound! Here is thy son whole and sound." The knight was seized with remorse, and, going to a fishpond in his orchard—

For the dole of his hound
He leapt in and sank to ground.

There is one other metrical romance in which the dog plays an important part—discovered in a collection of MSS., found late in the reign of Henry VI. Arcadas, King of Aragon, had an unfaithful steward, who, baffled in his own designs on Queen Margaret's virtue, induced the king to banish her by means of a false charge of unfaithfulness. The Queen was escorted by Sir Roger, an old knight, who is intercepted by Sir Marrock, the steward, and slain. But Sir Roger had a dog named Truelove, which, for weal or woe, would not from his master go, and at last buried him. For seven years (the same length of time that Greyfriar's Bobby stayed by his master's grave), Truelove remained by Sir Roger's body, and then, one

Christmastide, ran away to the king's palace. The dog did not find the man he sought and went away. But he paid a second visit to the palace shortly afterwards, and, finding Sir Marrock, "hent" him by the throat. The courtiers followed Truelove to Sir Roger's grave.

They told the king all thus :
 Alas ! said King Arduſ
 What may this be to mean ?
 I trow Sir Marrock, by God's pain,
 Have ſlain Sir Roger by ſome train,
 And falſely flemed¹ my queen.

Sir Roger's body was exhumed and found to have ſuffered no decomposition, and the incident closes thus—

Sir Roger's corſe, without delay,
 They buried it the other day,
 With many a bold baron ;
 His hound would not from him away,
 But ever on his grave he lay,
 Till death had brought him down.

John Barbour (fourteenth century) deſcribes very graphically, in his "Bruce," the purſuit of the patriot by John of Lorne, and how Bruce put the bloodhound off the ſcent by wading through ſome water. And Blind Henry the Minſtel relates, about a century later in his poem on "Wallace," the protagonist's eſcape from a bloodhound by his killing his treacherous companion Fawdoun.

The ſleuth ſtoppit at Fawdoun ſtill ſhe ſtude,
 Nor further ſhe wald, frae time ſhe found the blude.

William Stewart tells, in his "Buik of the Cronicles of Scotland," of a bloody battle between the Picts and Scots, all about a dog that the Picts ſtole during King Carthlyntus's hunting party in the Grampians. Chaucer has numerous references to dogs in the Nonnes Preeſtes Tale, where the rape of Chanticleer is related ; in the "Book of the Dutcheſſe ;" and in the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales," where we make the acquaintance of that charming prioceſs, who

— was ſo charitable, and ſo piteous
 She would weep if that ſhe ſaw a mouſe
 Caught in a trap, if it were dead, or bled.
 Of ſmall hounds had ſhe, that ſhe fed
 With roaſted fleſh and milk and waſtel bread²
 But ſore wept ſhe if one of them were dead,
 Or if men ſmote it with a yard ſmart—
 And all was conſcience and tender heart.

In the Knightes Tale Chaucer makes a paſſing reference to Lycurgus' alauns—a long extinct Caucasian breed. Juliana Berners,

¹ Banished. ² Made of fine flour.

prioress of Sopwell Nunnery, is our earliest poetess, and in her "Boke of St. Albans," published in 1481, are to be found the famous lines on the properties of a good greyhound: "a greyhound should be headed like a snake, and necked like a drake," &c.

Following chronological order the great Sir David Lyndsay comes next, with a long poem entitled "Bagsche's Complaint." This poem is, as so many other dog poems are, a parable to show the fate of the unfaithful steward, but the poet displays exceeding shrewd observation of the habits of dogs.

Among the poets born in the fifteenth century, George Turberville is distinguished by his love of dogs, not only in his translation from the French, "The Noble Art of Venerie," but in other poems. He has an excellent epigram addressed "to his loue that controllde his dogge for fawning on him," in which he comes to the conclusion—

But now at last (good faith !) I plainly see,
That dogs more wise than women friendly be ;

and adds—

The proverb old is verified in you,
Love me and Love my Dog—and so adieu !

The inimitable Sir John Harington has several "wittie epigrams" of a similar nature, and there are numerous admirable doggy similes in his translation of "Orlando Furioso." On the title-page of this translation appears a picture of Bungey, the favourite spaniel which Sir John has immortalised. Who reads Michael Drayton's *magnum opus*, "Poly-Olbion," nowadays? But if one has the courage to wade through it, a fine description of a coursing-match will be found as a reward.

Shakspeare shows his careful study of nature in the case of dogs as in all other directions. His finest and most famous passage in which dogs figure is the reported conversation between Theseus and Hippolyta on the music of the hunt. The King invites the Queen to mark "the musical confusion of hounds and echo in conjunction," and she replies—

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear
With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear
Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near,
Seemed all one mutual cry : I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Then there are Helena's humble likening of herself to Demetrius's spaniel, "The more you beat me I will fawn on you"; and Edgar's

well-known list in "Lear," "Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim," &c.; and Macbeth's address to the murderers, "Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men," and the discussion on rival hounds in the induction to the "Taming of the Shrew," all interesting references. But the best example of Shakspeare's canine knowledge is to be found in "Venus and Adonis," in the passage showing the goddess affrighted lest the object of her desire be hurt. It is curious how often men are compared to dogs, "in only that for which all men despise a dog." Sir John Davies hits this off very well in an epigram addressed to Cineas. Next on my list is William Drummond, of Hawthornden, with a delightful epitaph on the good Melampus, and a lover's epigram on the Dog Star. Herrick's epitaph on his spaniel Tracie is one of the golden apples of the Hesperides—

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see
For shape and service spaniel like to thee.
This shall my love do, give thy sad death one
Tear, that deserves of me a million.

William Browne in his "Shepherd's Pipe" has one eclogue devoted to a doggy comedy—the funniest thing of its kind ever penned—the argument of which is—

Philos of his dog doth brag
For having many feats,
The while the cur undoes his bag
And all his dinner eats.

Sir William Davenant, with a description of a stag-hunt in the long-forgotten "Gondibert," and Samuel Butler, with frequent mention of dogs, and particularly of bear-baiting, "that lewd anti-Christian game" in "Hudibras," deserve passing mention among the earlier poets of the seventeenth century. Katherine Philips, the "Matchless Orinda," composed a fine panegyric on the now extinct Irish grey—or rather, wolf-hound. Swift is one of those who, like Lyndsay, Lyon King at Arms, wrote dog poems as allegories. A savage satire of the Dean's is his poem "Upon the Horrid Plot discovered by Harlequin, the Bishop of Rochester's French Dog"; a dialogue between a Whig and a Tory on Atterbury's trial for treason. The elegy on "Bonny Heck," by William Hamilton, of Gilbertfield, must be familiar to all literary sporting-men—

Alas, alas, quo' bonny Heck,
On former days when I reflect !
I was a dog in much respect
For doughty deed :
But now I must hing by the neck
Without remeed.

“This elegy,” wrote Sir Walter Scott, “turns upon a circumstance which, when I kept greyhounds, I felt a considerable alloy to the sport. I mean the necessity of despatching the instruments and partakers of our amusements when they begin to make up by cunning for the deficiency of youthful vigour.” Thomas Yalden has a fable—about the treachery of a farmer’s dog—as good as Gay’s, and that is saying a great deal. Thomas Tickell left behind him an interesting “fragment on hunting-dogs,” in which he gives some admirable advice on the choice of dogs and their training and breeding. But, of course, the classic poem on this subject is by William Somerville. The “Chase” is long and exhaustive—perhaps exhausting, as well. Dr. Johnson’s comment on this poem was: “Somerville is allowed by sportsmen to write with great intelligence of the subject, which is the first requisite to excellence, and though it is impossible to interest the common readers of verse in the dangers or pleasures of the Chase, he has done all that tradition and authority could effect.” Gay’s observation of doggy traits in his Fables impress one with its “reality and truth.” How admirably drawn is that village cur, “the pertest puppy of the place,” that yelps at everything indiscriminately, and receives its due reward!

Thy teasing tongue had judgment tied,
Thou hadst not as a puppy died!

And one knows well babbling Ringwood, and that mastiff, which, interfering with two fighting dogs, learned the truth of Butler’s aphorism, “Those who in quarrels interpose must often wipe a bloody nose.” Turnspits are no more, but Gay’s turnspit, which gave cook Nan so much trouble, enables us to see the spit still turn. The poet’s pastorals are not so happy, but his elegy on Shock is a pleasant trifle. Pope’s Bounce is one of the most famous dogs in British poetry. “Bounce to Fop” points a moral and adorns a tale. In the old days the lines were attributed to Gay, but there is strong presumptive evidence that Pope was their author. Nothing better in its way can be found than Pope’s version—not translation—of the historic passage in the *Odyssey*. In sending it to Henry Cromwell, Pope wrote: “Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends . . . And Homer’s account of Ulysses’s dog Argus is the most pathetic imaginable, all the circumstances considered, and an excellent proof of the old bard’s good nature.” The poet’s inscription on the collar of one of Bounce’s pups, given to Frederick, Prince of Wales,

I am his Highness’ dog at Kew.
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

and that reference to the poor Indian's belief that once admitted to yon equal sky, "his faithful dog shall bear him company," will be familiar to all.

More than a score of the poets born in the succeeding century bring the dog under contribution. Henry Brooke's spirited sporting poem on the fox-hunt comes first, and then Goldsmith's famous "Elegy on a Mad Dog." Next in order are Cowper's charmingly characteristic poems. Cowper relates in all seriousness how his high-bred spaniel, "prettiest of his race," fetched him a longed-for water lily from the breast of Ouse; scolds his pet for killing a bird; and makes Beau reply:

If killing birds be such a crime
(Which I can hardly see),
What think you, sir, of killing time
With verse addressed to me?

Characteristic, too, are Cowper's epitaphs on Fop, and on Sir John Throckmorton's pointer; and admirable, also, is the incidental description of a dog's frolic in the snow, to be found in the "Task." Wolcot (Peter Pindar) has written equally good—what I may call—album verses. Geddes, a Scotch Roman Catholic divine, with a sense of humour, is the author of a narrative poem, which is interesting, as evidently from the same source as the popular nursery rhyme:

There was a little woman as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell.

Geddes' "wee bit wifukie was comin' frae the fair," and having taken "a wee bit drappukie" fell asleep at the dyke-side. A packman came and cut off her gowden locks, and when the wifukie awakened the conviction came, "this is nae me." She knew that the dog Doussiekie would welcome her home if her identity were unaltered—but he didn't; and there the poem ends. Crabbe, who is so unaccountably neglected nowadays, introduces into his posthumous tales ("The Dealer and the Clerk") the tragedy of a miser and his dog Fang; and Burns, who comes next in years, wrote one of the few dog poems that have achieved immortality—"The Twa Dogs"—another fable. But Robbie's elegy on a lap-dog, Echo, is shocking—even for an impromptu. A comparison between "The Twa Dogs," and the dialogue between two dogs in Cervantes' Exemplary Novels shows the Scottish bard's superior powers of observation. Bloomfield pays a kindly tribute to "Trouncer, the Foxes' Foe" in the "Farmer's Boy," and after him we have the Hon. W. R. Spencer with his famous ballad of Bethgellert. I have already referred to the probable source of the story, but the visitor is shown what purports to be the

dog's grave near Snowdon. A very inferior version of the legend was written years afterwards by Richard Hengist Horne, the author of "Orion." Wordsworth published three poems on dogs, of which the best, and the best-known, is "Fidelity." Both he and Scott, inspired by the well-known tragedy on Helvellyn, wrote verses to commemorate the fidelity of the dog which watched so long over his master's mangled remains. Miss F. P. Cobbe, and the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, have refuted finally the sinister suggestion that Gough's terrier sustained life by feeding on the corpse, and some enthusiasts, not content with the immortality conferred by the poets, have raised a stone on the mountain slope to the dog's memory. It is interesting to compare the two poets' treatment of the same theme.

The best serious Scottish effort is undoubtedly Hogg's "Auld Hector," which challenges comparison with any poem on dogs :

Come, my auld towzy trusty friend,
What gars ye look sae dung wi' wae?
D'ye think my favour's at an end
Because thy head is turnin' grey?

Although thy strength begins to fail,
Its best was spent in serving me ;
An' can I grudge thy wee bit meal,
Some comfort in thy age to gie?

In the first canto of "Mador of the Moor," which poor Hogg wrote to rival Scott's "Lady of the Lake," is a description of the impetuous staghound Jowler, which does much to enrich a poor performance. Scott, considering his love for dogs and his famous Maida, is disappointing ; for, apart from his poem on the Helvellyn incident, he wrote no verses devoted exclusively to "the friend of man." Arthur Hallam, it may be remembered, in a pretty passage pictured Scott surrounded by his dogs. Southey did the dog better justice than his successor in the Laureateship. Southey's description of the meeting of Roderick, the last of the Goths, and his dog Theron, has always seemed to me very fine, notwithstanding the sneers of Maginn, the Bohemian writer of the brilliant Homeric ballads. The incident here described caused Moore searchings of heart, and he wrote to Byron for his opinion on the subject. "As far as I could judge," Byron replied, "by a cur of my own (always bating Boatswain, the dearest, and alas ! the maddest of dogs !) I had one (half a wolf by the she side), that doted on me at ten years, and nearly ate me at twenty. When I thought he was going to enact Argus, he bit away the backside of my breeches, and never would consent to any kind of recognition in despite of all kinds of bones

which I offered him. So let Southey blush, and Homer too, as far as I can judge upon quadruped memories." In his elegy on Phillis, Southey formulated a definite creed in canine immortality :

Mine is no narrow creed ;
And he who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless man ! There is another world
For all that live and move—a better one !
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
Infinite goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee.

The exigencies of publication will only permit me to refer in passing to Sydney Smith's elegy, written somewhat insincerely to please his future wife's mother ; to Lamb's rendering of "Blind Irus' Wolf-dog," from the Latin of Vincent Bourne ; to Landor's gemlike contributions to the literature of the animals which he loved so well ; to Campbell's overpraised "Poor Dog Tray" ; to Ebenezer Elliott's tribute to the companionship of the dog in "Poor Andrew" ; to Miss Mitford's charming verses on her fleet pets ; to Mrs. Southey's and Mrs. Fry's narrative poems—"A Tale of the Reign of Terror," and "The Dog of St. Bernard's," both beloved at Penny Readings ; to Barry Cornwall's song in praise of Herod, his bloodhound ; and to gentle John Clare's pastoral scenes. Barham has two excellent dog poems in the "Ingoldsby Legends"—"Sancho, the Bagman's Dog" and the punning "Cynotaph" ; filled with happy turns and characteristically quaint rhymes. Lord Byron's elegy on Boatswain—his dog which he rashly nursed through a fatal madness—is known to all readers of poetry, and his incidental references to dogs are eminently successful. How powerful, for example, is his description of the lean dogs' carnival over the corpses at the Siege of Corinth ! Thomas Hood's "Lament of a Poor Blind" is the cleverest punning dog poem in our language—

Oh, what shall I do for a dog ?
Of sight I have not a particle.
Globe, Standard or Sun,
Times, Chronicle—none
Can give *me* a good leading article !

This brings me to the poets born in the present century. There is Lord Lytton's "Arthur," containing a striking description of the pursuit of the King by Harold of Mercia with bloodhounds, and a couplet that has passed into a proverb—

But never yet the dog our bounty fed,
Betrayed the kindness, or forgot the bread.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning has immortalised the dog "Flush," given to her by Miss Mitford, both in a sonnet and a longer poem:

Whiskered cats aointed flee,
Sturdy stoppers keep from thee
Cologne distillations ;
Nuts lie in thy path for stones,
And thy feast-day macaroons
Turn to daily rations !

Charles Tennyson-Turner composed a most tenderly pathetic sonnet on a drowned dog. Lord Tennyson himself wrote of "Old Roä's" (Rover's) heroism at a fire—a splendid and unique poem in its way, and one which would be much more popular were it not in the Northern farmer's dialect ; and, of course, the late Laureate made numerous references in his writings to dogs. Sir Francis Doyle celebrated a regimental pet—the "Fusiliers' Dog"—and inscribed on a dog's monument—

If God be love, what sleeps below was not
Without a spark divine.

Robert Browning's "Tray," included in all popular selections of his works, is a description of an incident actually witnessed in Paris, where a dog saved a child from drowning, and then plunged into the water again to save the child's doll. The poet here and in "Arcades Ambo" pointed the finger of scorn at vivisectors. A very clever poem is that of Dr. Norman Macleod, "The Waggin' of our Dog's Tail," in which a dog moralises upon the people he meets. The following is a fair specimen :

He saw a laddie swaggerin' big
Frae tap to tae sae trim, O !
Quo' he, " It's no' for a dog to laugh
That once was a pup like him, O ! "

Among Eliza Cook's numerous verses on dogs, only those addressed to One of Ancient Race are worth reading. But the finest poet of the dog from the modern standpoint is without question Matthew Arnold. Who can read that perfect poet's elegies on Geist and Kaiser without being touched? The first-named companion he pictured thus :

We stroke thy broad brown paws again,
We bid thee to thy vacant chair,
We greet thee by the window pane,
We hear thy scuffle on the stair.
We see the flaps of thy large ears
Quick raised to ask which way we go ;
Crossing the frozen lake, appears
Thy small black figure on the snow.

Very tender and true is the pathos breathing through every line, and the humour of "Kaiser" is above praise. In Arnold's elegy on his canary Matthias we are introduced to other dog-friends. Lastly, Calverley's amusing lines on his "crumple-visaged Ti" should not be overlooked.

When I come to living poets my task is more difficult. The noblest Roman of them all—Mr. George Meredith—utters a characteristic lament for his dead dachshund Islet.

There lived with us a wagging humourist
In that hound's arch dwarf-legged on boxing-gloves.

Mr. Gerald Massey is the author of some pathetic lines on a dead boy's dog and his portrait. Sir Edwin Arnold's translations of Eastern poems show us the dog *in excelsis*—in the beautiful legend from Islam's Rosary, and that grand Indian epic the Mahabhârata. Mr. Lewis Morris in "Songs of Two Worlds" and "In a Laboratory" delivers his soul against vivisection with more of the emotion of the poet than the common sense of the practical man. Mr. Buchanan's "Willie Baird" shows the critic of the "Fleshly School" at his best, and the pathos of the schoolmaster's story and poor old Donald is pleasingly free from affectation. Most will quarrel with the inclusion of Mr. G. R. Sims, Mr. W. H. Mallock, and Mr. Rawnsley, among the poets; but Mr. Sims has told a strong story "to the missionary." Mr. Mallock's spirit of inquiry has led him to effectively question the hereafter of dogs, and Mr. Rawnsley has shown a fine knowledge of his favourite animal in "We meet at morn." Finally, there is Mr. William Watson, the youngest pupil of the Muse, with an excellent epitaph :

His friends he loved. His fellest earthly foes,
Cats, I believe, he did but feign to hate.

The evolution of poetry about dogs (and that of dogs themselves) is worth investigation. But I must here be content with letting my hasty review suggest its own conclusions to the reader, who, if he peruse the poems to which I have called attention, cannot fail to feel a deeper attachment to

The joy, the solace, and the aid of man,
The rich man's guardian and the poor man's friend,
The only creature faithful to the end.

R. MAYNARD LEONARD.

*MISSUS AND I.**A WILTSHIRE BALLAD.*

I.

“**W**HAILE zheppurds watted ther vloks by naight”—
 It do vriz, zartin zure !—
 Yew zilver ztars, ye zhines zo braight,
 Bekase He wor zo poor !

II.

I zeems to zee, thic laimeztoan Cave,
 His Mayden Mawther maild !
 The zhadow of luvv’s launly Grave,
 Swathing th’ Immortal Chaild !

III.

I zits, and studs !—
 Mai missus zleeps,
 Past years vlit zoftly by ;
 Wee patterin’ vootsteps near me creeps,
 And wakk up mimory.

IV.

I mains, when I wint coorting her,
 A rose-bloom on hur veäce ;
 Our vurst kiss, neath the vriendly vir,
 Hur blushing vargin greäce !

V.

I nivver velt a man, till then,
 Aveard, with Uzzah’s ’and,
 To touch the Hark !—
 But bless ’ee ! then,
 I ’gan to hunderstand,

VI.

That man and mayd med mak this earth
 The hangel's resting-place ;
 Vind Heaven amang their children's mirth,
 Or else vind Hell's disgrace !

VII.

Rooïn ov hempires !—gashly wrecks,
 Vlung on the zhores ov Time ;
 Death-spactres, shriekin' vrom those decks,
 Skarred wi' Kain's brand ov crime.

VIII.

It *do* vriz shairp, ould Veäther Time !
 Ow zound poor mawther zleeps !
 The wïnder 's grăy wi vorest-rime,
 Ow peart thic moonbaym peeps.

IX.

Peep on !—and kiss hur zilvery hayr.
 Peace—wisper droo hur dream !
 Zhew she the zitty bilt vour-squayr,
 Plashed by Luvv's crystal stream.

X.

Waife ov ma yewth !
 Our dead zleeps well—
 One, neath the deep blue zea,
 Tangled wi' weed and pink zea-shell—
 He be not dead to we !

XI.

Missus and I !—
 We humbly waits
 (She wor mai boyish luvv) ;
 Kneeling outzide vaith's gowlden gates,
 Till we be caalled abuvv.

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

HOW many there are in this England of ours who, quicker than the fleeting days, picture to themselves with a loving eye some village churchyard as a calm and slumberous refuge 'twixt time and eternity !

In the midst of life's wear and tear, its "fitful fever," it appears good to them to rest the eye of the mind upon the green-turfed mounds that swell towards the rustling trees, in which bird calls to bird amidst a calm, a holy silence. The flowers that nod in the fitful breezes, the swaying trees beneath the cloud-flecked blue above, all, all appeal with the sympathy of a dumb life to the living who are to die. In imagination they see the rustic folk crossing the meads to Sunday worship—drawing closer and closer to them as they lie there. In spite of the cold earth, they feel that they will not be alone. A human sympathy will brood over them, named or nameless dust though they may be. No ! A quiet English churchyard has no horrors for the speculative thinker on the future, or at least none that will bear comparison with the gloom-shrouded depths of catacombs. To such a one, penetrating the darkness that veils the bones of the dead thousands, the thought that he may hope to rest one day beneath the flowers and trees, comparatively close to the glorious light of sun, will fall like a refreshing dew upon his soul.

To some people it will come as a surprise to hear that there are catacombs at *Paris*.

The fame of the similar collection of human remains at Rome would appear to have dwarfed out of sight the wondrous quarries that stretch beneath the greater portion of southern Paris. Nevertheless, the catacombs of the French capital are a wonderful and a weird sight, and one that is open to any member of the public who makes a written application to Monsieur le Préfet de la Seine. Their historical origin is interesting, and aptly exemplifies the changes that time brings in its train. From a remote past down to the seventeenth century they were merely quarries whence stone was drawn, and drawn to keep pace with the growth of the city above them.

The natural consequence of this drain upon the vitals of the city's support was a subsidence, in 1774, which, by damaging property and bringing about numerous accidents, informed the public that some one must do something, or that nobody would be left to do anything.

In 1777 a still stronger hint from below roused the Government to an activity, which expended its energy in supporting with piers and buttresses the most dangerous portions of the affected area. These works, continued from year to year, proved a fertile source of expense.

In 1784 the question arose as to the disposal of the relics of mortality which were to be removed from the disused cemetery of the Innocents.

It was suggested that the quarries should be still further strengthened and rendered compact by their adoption as catacombs. The suggestion met with approval, was adopted, and the transfer of the vast accumulation of bones entered upon with all due precautions. It was thus that the quarries became the garner-room of the Destroyer ; it was thus, as the various cemeteries within the city ceased to yawn for their dead, that they were made to yield up their silent tenants.

In 1786 the catacombs were solemnly consecrated. At this period the bones and skulls were being cast down on the floors of the caverns and passages in great heaps, without any attempt at order or arrangement ; nor was it till the year 1812 that the authorities commenced the work which has culminated in the present artistic presentment of that which once formed the framework of living thousands.

Come ! we will descend together as two members of the public, and see a portion of this underground and silent world that extends its ramifications beneath 200 acres of Paris. We are in possession of our "permits," and according to direction find ourselves at the principal entrance on the right of the Place Denfert-Rochereau.

We take our places in the *queue* of those about to descend. We buy candles. An obliging stranger tears off a square piece from a newspaper and hands it to us with a polite bow. The careful, courteous man ! He explains to us that presently it will be useful, if only "les messieurs" will adopt this plan of catching the droppings of a flickering candle held in the bare hand ; and so saying he triumphantly thrusts his candle with a ripping, tearing noise through the paper. The idea is good, so good that it travels along the *queue*, and each candle soon boasts a paper guard. One o'clock strikes. The door guarding the entrance to the ninety steps that lead to

below swings open. Its harsh grating is the signal for a brisk fusillade of match-firing reports. The matches are applied to the candles ; a strong odour of tallow seethes through the mellow sunshine, and through its sickly fumes we commence to slowly advance. Already the leading file has vanished within the doorway, and as we in turn approach the orifice a dull roar pours sullenly out to meet us. Tramp, tramp, tramp—we have passed beneath the archway, we are descending the spiral of the stone staircase. The air is heavy with the clangour of ponderous footfalls—murky with candle smoke that veils with weird effect the flickering, draught-driven light. As far, and just so far, as we can see above and below us, all is in movement ; dresses, coats, candles whirl slowly, uncertainly downwards. The very walls seem to writhe in the uncertain light, to mutter and moan with inarticulate voices.

Down, down, down ! All are in the rock-home of Death. A moment's pause, a silence falls on the chattering crowd. Then, affrighted with their second's fear, they sway onwards through a rocky gallery. Rock on either side of them, rock above them ; here bare and arid, there slimy, with oozing water and foul growths. The passage broadens out, it narrows, and ever and ever there is the black line on the roof that marks the road. Suddenly a black shadow on the left or to the right. The eye plunges into the depths of these side roads, and recoils aghast at their mysterious gloom. The lights file on. A thin glitter seams a dark gap with a flickering, broken line of light. " Ah," says the guide. " Yes, a chain !"

Still, forward, the shadows to right and left grow in size ; some have a sentry silently guarding their obscurity from rash obtrusion ; where there is no sentry there is a chain.

A sudden check from in front breaks the continuity of the forward movement.

We move on again, and lo ! the rocks on either hand contract, change colour, break out into the gruesome design of a symmetrically built wall of bones and skulls. From the level of our heads down to the level of our feet, skull rests upon skull, and leans back against the myriad bones behind. The shivering candlelight falls with unequal rays upon the formal tiers ; it flashes coldly upon the grinning teeth, penetrates the mortarless crannies of the wall, and ever shows bone of many shapes and curves. Now it lights up a rent in some skull—a ghastly, jagged wound which haunts one with the thought of foul murder. Anon, it shimmers with erratic play on the trickling water that, pursuing its silent way from year to year, has crusted with a smooth gloss the skull beneath.

Again the crowd checks. In the moment's pause you approach the wall. An earth-stained skull, perhaps because larger than its comrades, centres your attention on its sunken orbits. You brood over it, are drawn to it, and as in a dream lay hands on its smooth cranium. The cold, clammy contact! Ah! how different from the warmth of a loving friend. Yet perchance *this*, this too, was once a friend, the loadstone of a deep, broad love.

On again, once more, and this time quicker. The skulls flash past in confused lines. It is a dance of death. A rock shoots into view, bursts through the skulls. It is marked with black characters, which tell you that "it is sometimes better to die than to live."

Rock and lettering fade back into the darkness, but again and again the light outlines a phrase such as "Tombeau de la Révolution," "Tombeau des Victimes," or a motto that sinks deep into the soul.

The designs in skull and bone become more complicated. The walls become more lofty, rush from straight lines into curves, assume the form of chapels. Around and about you are skulls, skulls, skulls. Once these residues of men were even as you and I are *now*. Think of it, each mouldering bone was once part of a life—a life! But now, Tragedy and Comedy lie indifferently side by side. Riches and poverty, the great and the low, lie jaw by jaw.

None too great, none too humble to enter into Death's lavish gift to the darkness that reigns in the catacombs. Their world has passed away, and the old order has given place to the new that now surges and seethes by their crumbling bones. They have been but a tide in the ocean of life, they have flowed and they have ebbed.

But even as you dream or gibe, according to temperament, in one of these chapels, a faint, prolonged rustle comes stealing to the ear, swells and falls, and vanishes mysteriously as it came.

What is it? The guide catches an inquiring eye, and explains, with a wealth of incisive gesture, that it is the *rats* moving. He makes the blood run cold with the horror of his account of those who have been lost in the catacombs and hunted to their death by the sharp-teethed rodents.

He expatiates with pardonable pride on the precautions now taken by the authorities to guard against casualties of this nature, and sinks his voice to a whisper as he mentions the lost hundred of 1871. He points to the dark, chain-barred passages as he tells you who and what these men were. 'Tis a tale that dwells in a blood-red past—a past which gave birth to the Commune of '71. The Germans had besieged Paris and taken it; they had entered



the city as conquerors, and with their departure the humiliated, supersensitive city was to be further outraged by its own baser passions. The National Guard had been even during the siege disaffected towards the Government of the Republic, and with the departure of the Germans, it saw in the weakness of the Government then located at Versailles its opportunity for revolt.¹ Not having been disarmed, it possessed a brute force which gave it courage to act—it carried off the cannon to the heights of Montmartre and Belleville, under the plausible excuse of preserving them from the enemy.

This was, in effect, revolt ; and so President Thiers read it. He attempted the removal of the cannon on March 18. He failed ; and so commenced the insurrection of the Commune and a siege of Paris.

A hundred thousand National Guards, together with the desperate characters common to every great city, were the thews and sinews of this social revolution, which was directed against property and labour-masters. It was initiated by working men, but in its short life of two months it was to seek power of the devil of cruelty, and to encourage to the surface of Parisian life the pétroleur and pétroleuse. It was to grow drunk with blood, and with sottish fury to fire the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais de Justice, the Tuileries, the Ministry of Finance ; it was to corrupt its own body with murderous excess, and to slay by day and by night. Within the restraining influence of the Republican army concentrated at Versailles, it stung itself like a fire-imprisoned scorpion.

But the debilitated Government at Versailles was recuperating ; it drew the siege closer, and hurled shot and shell faster and faster into the writhing city. It sent out its troops under Marshal MacMahon, and with bayonet and bullet it bore down the Communists, slew them without trial, without mercy, with no quarter for pétroleur or pétroleuse. Ten thousand corpses lay beneath its Victory ; the streets and prisons were red with blood ; the mark of the destroyer was on mansion and humblest of humble buildings.

By the lurid light which the recollections of the Commune emit, the guide's answers to a bystander, that the lost hundred were

¹ Une partie de la garde nationale, la plus dangereuse, la plus redoutée, celle qui pendant le siège n'avait pas craint, en présence de l'étranger, sous ses yeux, sous ses bombes, de chercher à renverser par des coups de main le gouvernement de la défense nationale, cette portion haineuse et fiévreuse de la milice citoyenne n'avait point rendu les armes, et sommée de le faire, avait répondu par un refus formel aux injonctions de l'autorité.—DE BEAUMONT-VASSY, *Hist. de la Commune en 1871*.

insurgents and part of the garrison of Fort Vanves, becomes powerfully suggestive. And to here a question and there a question he makes reply, of how the insurgents fled before the Republican troops, on the fall of Fort Vanves. And how they had rushed away from the bayonets on their track to endeavour to seek safety in the silent gloom of the catacombs.

His graphic words, intensified by the environment, reconstruct the scene, paint it with the vivid colours of a nightmare to the eyeballs straining to the dark mouth of the passages beyond. In thought, he takes us with the panic-stricken soldiers into the labyrinth. We feel a feverish fear of pursuit driving us further and further into the secretive gloom. A halt—and our labouring hearts grow calmer amidst the silence that yields no shout, no muffled footfall of pursuer. But our torches consume faster and faster away ; we must again seek light of day. Yet how ! Everywhere, road across road, silent skull by silent skull, with never a clue to the open air, to the living world above. Again panic seizes us ; we run, run madly with many a stumble, for life. Exhaustion finds us alone. Our comrades gone. Our torch, guarded with trembling hand, burning low. We hear the rats gathering in their hordes outside the pale of kindly, merciful light. They throw down a skull that rolls heavily to our feet. The light——

Ah ! It must have been awful to have died in that thick blackness with never a ray of light or hope. And we grow thankful that, as two of the public, we move on and on to the exit at the Rue Dareau, and find there life and sunshine.

NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.



TABLE TALK.

COMIC OPERA IN ENGLAND.

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD'S sketch of the Savoy Opera supplies a striking chapter in the history of dramatic and musical entertainment in England. Apart from the altogether exceptional ability of the two men, the librettist and the composer, to whom the most brilliant and successful of the series are due, the experiment still in progress is interesting as the only successful attempt yet made to establish a genuinely national opera in the country. Many of my readers may remember the latest and most ambitious of their efforts, when, some thirty years ago, Macfarren's "Helveilyn" and other works were given. The result of these, as of other previous experiments, was disastrous. The Lyceum, under the management of S. J. Arnold, was known as the English Opera House, and many works which still rank high in musical estimation, notably Barnett's "Mountain Sylph," were given. These included productions by numerous composers, from Braham to Macfarren. They were not wholly English, the most successful of all being Weber's "Der Freischütz," which preceded the "Mountain Sylph" by about ten years, being first given in English in 1824. Drury Lane, under consecutive managements, produced English operas by Balfe, Wallace, Benedict, and other composers; Harrison and Miss Louisa Pyne played English operas both in London and in the country, but interspersed with them, if I rightly remember, adaptations from the French. I am, at any rate, safe in saying that no previous experiment has been so continuous, so successful, or approximately so remunerative as that of which, in his "The Savoy Opera,"¹ Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has constituted himself the historian.

MR. FITZGERALD'S "SAVOY OPERA."

IN the course of his task, Mr. Fitzgerald becomes the biographer of Mr. Gilbert and also, to some extent, of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Upon Mr. Gilbert's literary career he dwells admiringly, pointing out in how many lines he has attained excellence and even eminence. To the writer of "Sweethearts," "Tragedy and Comedy," "Dan'l

¹ Chatto & Windus.

Druce," and other similar works, including even pieces such as "Charity," "Randall's Thumb," and "Tom Cobb," it is impossible to refuse the title of a dramatist. His experiments in "Topsy-turvydom" stand alone and apart—things which no one has approached. In some of these, which have no aid of music, Mr. Gilbert shows to higher advantage than in comic operas his amazing gifts. This is, however, but a single opinion, and is probably not that of one in ten of my readers. I, none the less, regard "The Palace of Truth," and "Pygmalion and Galatea," to say nothing of "Sweethearts," which is just as fantastic as either, with an affection that I am not able to bestow on "The Pirates of Penzance" or "The Mikado," masterly and popular as I own these to be. It is with the Savoy operas that Mr. Fitzgerald is primarily concerned. His prefatory sketch of Mr. Gilbert's career has, however, much interest. Abundant justice is done to Mr. Gilbert's more serious efforts, and a word of favourable comment is bestowed upon pieces such as "The Ne'er Do Well" and "Brantingham Hall," neither of which succeeded, while one had the unenviable fortune to be presented in two different shapes and to fail in both.

ORIGIN OF THE LATEST FORM OF COMIC OPERA.

IN the success of "Cox and Box," in which Mr. Gilbert had no share, the libretto being by Mr. Burnand, the first suggestion of the series of Savoy Opera seems to be found. "Thespis among the Olympians," produced at the Gaiety on Boxing Day, 1871, was Mr. Gilbert's first effort at operatic extravaganza as distinguished from burlesque, in which form of composition he had made some previous essays. I am one of the few people who recall the performance at the St. James's of "Dulcamara," Mr. Gilbert's first dramatic production; a burlesque on old lines, but showing a freshness and drollery not then common in that form of composition. On March 27, 1875, at the Royalty Theatre, the partnership of Gilbert and Sullivan began with "Trial by Jury," subsequently transferred to the Strand. In the early work Mr. Gilbert exhibited most of the peculiarities by which his subsequent pieces are characterised. Banter of some dignitary, of which a species of comic autobiography forms a part, underlies most of the operatic work. In this case it was a judge. In his "Bab Ballads" bishops had been a special object of his raillery. In subsequent days we were to ascend from an admiral to a lord chancellor, and royalty itself was not quite to escape the hardened jester. Not less prophetic, so to speak, of the future, was Sir Arthur's share, and the music had, besides its drollery and beauty, that almost ecclesiastical flavour which has since remained a principal charm.

GILBERTIAN HUMOUR.

MR. FITZGERALD'S work consists of record rather than comment, and, as such, is the more important. Having witnessed himself most, if not all, of the first representations of the Savoy operas, Mr. Fitzgerald is a trustworthy chronicler. In addition, moreover, to the analogue of the play and the description of the characters, he gives us gems from the dialogue, and reproduces as illustrations many of the most picturesque or suggestive scenes. I do not know whose is the indiscretion, but Mr. Gilbert's proceedings at rehearsal, comic enough in many cases, but always valuable as far as the effect to be produced is concerned, are faithfully depicted. When an actress, more than a little proud of her position, told Mr. Gilbert that she objected to standing anywhere but in the centre of the stage, Mr. Gilbert good-naturedly and persuasively urged, "Oh ! but this is *not* Italian opera ; this is only a low burlesque of the worst possible kind." Always equally firm, but not always equally polite, was the great master of "Topsyturvydom" with men. It may interest Mr. Fitzgerald as well as the reader to know that at the production of one of his early pieces, long before the Gilbert-Sullivan conjunction, an old and obstinate ballet-master refused to set the dance as Mr. Gilbert wished. It could not, the ballet-master protested, be done, and he paced up and down the stage muttering "What can he know about it?" "Very well," said the peremptory and no less obstinate author, "cut out the ballet !" It is needless to say that, in defiance of impossibility, all that was required was ultimately done. One utterance of Mr. Gilbert I will quote from the delightful volume. "I have no notion," writes he to Mr. Fitzgerald, "what Gilbertian humour may be. It seems to me that all humour, properly so called, is based upon a grave and quasi-respectful treatment of the ridiculous and absurd." Notwithstanding this protest, Mr. Fitzgerald holds that there is a special sort of "Gilbertian humour" of which the dramatist has the patent.

CHAUCER BIBLIOGRAPHY.

IT is now some years ago since a suggestion of mine as to the desirability of a complete Bibliography of Chaucer drew upon me rebuke from the zealous and erudite founder of the Chaucer Society, who declared that the task had been accomplished. It was a case of the story of the gold and silver shield. The founder and I did not mean the same thing. At a recent meeting of the Bibliographical Society, Mr. H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A., read an important paper on the Bibliography of Chaucer, in which the desirability of a

guide to the scattered publications of the poet was said to have been long felt. In late years only has it been possible to marshal facts, many of which have been recently collected by Professor Skeat and other diligent and indefatigable students. Apart from MSS., of which very many are in existence, four folio editions of the "Canterbury Tales" were printed, as is pointed out, in less than half a century by Caxton, Pynson, and Wynkyn de Worde. I am glad to think that the work is likely to be undertaken, and can only hope that a specially desirable portion on which I previously insisted, the collation of the editions, and the declaration of the manner by which they can be identified, may be included in the scheme. This is chiefly useful to collectors, but is not without value to students.

PEPYS REDIVIVUS.

MR. WHEATLEY has got half through his task of supplying the unabridged "Diary of Samuel Pepys,"¹ to which I have previously referred. Four volumes out of eight have now seen the light, and the great diarist stands revealed to us in his true light. Not altogether calculated to raise our estimate of Pepys is the new information conveyed. As a "human document," however, to use the slang of the day, his diary is the most precious we possess. Compared with his avowals, the frank debauchery of Casanova, the affected sincerity of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and the cynical sensuality of Rétif de la Bretonne seem hypocrisy. It is marvellous now to conceive of men hesitating as to the interest of these self-confidences, and giving them grudgingly bit by bit. Now for the first time do we realise their full significance, and find how bare has been laid to us a human heart. Jealous, libertine, cowardly, self-seeking, and "indifferent honest" is Pepys, but so far from disliking him we have always prized his company and shaken him, so to speak, by the hand. Now even, when we know him better than ever, we cannot turn wholly away from him. We purse up our lips and frown sternly at his peccadilloes. In the end we forgive him, he is such an amusing rascal. I wonder if anyone has pointed out how like he is to a creation (long subsequent) of Beaumarchais? Figaro is Pepys in Court livery.

PEPYS' SHORTCOMINGS.

THE chief information we get with regard to Pepys is, as one may say, concerning the more animal aspects of his nature. Upon his physical maladies he is needlessly diffuse. His moral

¹ G. Bell & Sons.

ailments are more interesting to diagnose. He pleads in excuse of having purchased a pair of gloves trimmed with yellow ribbon of "Doll our pretty 'Change woman," that "she is so pretty, that, God forgive me ! I could not think it (the expense) too much ;" then adds, with the naïveté and candour that are the special charm of his confession—"which is a strange slavery that I stand in to beauty, that I value nothing else near it." But a poor excuse, however, is this homage to beauty, for those proceedings with Mrs. Lane, often repented of and often renewed, which can incur from no moralist condemnation sterner than, in his penitential moods, Pepys is himself disposed to award. It is much to be regretted, however, that his adoration of the sex is accompanied by no great chivalry of bearing. When Mrs. Lane contracts a disastrous marriage he is only anxious to escape the necessity of contributing to her aid. To his wife he behaves occasionally with intolerable rudeness, blackening her eye, and owning to having once pulled her nose—surely the crowning indignity that can be put upon the fair sex. So hard did he tweak, moreover, that he made her weep, and, as he himself holds, not without cause, since he opines that he must have hurt her. Unwise Mr. Pepys, to bring tears into those eyes which shone so brightly and concerning the glances of which thou wert so jealous !

"THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE."

I DO not care as a rule to deal with matters that appear in other periodicals, especially things which I do not and cannot approve. For once I depart from my practice. Under the head "The Tree of Knowledge," many writers, some of them among those who have made the boldest studies of feminine aberration, have discussed publicly, and, of course, before girls among others, the duties of a mother in enlightening her daughters as to responsibilities and perils concerning which, to such, a mother only can speak. My own feelings rise in revolt against such investigations in works of general circulation. I am going to scold nobody, not even the women who counsel what I think against beauty and nature. I will not even contribute any further ideas of my own. I may quote, however, with approval, a few words from different participators in the dispute who partake my view. Most outspoken of all is Mrs. Lynn Linton : "I deprecate the public discussion of the whole subject. I think it indecent and unnecessary. There are certain things which belong to the secret life of the home, and to drag these out into the light of day is a violation

of all the sanctities, all the modesties of one's existence," &c. Mr. Zangwill treats the notion with contempt. To tell girls certain things is, he says, "to credit them with a prurience which even the woman-novel shall not persuade me to believe in. Since the whole question is never discussed honestly, the pother about it affords me no instruction and but little amusement." Mr. Walter Besant coquets a little with the subject, but "as to the expediency of teaching a girl what very likely her own father has never known" has doubts. Briefly and judiciously the Chief Rabbi holds "that no necessity exists for a mother to disclose to her daughter those facts of which during her childhood she has been kept ignorant." Mrs. Gosse also speaks temperately and timidly. I am, at least, not alone in my dislike to such discussion.

THE SLAIN BULL-FIGHTER.

WHAT I have before said concerning the detestable influence of the Spanish bull-fight has been amply justified. Thanks, principally to them, the Spaniard is the cruellest and most ferocious of European races. I have spoken of the mother holding out her infant to crow over the sight of a horse gored and ript up, and stumbling as it entangled its feet in its own intestines. On these horrors I will not further dwell. Proof, however, of the influence of the sport is supplied in the fate of Espartero, gored to death in the Madrid arena while discharging his functions as matador. The poor fellow—for such, though loathing his occupation, I must call him—was carried outside to die. The audience, provided with a sensation the more, would hear of no stoppage of the entertainment, and the *corrida de toros*, or baiting of the bulls, went on without a moment's respite. Can my reader fancy anything much more grim than the life-blood welling away from the man outside while the acclamations by the mob of his successor were ringing in his ears! I see that the question of repressing the bull-fight is about to be raised in the Spanish Parliament. Not very sanguine am I as to the result. I fear indeed, that, supposing the resolution to suppress the bull-fight to be carried in Parliament, an attempt to enforce the measure would bring about a revolution. Enforced, however, it must be if Spain is to rank as a civilised country, and if Europe is not still, as has been said, to "end at the Pyrenees." What is worse is that the contagion has spread beyond the Pyrenees, and that the fairest cities of Southern France are grievously infected with it. An attempt, however, to introduce into Paris the thin end of the wedge was, I am glad to think, a failure.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
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THE MONEY-SPIDER.

By PHIL ROBINSON.

FLORA BUNCE was a widow, as comfortable in mind, body, and estate as any plump and satisfactorily dowered widow could be. The deceased Bunce, though well enough off (when on earth) to have lived without worrying himself, was an abject, miserable martyr to the notion that he was "a man of business," and to such an extent did he crucify himself and complicate correspondence over the veriest trifles, that his widow not only hated but was terrified at the very mention of business, and, above all, of "legal business." Even the formalities as sole executrix and legatee which (supported and comforted during the process by at least half a dozen men of the law) she had to go through were almost more than she could bear. Every time she found herself "commanded" by "Victoria, by the grace of God," &c., or "Hereby summoned," "in which fail not to execute" something, she considered herself only a degree off being a criminal, and within a measurable distance of gaol. And so when all was over she vowed she would have no more of it, and putting all her affairs unreservedly into the hands of the local solicitor, Mr. Jabez Stamps, she retired into the backwaters of her tranquil life at Nutborough, and was living as quietly and peacefully as is permitted to a rich and somewhat foolish widow when the events about to be recorded occurred.

Having had no children of their own, the Bunces had made themselves responsible for an orphaned nephew, as far as it was possible for anybody to be "responsible" for such a combination of scamps as seemed to have entered into and possessed themselves of the person of Mr. Reginald Bunce, Lieutenant in the Bumpshire

Militia. His own income, alone equal to a full captain's pay, with "allowances," only sufficed to meet his mess-bills and what he was pleased to call his "regimental" expenses, while for such costs and disbursements as he was put to by competing in trotting matches on public high roads, conveying prize-fighters about the country (and subsequent magisterial decisions thereupon), and indulging in various and sundry other diversions for spending money which need not be individually specified, but can be lumped together, precisely enough, under the usual newspaper heads of "Sport and the Drama," he went for a while to the tents of Israel, and thereafter to his uncle and aunt.

In approaching his uncle the young Militiaman had always been careful to "play up to the dear old chap's craze," as he called it, and to make each loan an affair of most elaborate "business." With the help of a whiskified and out-at-elbows solicitor he made absurd affidavits, drew up and had engrossed and duly stamped long-winded statements about nothing, took care to see everything properly witnessed, endorsed, docketed, and red-taped, and then despatched the whole in duplicate to his uncle. To such a pitch had Mr. Bunce worked himself up in his ideas of being business-like, that the receipt of these impudent requests for money positively delighted him, and for several days he would revel in trying to pick holes in the preposterous documents sent to him, but always concluded eventually by signing, stamping, witnessing, endorsing, docketing, and red-taping one of the sets of papers, and sending them back with the money. With his aunt, Mr. Reggy's procedure on the first occasion he had to appeal to her was precisely the reverse. Without any warning he had suddenly descended upon Nutborough, and with a lively but most complex narrative of his woes, conjured up in ten minutes impending dangers of such hideous complications of legal business, chiefly by rattling off all kinds of irrelevant technical phrases and lawyers' jargon, that the good soul declared she would be terrified out of her wits if he went on, and that, as it was, she wouldn't get a wink of sleep that afternoon, and he must really go to Mr. Stamps. "No," she said firmly, "it's no use, Reggy, your showing me those horrid papers," as the nephew proceeded to tug laboriously out of every pocket imposing folios of an emphatically "legal" aspect, "*not the least*. I have vowed I will never have anything to do with business, and I will not. There! You must go to Mr. Stamps." Which Reggy—having got a general order on Mr. Stamps to pay over, at any time, any sums he, Mr. Reginald Bunce, might need, without reference to her—cheer-

fully did, and went on to rejoin his party at Six-mile Bottom the same evening much replenished in purse and spirits. Nor after this was the widow ever worried about her nephew's affairs, for Mr. Stamps had his written authority to supply Mr. Reginald, and Mr. Reginald had his authority to draw upon Mr. Stamps.

Now, it must have been about this time that it occurred to the solicitor that there could be no harm in investing the widow's idle surplus for her (and his own) advantage ; and so it came about that in various brokers' accounts Mrs. Bunce figured for considerable holdings in very speculative stocks. But when all the banks in Patagonia went smash one after the other, and revolutions kept breaking out on the Equator, and the brokers, for a consideration, "carried over" these same stocks for Mrs. Bunce, the fortnightly settlements of differences became sufficiently serious to alarm Mr. Stamps. A year later the new Equatorial Administration repudiated the bonds of its predecessor, and about the same time the Patagonian banks, having failed to "reconstruct," were swamped in a new Government "Financial Institute," which threw overboard all the speculative assets of the previous concerns. In these two catastrophes the bulk of Mrs. Bunce's fortune disappeared beyond recovery (even if Mr. Stamps had dared to face the publicity of litigation), and the solicitor was frightened in downright earnest. There was nothing for it under the circumstances (from Mr. Stamps's point of view) but to falsify the accounts, and this he proceeded to do at once, having nobody to interfere with him : doubling the widow's expenses all round, multiplying Reggy's borrowings by three, and adding on an extra thousand legal expenses ; and as for the bulk of the deficit still requiring explanation, he trusted to chance.

While matters stood thus the solicitor received one day a letter that considerably surprised him. It was from Reggy, who informed him that he had failed to pass his "final," and had therefore determined to "cut" the army, and, eschewing dissipation, to purchase a partnership in his cousin's Nutborough brewery, and settle down. On the top of this came Reggy himself, who further surprised and perplexed Mr. Stamps by developing an exceptional business shrewdness in the manner in which he inquired into his aunt's investments, and discussed the methods for raising a large sum of ready money for the purchase of the partnership in question and the paying off of various liabilities. In fact, the nephew appeared to be quite a reformed character. He went off, promising to return next day and "go thoroughly into the whole thing, as there was no use in wasting time when there was business to be done."

By the post next morning there reached Mr. Stamps further disconcerting matters, in the shape of a number of documents from Colonel Barbecue, his co-trustee in the Bunce estate—(the firm had been “Bunce & Barbecue”)—who announced that he intended to sail that day month in the steamer *Tortoise*, with a view to the sale of his business and estates in Barbados to a City Syndicate that were ready to purchase at £150,000. Among the documents were letters addressed to Mrs. Bunce, which he put away in his safe, and his will (an attested copy), in which he bequeathed all that he possessed to his only son and his son's family, and failing them to Flora Bunce and her next of kin. Now, Mr. Stamps had never met Colonel Barbecue, but there was a brief straightforwardness in his letters and papers that made the solicitor apprehensive of trouble when it came to auditing the widow's accounts. So that when Reggy arrived he found Mr. Stamps very uncommunicative and none too amiable. As a matter of fact, the solicitor was in his gravest mood, and lectured the ex-lieutenant of Militia upon the reckless manner in which he had wasted his worthy aunt's income. Whereupon the very thing that Mr. Stamps wished happened, for Reggy at once asked for the figures. Having got them he whistled softly to himself. “I had no idea,” said he, “I had spent so much as that in three years. How money flies!” and by-and-by departed and made his way straight to town.

Here he at once forgathered with the seedy little solicitor who had so often helped him out of his messes with Israel, and confided to him his suspicions that “Stamps is chiselling my aunt and me.” “We'll soon find out if he is,” said the man of law; “but I shall have to ask you for a fiver or two to polish myself up in the way of clothes, &c.,” and when, a few days later, they met again at the railway station, Reggy was vastly gratified at the change that “a fiver or two” had made in the little man's appearance. Not only were his clothes eminently professional and respectable, but he had about him a general suggestion of suppressed wealth, which insisted, however, in spite of himself, as it were, in betraying itself in (what appeared to be) a fine old-fashioned gold chain and bunch of venerable seals, a gold-headed umbrella, gold-mounted glasses (“theatrical properties, my dear boy,” said he to Reggy in confidence; “my landlord goes on every year as one of the crowd in the Pantos.”). The most eloquently respectable, and the only shabby, item of his outfit was a very ancient despatch-box, that looked as if it held, and had held, documents of unspeakable importance, and Stamps was distinctly impressed by “My solicitor, Mr. Tweezer, of Great Marlborough Street,” when Reggy

introduced him. Mr. Tweezer pursued his investigations with infinite bonhomie and leisureliness.

Urgent telegrams from his clerk in town regarding cases (they were real cases enough, for Stamps was cunning enough to look for them in the Cause-Lists in the morning's *Standard*) that were coming on took him away every other day, and during these absences Mr. Tweezer employed himself in tracing the cheques Mr. Stamps had given on Reggy's behalf, and comparing these accounts with the receipts over Reggy's signature that Mr. Stamps held. The results were eminently satisfactory to Mr. Tweezer, and at the end of a fortnight (during which he had become a great favourite with the widow, and had got at his fingers' ends every detail as to her investments and expenditure) he was able to inform Reggy that, if he chose, he could send Mr. Stamps to the Old Bailey, and thence, probably to a dozen years penal servitude at least. And so he took his leave, to work up the case and find out, through a friend on the Stock Exchange, what transactions had passed in the matter of Bunce investments in Patagonians and Equatorias, "in the course of which," said he, "I shall not be surprised to find that, one way and the other, some fifty thousand has gone wrong."

Mr. Stamps was not quite at his ease, for the more he thought of it the more he felt convinced that "that Tweezer" had ferreted out more than he spoke of; a great deal more, in fact, than was agreeable to Mr. Jabez Stamps. But he had told no one of the approaching return of Colonel Barbecue, and this event bothered him more than he cared to confess, although, as he would say in an aside to himself, "a convenient fire in the office will settle a great deal." So time slipped by, and the *Tortoise* was on the high seas. The Colonel would arrive in about three weeks.

Meanwhile, Mr. Tweezer was weaving his web round the unconscious Jabez, and had woven to such good purpose that the Solicitor-General, who was retained, said "the rogue was as good as in gaol." As secretly as possible an order was obtained to take possession of Mr. Stamps's offices at Nutborough, and on a certain Thursday morning Mr. Tweezer and Reggy were finishing breakfast, their luggage was already downstairs, and the cab waiting at the door, all ready for a start for Nutborough and for the first step in that campaign which was to end in the overthrow and imprisonment of "our worthy and much respected fellow-citizen," when Reggy bounced off his seat as if a bomb had exploded under the chair.

"By Jove!" he cried excitedly, "read that," and then began reading himself. The Boots at the door, with a portmanteau in each

hand, stood still to listen ; the chambermaid, ostentatiously dusting in the bedroom, stopped her broom to listen. And Reggy read : " Accident on the Embankment. As an elderly gentleman was proceeding along the Embankment towards the City, his hansom collided with a van being driven in the opposite direction. The occupant of the cab was thrown out, and, falling on his head, was taken up insensible and conveyed to the St. Patrick's Hospital, where he lies in a critical state. From examination of his papers, which are said to be of an exceptionally important character, the unfortunate victim of the accident proves" (and Reggy read each word impressively and with a pause between) "to be Mr.—Jabez—Stamps—solicitor—of—Nutborough. His friends, Mrs. Bunce, Mr. Reginald Bunce, and Mr. Harold Tweezer, solicitor, of Great Marlborough Street (to whom addressed letters were found in Mr. Stamps's pocket-book), have been communicated with."

Each stared at the other for a moment, then, with only one thought between them, each flew for his hat, and charging through the doorway together, to the complete discomfiture of Boots, who was in the line of their rush, went down the hotel stairs like lunatics escaping from an asylum on fire.

The cab was at the door, and they banged into it, one on top of the other. "St. Patrick's Hospital—life or death!" shouted Reggy to the cabman so that all the street could hear, and away they galloped, leaving a staggered crowd of hotel servants, with Boots greatly "be-blowing" himself in the centre, upon the steps, looking as dazed as if a whirlwind had just gone by. Then they gathered together all the belongings of the runaways and returned them to their rooms, where Boots and the chambermaid acted the whole scene over and over again for the benefit of the others, reading from the newspaper the paragraph that had stampeded the solicitor and his client.

By this time Reggy and Tweezer had reached the hospital, and, plunging into the hall, came with a stone-wall sort of shock against a serjeant of police.

"Well," he said, "what is it? You're Mr. Reginald Bunce, I suppose?"

"Yes," gasped Reggy, "and this is——"

"Mr. Harold Tweezer, I suppose?" interrupted the serjeant, and then, through a hole in the wall, to an unseen personage who had a hoarse laugh, "Here's another couple of 'em."

"What do you mean?" cried the indignant Reggy.

"Mean?" replied the serjeant, leisurely taking a great note-

book out of his pocket, while a click from the hole in the wall told the breathless pair that they had just been "kodaked"—"mean? Why, I mean that you're the third couple of Bunces and Tweezers that have been here already. And how many more that blessed stupid paragraph will send here heaven only knows."

By this time Mr. Tweezer had pulled himself together. "How can we be identified?" he asked. "By letters in our pockets?—card cases?"

"You can be identified," said the serjeant, "by anybody that will satisfy me."

"Will you come with me to the Law Courts?"

"What for?"

"To see the Solicitor-General."

"What'll he do?"

"Identify me."

"If the Solicitor-General will identify *you*, that will satisfy *me*," said the serjeant; and in another minute Tweezer, tightly gripping his man as if he were running him in and feared he might attempt escape, was whirling off to Temple Bar.

Straight to the Solicitor-General's private room flew the little Tweezer; close behind him, to the admiration of the crowd in the passage, flew the serjeant of police.

The great man was just coming forth. "Ah, Mr. Tweezer! Why, what's the matter?"

"Thank you, Sir Robert, thank you. Will you please identify me before this serjeant. (*Aside.*) It's connected with the case Bunce v. Stamps, Sir Robert."

"Yes, certainly. This is Mr. Tweezer, solicitor, whom I know well," replied the Solicitor-General.

"Thank you, sir," said the serjeant, and the pair were off again, like a couple of madmen, Tweezer a spirited first, once more into the hansom, and whirling back to the hospital.

Meanwhile Reggy, left behind, was speaking through the hole in the wall. "Shall I have to be identified too?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the hoarse voice; and out stepped Inspector Watkins.

"Got a telephone here?"

"Yes, inside. Step in."

And Reggy got in. "Put me on to 1200;" and he was put on. "Who's there?" "Davies." "Is that you, Taffy?" "Yes, that's me; who are you?" "Guess from my voice." (And then to the inspector, "Now, then, *you* listen.") "Guess from my voice."

Who am I?" "Well, if you are not Mr. Reginald Bunce it is a very good imitation of his voice."

"Will that do, inspector?"

"No, sir," said the official; "Mr. Davies will have to come here."

So Reggy began again. "Come to St. Patrick's Hospital straight away. Life or death, I tell you. Come." "All right," was the reply; and in a quarter of an hour the king of the bookmakers appeared.

A broad grin overspread Mr. Watkins's features as the veteran of the ring approached.

"Hallo, Watkins!"

"How d'ye do, Mr. Davies?"

"Why, Mr. Bunce, what's the matter? Was afraid you were smashed up."

"Not a bit of it; but I've got to see a patient here who is. It's most important, and they wouldn't let me in till I was identified."

Here Tweezer, triumphant of countenance, arrived, and all being satisfactory, they signed their names in a book and went inside. But here another stone-wall shock met them. A surgeon barred the way. "The patient can see no one."

"But the letters?" said Mr. Tweezer.

"Oh yes, the letters—you can have those. Is it all right, inspector?"

"It's all right, sir; the Solicitor-General speaks for Tweezer, and Mr. Davies for Bunce."

"Right; I'll bring the letters."

And presently down came the surgeon with two letters. "Are you Mr. Bunce?" "Yes." "This is yours, then." "And you are Mr. Tweezer? Then this is yours."

The two men seized the letters and began to read. As they read, the expressions that came over their faces were so astounding that even the policemen, accustomed to such scenes, were quite taken aback. The surgeon looked on amazed. Mr. Taffy Davies remarked, "Backed a stiff un—bet a fiver." But the two read on as men in a dazed trance, finished their letters, turned them upside down, round and round, read them all over again, and then gazed into each other's faces with looks of utter stupefaction. Then they exchanged letters and each read the other's; and then they got up and without a word walked out into the open air, "just like two men walking in their sleep," said the surgeon.

The solicitor was the first to speak. "Such a *beautiful* case too!" and the whole of a bursting heart was in the word.

“He’s not a damned rogue after all,” said Reggy, addressing the horizon in a vague, bewildered sort of way.

Then abruptly turning to the surgeon, “Can’t we see him? We won’t say a word to him. Let us see the poor old chap.” And there was something in Reggy’s voice, something, too, in his eyes, that weighed with the surgeon.

“He will not recognise you, and you must not attempt to speak to him.” And in a few minutes, in a darkened, softly carpeted room, they found themselves by the bedside of Jabez Stamps.

“He’s shaved all his whiskers off!” whispered Reggy to the surgeon, who only replied with “*Hush!*” “And his hair has been dyed dark!” (“*Hush!*”) “And what is he saying?”

The surgeon stooped down. “He’s raving,” and they all went softly out. “He has been raving ever since he came in. The only two words I have heard him repeat distinctly are ‘Barbecue’ and ‘Money-Spider.’”

“And *what?*” asked the bookmaker abruptly.

“‘Money-Spider,’” replied the surgeon.

“Whew!” whistled the other and flew down the stairs.

The inspector followed, and when the others got down to the hall they found Mr. Davies at the telephone and Mr. Watkins on the steps looking up to the sky. (The bookmaker had told him he wanted to say something “very private indeed” to his grandmother, and “he’d be obliged if the policeman would just step out and see what kind of a day it was,” which he had done). “Now then, can’t you hear me?” said the bookmaker. “Who are you getting at?” was the reply. “If you can hear what I say and don’t do as I tell you, I’ll —”

“What’s the matter, Taffy?” asked Reggy, feeling in a way responsible for the bookmaker’s behaviour.

But Taffy was listening at the telephone. “Yes; Money-Spider, I tell you. All you can get on.” “And a bit for me, Taffy,” said Reggy. “Right; and going halves with Mr. Reginald Bunce D’ye hear?” “Yes; a thou’ if you can. Whew!” he whistled again.

“What is it, Taffy?” asked Reggy.

“Come here,” he replied (and as they passed Watkins, “All right, Watkins, I’ve got on a fiver for you”), “come here. Did you hear ’im say as the mad un upstairs said ‘Money-Spider’? Why, that’s the very name they’re going to give the Arachne colt, and it’s a rank outsider for the Eclipse, and at all Jehoshaphat to nothing. We’re on for a thou’—and we’ll pouch it, see we don’t.” Like

nearly every other betting man Mr. Davies was fanatically superstitious, and the accidental mention of the name was quite sufficient to put him on to the horse. And so, frantic with excitement about a dying man when he went up the stairs, Reggy went down them thinking only of the odds on the horses for the Eclipse.

Not so poor Tweezer, who was crushed. "I shall be all day at that public-house opposite," he said to the surgeon, "on behalf of Mr. Bunce. I will keep the commissionaire here in case it should be possible for me to speak to Mr. Stamps."

"Very good," said the surgeon, and the great doors closed behind them.

"And such a splendid case too! Just my accursed luck! I might have held my head up again if that had gone through." And thus dismally desponding, Reggy left him sitting on a bench in the sanded tap-room of the public-house, while he went to telegraph to his aunt not to worry herself, but to come up to town at once. And then he came back and joined Tweezer, and the two knocked their heads together over the letters that they had so strangely come by, and at the end they were no wiser than they had been before.

The letter to Reggy was short. "I had the honour," said the writer, "of enjoying your father's esteem, and for many years the complete confidence of your uncle, and it is therefore with a corresponding sense of humiliation that I now appeal to your generosity as the son and nephew of two of my oldest and best friends to allow bygones to be bygones, and for the sake of long and faithful service to your family to forgive an old man's lapse from honesty, and to screen his name and memory as much as possible from public shame." And there was a postscript: "There will be a surplus over from the cheque which I have forwarded to Mrs. Bunce, and I should wish this given to the Vicar to assist in the restoration of my old parish church, where I had hoped one day to be laid honourably to rest among my own kith and kin."

The letter to Mr. Tweezer was shorter still. Apologising on so brief an acquaintance for asking a service, he sought that gentleman's good offices (knowing him to be in the confidence of Mr. Reginald Bunce) to revisit Nutborough, remove from the office records all evidences of irregularities (now made good), to assist in disposing of the business at the best price he could, and, after repaying himself for these invaluable services, to lodge the balance to his credit under a certain name at the Federal Bank of Philadelphia.

No wonder they were puzzled.

To understand what had happened we must go back to Nut-

borough, where we left Mr. Stamps awaiting Colonel Barbecue's return. Reggy and Mr. Tweezer had been gone about a fortnight when one morning, under the heading "Disasters at Sea," the solicitor read, and every fibre of his body trembled with excitement as he read, that the *Tortoise* had gone down with all hands and passengers. The wreck was witnessed from the Pento lighthouse, but it was impossible to render assistance ; and among the names of the passengers whose bodies had been recovered the solicitor read, "Colonel Barbecue and his only son, Mr. Arthur Barbecue, with his wife and infant child."

All gone ! and Flora Bunce and Reggy heirs to £150,000 !

Mr. Stamps saw at once how, by a single bold stroke, he could retrieve the past, and be sufficiently enriched to retire (somewhere abroad) on a handsome income. That very day he lunched with the widow, and before going "ventured to bother her with business just for *one* minute—only a couple of signatures, nothing more. Yes, *there*—yes—thank you; and *there*—thank you. That's all."

Even Mrs. Bunce ought to have seen that the solicitor's hands were trembling as he presented the corner of each document for her signature, covering the rest with the blotting paper. But she didn't.

"Oh !" she cried suddenly, and so suddenly that Mr. Stamps, in his nervous excitement, nearly fell over backwards. "Look ! there's a money-spider ! There's money coming to me !"

To her astonishment the grave man of law rushed towards her. "Where ? where ?" he fairly shrieked. "Kill it ! kill it !"

"No, no," laughed the widow, "it's lucky to have one."

"Kill it ! kill it !" cried Mr. Stamps, trying through his glasses to catch sight of the tiny insect, which by this time was tripping gaily across the widow's open palm.

"Indeed I won't," said she, amused ; "I've got it in my hand, and I'm not going to kill it. Besides, I want the money, for I'm going to repair the church. I've promised the Vicar I will."

She looked up from the wee black speck—that vanished, as she did so, among the lace on her wrist—at the solicitor, and to her amazement he was holding on to the table with both hands, as pale as a ghost, and breathing heavily, "and for all the world like a man going to have a fit."

She jumped up, helped Mr. Stamps to a chair, rang the bell, and ordered some wine. By the time it came the solicitor had so far recovered as to laugh a ghastly laugh and wipe his forehead.

And in a few minutes he seemed himself again, apologised for

his absurd behaviour, and explained how all his life he had been influenced by stupid superstitions.

“I don't think they're stupid at all,” said the widow; “I like superstitions, and money-spiders above all.”

A twinge crossed her visitor's face, and he went on and told her how once he had lost all the will business of a wealthy client by not going to him on a Friday, because as he was starting he passed two cross-eyed men; and how on another day he missed a bargain in a sale of house property by meeting a funeral and going back to his office.

Altogether, when he was gone, Mrs. Bunce was astonished that so solemn and serious a man of business as Mr. Jabez Stamps should be so absurdly upset over a money-spider. “And want to kill it too, my dear,” said she to Mrs. Rutherford, her companion and confidante. “You should really have seen him. I thought he had taken leave of his wits. *But he didn't kill it.*”

Meanwhile Mr. Jabez Stamps had got all he wanted, and having seen his clerk and a needy client who dropped in “witness” the signatures—“a mere matter of form only”—made off to London as speedily as possible.

Next day he saw the Syndicate, and as power of attorney from the heirs of Colonel Barbecue transferred, pending probate, the estates in Barbados for £150,000. Both sides to the bargain were in real earnest about closing it, and agreed that delay must at all costs be avoided, as the estates, being a going concern, had to be taken in hand at once; and all the papers having been duly prepared pending the Colonel's return, three or four days sufficed to see the widow and the orphan robbed of their fortune, and the whole sum banked to the credit of the rogue.

And that night the Syndicate and Mr. Stamps dined together royally at the most expensive table in London, and some time after midnight parted on the best of all possible terms with themselves, each other, and the world in general.

On reaching his hotel the solicitor sat down, and drawing a cheque for £50,000 in favour of Mrs. Bunce, wrote that lady a letter which, if it had reached her with no one near to reassure her, would assuredly have brought the widow to the verge of lunacy, opening up as it did interminable vistas of “legal business.”

Briefly, and omitting all the sanctimonious expressions, it stated that he, Jabez Stamps, had been led away by temptation to speculate with her fortune, that the exact amount he had gambled with and lost was under £50,000, that he had never had a happy day since

he commenced his course of dishonesty, that fortunately, before it was too late, and while he was still in a position to do it, he had repented of his conduct, and that he enclosed a cheque, payable at sight, for the full amount of £50,000, and the cheque was duly enclosed.

Then he wrote the letters to Reggy and Mr. Tweezer that had so astonished those gentlemen ; and finally he drew up a paragraph for insertion in the *Bumpshire Chronicle and County Gazette*, to the effect that their worthy and much respected fellow-townsmen, Mr. Jabez Stamps, had received news of so distressing a character regarding his only child, a daughter who had married and settled in Australia, that he had left at once for the Antipodes.

When his work was finished the man of law read the letters carefully over, lingering admiringly over the frequent Biblical references to "Christian charity" and "repentant sinner" which they contained ; and, half persuaded that he was really a most virtuous person, went to bed. "Better," he said to himself as he went to sleep, "to be left unmolested with £100,000, than be hunted up and worried for the odd £50,000." So it certainly was.

Next morning he awoke, feeling as brisk and bright as possible, and after breakfast went forth, first to one hairdresser, who took off his whiskers and beard, and then to another, who dyed his sandy locks, and then got into a cab to go to the bank to arrange for the transfer of his balances, and, that completed, to do some shopping, take his passage by the steamer sailing next day, and to post his letters.

But the day went very differently for Jabez Stamps.

He was lying back in his hansom well content, and planning a life of ease abroad, when in an instant there was a crash, the whole Embankment, with the trees on it and the vehicles, seemed to be flung up into the air in chaos, a terrible stunning roar seemed to strike his head—and that was all. He never reached the bank to transfer the money.

But, days afterwards, with a dull and horrible humming in his ears, he awoke, in a dark room in St. Patrick's Hospital. It was called the Dying Ward. But he didn't know that. There were figures by his bedside ; he did not know who they were ; he could remember nothing. His poor pale lips would try to speak, but only one intelligible word escaped them—Money-spider. And so he died. And they took his body back to Nutborough, and buried him among his own folk ; and nobody else ever heard of the disgrace from which he had so narrowly escaped by death.

On going to the bank Mr. Tweezer found the full amount of the money, untouched, lying to the credit of Mrs. Bunce's power of attorney, now himself ; and among the papers in Mr. Stamps's bag were all the documents, in perfect order, of the transfer of the Barbados estate. So the widow came by her own again.

And Money-spider? He turned out a demon ; and when he had got the race in hand, bolted off the course, got rid of his jockey at the rails, and, according to Mr. Davies, "when last seen was heading straight for New Jerusalem."

CLOUD, FOG, AND HAZE.

UNTIL recently, very little was accurately known about these familiar phenomena. "A cloud is just a cloud, a fog is just a fog, and a haze is just a haze," is what the ordinary observer might readily answer when asked about them ; and the scientist could really say very little more as to their formation and nature. The phenomena known as haze, fog, and cloud, with their development into mist and rain, cannot be definitely discriminated ; they are different in appearance and structure, yet to a great extent the difference is in degree, not in character. Not even the most experienced observer in the country can differentiate the determining boundary of each. In fact, they are, popularly speaking, only the successive development of the same process.

The material essentials for the formation of haze, fog, and cloud are dust-particles and water-vapour. Dust in the atmosphere produces a haze ; and the thickness of a haze of this kind principally depends on the amount of dust present, when the relative humidity of the atmosphere is very low. But as the water-vapour in the air increases, the dust-particles have more moisture to seize ; and, by a wonderfully keen affinity, they secure this moisture, so as to form larger particles, called, in the aggregate, a fog. When in this state, the thickness of the fog depends principally on the degree of saturation of the atmosphere. Between the haze and the fog, however, there is no distinction in kind, the difference of appearance being mainly one of degree. After the air is saturated, and the conditions are such as to cause supersaturation, a few of the dust-particles have so much water deposited on them that they form cloud-particles, in which the original solid element is infinitesimally small compared with the liquid element. When the particles in the cloud combine, they fall as ordinary rain.

Without dust there could be no fogs—only dew on the grass and road. Our bodies would be always dripping. The cleanly house-keeper would be more irritated by the ever-clammy walls and wet floors than by the dust-enemy with which she hourly wages war. If steam

be admitted into a glass vessel containing filtered air (that is, air purified of the dust-particles by being driven through cotton-wool), you see nothing ; the chamber is quite clear and transparent. But if steam be admitted into a glass vessel containing common air, a dense cloud rises, and a beautiful white fog is formed within it. In the filtered air there is no dust to seize the water-vapour of the steam ; in the common air thousands of dust-particles lay hold of the moisture with greedy affinity. The fine particles of dust in the air, then, act as free-surfaces on which the water-vapour, under certain conditions, condenses into fog. Every fog-particle, therefore, has embodied in it an invisible dust-particle. Such a condition of the atmosphere may alarm some ; yet it is true. Our breath on a cold morning soon makes the dust-particles reveal themselves to the sight ; the steam from the tea-urn shows their presence.

One of the most remarkable discoveries in modern times in the sphere of meteorology is the counting of dust-particles in air. This has been ingeniously effected by Scotland's most brilliant ultra-university scientist, Mr. John Aitken, F.R.S., of Falkirk. He has been able to enumerate the "gay motes that people the sunbeams." For elaborate investigations he has constructed an instrument which can determine millions of dust-particles in a cubic inch of some specimens of air ; but he has been able to make a pocket "dust-counter" which is not much larger than a well-filled cigar-case, for ordinary purposes. After thousands upon thousands of experiments, he has never found air, even on the Scotch or Swiss mountains, without many dust-particles suspended. In an ordinary room in Edinburgh there are from one to four millions of particles in the cubic inch. Eighty millions have been determined in a cubic inch of air near a gas-heated ceiling ; and close on five hundred millions were counted in a cubic inch of air rising from the flame of a Bunsen burner. On the Rigi Kulm, near Lake Lucerne, he found as few as 3,360 particles in the cubic inch, and on the top of Ben Nevis the lowest number was 5,360. The lowest number counted by him anywhere was 3,280 in the cubic inch of air at Kingairloch, in Argyleshire. It is a blessing that most of these are inorganic ; yet by the culture in gelatine of the organic particles, an astonishing number of living germs can be detected, especially in the foul air of close lanes, crowded schools, and filthy bedrooms. Of course a very small proportion of the dust-particles seize hold of the water-vapour to form the fog-particles ; there is never moisture enough for all, otherwise we should never be able to travel from one place to another—darkness visible would be the universe.

Why is it, then, that one hears of a *dry* fog? Is it not always moist? No. In many fogs, when all exposed surfaces are quite dry, there are great quantities of water-particles in the air, ever falling. These drops, however, are so very minute that they are invisible under ordinary conditions, and, being so extremely small, they evaporate as soon as they approach the exposed surfaces, which are more or less heated by radiation. A simple instrument can be constructed for counting them. It consists of a glass micrometer, divided into squares of a known size, a spot-mirror below to illuminate it, and a strong magnifying lens to detect the drops on the stage. In a fog so thick that objects beyond 100 yards were quite invisible, the surfaces of bodies exposed in the open air have been found dry; yet no fewer than 300 drops per second have been observed falling on a square inch of the stage. Of course this high number did not last for long, and very soon it fell to a tenth part. On the occasion of that particular observation, the number of dust-particles in the air was very high, varying from 720,000 to 1,250,000 in the cubic inch. The number of water-particles in a fog, therefore, seems to be very large, and it is difficult for anyone except an experienced observer to imagine how they can evaporate so quickly that they do not wet the exposed surfaces. But it must be borne in mind that the particles are extremely small—so small that they are not felt to fall at all on the face of the observer.

But this is even more remarkable in the case of cloud-particles, where the drops are larger. Yet the number in clouds is very unsteady. Though the number of dust-particles in the air will keep pretty uniform for intervals of several hours, in clouds they are observed to vary every few minutes. Why is this? Mr. Aitken took careful observations of the air in a cumulus cloud on the Rigi Kulm, and also of the clear air immediately outside of it. That is easily done on a cloud-capped mountain; the observer has only to descend below the cloud to reach the clear air. Near the lower limit of the cloud there were sometimes about six times as many dust-particles in the cloud as in the clear air. This simply meant that the ascending air from the valley was both moist and dusty. The clouds which form during the day on hill-tops are mostly composed of valley air, which has ascended to the upper regions, expanded, cooled, and condensed part of its vapour.

The cloud-particles can be counted as easily on the mountain-top as the fog-particles in the valley below. A similar instrument is employed. The number varies from time to time. The denser the cloud the greater is the number of drops falling; as the cloud thins

away, the number gradually diminishes. Very heavy falls seldom last more than a few seconds; but Mr. Aitken on the Rigi Kulm counted 1,200 drops per second upon the square inch of the stage. This, it will be observed, is *four* times the highest number counted in a fog. On that occasion the number of dust-particles was about 50,000 per cubic inch.

Though one can speak of a dry fog, it is not so intelligible to think of a dry cloud. Yet surfaces are sometimes exposed in a cloud without becoming wet. Many are familiar with the drenching which a real Highland mist gives in a short time; and one might naturally expect that a cloud would wet exposed objects to some extent. The air is packed full of water-drops, showering down at the rate of thousands of drops to the square inch every minute; yet exposed surfaces are frequently as dry as in a fog. This seems like a contradiction of terms. Cloud-particles are always falling, yet objects exposed are not covered with the moisture. Why is this? What is the cause of the peculiarly paradoxical phenomenon? It is radiant heat. The sun's rays, falling upon the upper surface of a cloud, are partly absorbed by the cloud, but a good deal of the heat penetrates the cloud and reaches the bodies below. These thus become heated in turn, and throw out heat into the superincumbent air. When, then, the cloud-particles fall into this warm stratum of air, they are evaporated, and the dust-nuclei remain invisible and dry. There may, therefore, be continuous showers of fine rain falling into the warm stratum of air which floats on the surface of bodies without getting down to moisten these exposed objects. In fact, *it always rains*.

It is pretty conclusively ascertained that the density of a cloud depends principally on the number of water-particles, and not so much on the number of dust-particles. In the observations already described, whenever the water-particles fell at the rate of about 1,000 per square inch per second, the limit of visibility in the cloud was about 30 yards; and as the limit of visibility increased, the rate of fall decreased. Comparing this with the results indicated in the observations made on the fog, a curious fact is noticed. An object could be discernible through only 30 yards of the cloud, whereas in the fog it was discernible 100 yards. The number of dust-particles in the cubic inch of the cloud-air was 50,000, whereas in the fog-air the number was 1,250,000; thus the number of dust-particles on the top of the mountain was only a twenty-fifth part of the number at the bottom. Yet the number of cloud-particles at the summit was four times the number of fog-particles at the base of the mountain. It would thus appear that in

cloudy condensation the thickness depends chiefly on the number of water-particles, and only in a secondary way on the number of dust-particles. These are important facts, which till very recently were quite unknown.

The other day Mr. Aitken laid before the Royal Society of Edinburgh the results of fifteen thousand observations made in different parts of the world during the last few years. This is a monument of patient observation, unfortunately made in his search for health. It must be kept in mind that the greater number of dust-particles found in the air the greater is the condensation of the vapour and the thicker is the atmosphere. The limit of visibility through the haze is thus determined. Mountains are fixed upon which are at known distances from the observer, say, 20, 50 and 70 miles. If the nearest mountain is just visible, the limit is 20; if half visible, the limit is 40; if the third part only of the farthest mountain is visible, the limit of visibility is 210, and so on. The observations were made at Kingairloch and Alford, in Scotland, and at Rigi Kulm, in Switzerland. If these were absolutely accurate, both as to the counting of the dust-particles and the determination of the limit of visibility through the haze, then the product of the number of particles in a cubic inch multiplied by the number representing the limit should be a constant. The nearer the perfect accuracy the nearer is the constant thus determined to the average of the constants. For example, at Kingairloch, when the air was very dry (humidity from 7 deg. to 10 deg.), the number of dust-particles per cubic inch was 23,680; when the limit of visibility was 100; therefore the constant (the product of these numbers) is 2,368,000. Now, the average for several hundreds of observations, when the limit of visibility varied from 13 to 250, was 2,250,048, which shows the closeness of the observations. Again, at Alford, with the same humidity, the mean of hundreds of observations brought out 1,998,736 as the constant; and at Rigi Kulm the constant was 1,987,376—a remarkably close figure indeed. This remarkable result is a sufficient test of the accuracy of Mr. Aitken's observations in counting particles and in determining distances.

The well-known phenomenon of haze occurs when the air is not saturated, but when moisture is still deposited on the dust-particles. The temperature requires to be down to the dew-point before the fog can be formed. There is, however, no hard and fast line between what we call clear air and haze. There is some haze in the clearest air, otherwise we should look into a gloomy blackness instead of the gloriously deep blue when we turn our eyes to the

zenith on a summer day. The distinguishing characteristic of haze is the deposition of the moisture on the dust-particles at a warmer stage than when fog-particles can be formed. Hot weather, therefore, is very frequently accompanied by a thick haze. All observers are familiar with this phenomenon. The vibratory movement in the air above the horizon on a hot summer day indicates one stage of the haze. The exceptional weather in March last was particularly favourable for the study of the phenomenon. In our observations in Strathmore, Scotland, we were specially fortunate; for the temperature during the day and at night was exceptionally different. For nearly a fortnight, it registered from 5 deg. to 12 deg. of frost at midnight, while at midday the thermometer was frequently above 100 deg. Fahr. in the sun. Even in the afternoon, we registered 55 deg. (in the shade) at five o'clock, and 39 deg. at seven o'clock, a fall of 16 deg. in the shade during these two hours. In the morning hoar-frost lay heavy on the ground; but suddenly the sun's rays pierced through the cloudless sky. The hoar-frost by the action of the heat soon "melted, thawed, and resolved itself into a dew." This evaporated in intensely fine particles of moisture. The air soon became sultry with what the natives of the district call "frosty heat," and a fine haze was formed. Gradually this deepened as the heat increased, until the lower ridge of the Grampians went beyond the limit of visibility. When the sun was at its height the haze was intensely thick, yet it never went into a fog.

So fine is the gauzy texture of a waving summer haze, that it is not so easy to observe its gradual formation; yet in all cases it is formed in certain temperatures, though unperceived, before the fog or the cloud. Occasionally, however, the gradual process can be determined to a considerable extent. When the air is damp and still, the successive stages of the condensation can be noted in close proximity, gliding on and thickening by imperceptible degrees from lucid transparency to flimsy haze, then dimming fog and saddening cloud, ultimately clearing itself in a bright shower of rain, like the shifting stages of a fairy transformation scene. Verily "there is nothing new under the sun" in nature, for the circularity of water ever continues. The rain that falls is soon again evaporated by the sun's genial heat, to saturate the air for a fresh haze, fog, cloud, and rainfall. The writer of "Ecclesiastes" had been a careful observer of nature.

There is a strongly marked difference between a country fog and a town fog; even the most casual observer must have noticed that. The former is vanishing, the latter is persistent; the former parts with

its vapour the more freely the smaller it is, the latter clings the more tenaciously to its vapour the smaller it is ; the former tends to produce a minimum number of water-particles, with a greater tendency to fall, the latter a maximum number, with a reluctance to leave the floating position. In the former there is a tendency to part with the water-vapour, in the latter there is a keen struggle to seize and keep hold of it ; the former tries to rain away, the latter holds on firmly to give torture to mankind ; the former is chastely brilliant, the latter is dirtily dull. With a vanishing country fog there is no inconvenience, but with a persistent town fog there is danger as well as annoyance. The density and persistence of a town fog are affected by the rate and constancy of the direction of the air circulation, the rise and fall of the temperature, the rate at which the condensation is taking place, and the affinity of the condensing nuclei for water-vapour. This last is the only influence which it is within the power of man to regulate, and even that with difficulty and skill. It is not the matter of smoke that makes the town fog so much more dense and persistent, though that to some extent causes the peculiar colour which is unmistakable as being born of city life ; it is the intense affinity of the particles of dust in the town air for water-vapour. The country fog, though there may be plenty of nuclei present, is a coarse-grained form of condensation, for all the condensing vapour is collected on comparatively few centres ; whereas in a town fog, the vapour being distributed over an almost infinite number of centres, gives rise to a fine-grained structure, with great light-obstructing powers, and remarkable persistence. It is the composition of the particles that the sanitist has to fear. Numerous particles of dust which have no affinity for water-vapour can give a dense fogging only when the rate of condensation is much more rapid than is ever experienced in nature ; whereas particles having an affinity for vapour cause dense fogging under all rates of condensation.

With regard to the calamity of town fogs, the disease has been diagnosed ; but what is the remedy, and how is the treatment to be carried out ? The particles which have a keen affinity for water-vapour must be removed or lessened in number ; and that can be done by altering the composition of the products of combustion. Before the particles are thrown into the atmosphere, they must have their keen affinity for water-vapour destroyed. The battle against fogs must be fought on that field. There is no doubt that the sulphur in the coals is the most fruitful generator of fogs. It has a very sensitive affinity for water-vapour. Now, if one only considers that $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of ordinary coal is sulphur, some idea can be had of the

manufacture of fog in a quiet and humid atmosphere. In cities like London or Glasgow, where an extensive river flows through, reeking with filth, and throwing warm vapour in the air, fogs will never cease, though sulphur aggravates them very much. In such cases the river-bed is warm, partly due, no doubt, to the constant flow of warm water into it from manufactories. The air is heated by the fires of all sorts in calm weather. A current of cold air passes over the city, and mixes with the warm saturated air ; and the resulting temperature is lower than that which prevailed before. The condensation takes place, and soon is the city wrapped in a "pea-soup" fog, to last, perhaps, for days. In the country the fogs are white and pure, but in the cities they are grey and dark with smoke. The colour of the sun's disc, as seen through a Highland fog, is unsullied by impurities, though its rays are rendered powerless by the dense mass that intervenes ; but in a large city it varies from a light pink to a dirty red, according as it is observed in a comparatively clear part of the city, or in a busy, smoky atmosphere.

It is now ascertained beyond doubt that sulphur from the consumed coals is the active producer of the dense and persistent fogs in London and Glasgow, and other large cities, combined, of course, with the low situation, the warm river, and the calm air to be there found. The burnt sulphur condenses the air in very fine particles, and the quantity of burnt sulphur is enormous. About seven and a half millions of tons of coals are annually consumed in London. That means that 93,750 tons of sulphur are burned every year in London fires. If we consider that, on an average, twice the quantity of coal is there consumed on a winter day that is consumed on a summer day, no less than 347 tons of the products of combustion of sulphur (in extremely fine particles) are thrown into the London atmosphere every winter day. That quantity is simply incredible, true as the report is. It is astounding to think of the vast millions of particles that are vomited out every second, thirsting for water to form fog. And this accounts for the persistent fogs that are the curse of London in mild weather.

It is curious to notice that in the year 1661 John Evelyn, F.R.S., petitioned the King in favour of taking drastic measures to subdue the smoke nuisance in London ; and it seems a most extraordinary and unaccountable fact that now, in 1894, two hundred and thirty-three years later, matters are infinitely worse, instead of better than they were. He refers to the fact that the "smutty atomes" are destroying the orchards about the Strand and Barbican, and compares the city of London to the "face of Mount Etna, the Court of

Vulcan, Stromboli, or the suburbs of Hell.” In reference to the increased death-rate from smoke, he remarks : “ How frequently do we hear men say, ‘ He went up to London and took a great cold, which he could never afterwards clear off again.’ ” In dedicating his article on “ Fumifugium ” to the King, Evelyn speaks strongly of the injurious effects of the smoke and fog on the health of the Royal household. “ Nor must I forget,” he says, “ that illustrious and divine Princesse, your Majesties only sister, the now Dutchesse of Orleans, who, at her highness late being in this city, did in my hearing, complain of the effects of this smoke both in her breast and lungs, while she was in your Majesties palace.”

There is no doubt that foggy weather is prejudicial to human life, apart from the actual cold, by the irritating action of the sulphur and soot on the respiratory passages ; by the withdrawal of light from our daily life, with corresponding mental depression ; by the “ fog diarrhœa,” occasioned by the sewer emanations ; and by the increase of the carbonic acid. The death-rate is increased by the accidents attendant on the fogs. Men fall into the river, deaths on the railway are increased, people get run over in the street, and so on. There is a loss of money to railway companies, steamship owners and merchants, besides a considerable amount of valuable time.

But as for a remedy, how are the fogs to be removed ? Nature is the best clearer of the nuisance. During this last winter the fogs have been nothing compared with those of 1890 and 1891, because the winds have been persistently keen and dust-removing. The Herculean power has been at work in the Augean stables of the city, and thousands of pounds have been saved by the mystic influence of the unseen agent. Of course, electricity can bring down the smoke in the atmosphere ; but the quantity is so infinitesimal that it is practically absurd to think of using this in cities. There is little doubt that in ordinary winters all that can be done is to minimise the output of soot and of such gases as are accidental products of combustion ; and the only way to do this seems to be the compulsory use of properly constructed grates, and of a certain kind of coal in dwelling-houses. We have already legislated for the proper stoking of manufactory fires. What we ought to have is legislation upon house-fires ; and until we get it, nothing whatever can be done to improve the existing state of matters.

Mr. Aitken has shown by valuable experiments, both with the dust-counter and by the hazing effects, that the smoke in Glasgow and Edinburgh reaches Falkirk ; that north-west of that town the air is generally pretty clear of haze ; but that in the other directions the

haze is rarely absent. One would scarcely believe that the contamination could be carried more than twenty miles ; yet such is unquestionably the case. Still, smoke can be consumed ; and no less than £200,000 per annum might be saved in Glasgow by the consumption of smoke, after the apparatus has been constructed.

Yet, after all, we must face the fact that in large cities we can never entirely get rid of fog, owing to the rivers and climate. But we can reduce its unpleasantness, its inconvenience, and, to some extent, its danger to life ; and this can only be effected by a strong Government measure. It is really tantalising for city people enveloped in dense fogs to know that, outside in the country at the same time, the sun shines brilliantly, the barometer is high, and calm, fine weather reigns. But why should the people not act in unison against the common enemy ? Surely the very excess of the evil will one day arouse a desperate resolve to make what is nobody's business part of the civic business for the common good. By united effort in securing Parliamentary orders, the inhabitants of Glasgow may yet rejoice in having their streets as free from smoke as those in Calcutta, with buildings no longer begrimed, but shining in the sun ; and the dwellers in London may yet delight in the sweetness of the city air, as if, in the words of Evelyn, "by a certain charm or innocent magick, they were transferred to that part of Arabia which is styled the Happy, because it is amongst the gums and precious spices."

J. G. M^CPERSON.

THE INDIAN CENSUS OF 1891.

THE importance of the decennial enumerations of the Indian peoples, in respect of their religions, their literacy, their occupations, their migrations, and their physical infirmities, can scarcely be exaggerated. For the numbers furnish evidence as to the moral and material condition of the people which it is the effort of a good Government to improve. It is not permitted to the officials who deal with the compiled statistics and the reports to be entirely impartial in the enumeration of the deductions drawn from the figures before them. The inclination is naturally, and often unconsciously, to throw a strong light upon such facts as seem to give evidence of progress under a beneficent administration, and to shade such as savour of unfavourable reactions. In the present instance the impartial reader of the reports must admit that on the whole they furnish food for satisfaction ; that if progress has, in the epoch under review, not been very marked, there is at least no sign of retrogression. If we compare, as we shall do later on, the figures of the census with the statistics of trade, we think it will be possible to claim that under the present Government of India the country has, in the decade 1881-1891, reasonably prospered. Apart from the broad features presented by the census, the reports abound in interesting and curious details of caste practice, and of social and religious customs. In a brief paper like the present a few quotations in regard to these can only be made, but it may be observed that the reader who can afford time to peruse the series of volumes from which the general report of the census is compiled, as well as the latter, will be amply rewarded by the complete acquaintance with the elements composing our Indian Empire which is in this way to be obtained.

The attitude of the people towards the census enumerators is reported to have been distinctly helpful; in many cases total indifference was exhibited. The suspicion formerly current would seem to have died out. Here and there curious reports were in circulation as to the motive for the census. In Mandla, for example, it was thought that all young girls of a marriageable age were to be kid-

napped ; in Raigurh, that a human sacrifice was required to appease a bloodthirsty goddess, and such persons as were not recorded in the books would be sacrificed ; at Bilaspur it was said that all persons not found in their houses on census night would forfeit their landed property ; in another part of the country an idea was afloat that Government having annexed Upper Burma would send every tenth man, woman, and child to colonise their new possession.

The first synchronous enumeration of the people of India was made on February 17, 1881. There had been previous counts, but effected at different times and by independent agencies, consequently no uniformity had been secured in the arrangement of the statistics obtained. The census under review was taken on February 26, 1891, nine days later than the termination of the epoch of ten years, which was due to the fact that it was necessary to select a moonlight night for the operations. The total population of India (including the Native States) in 1881 was 253,793,514, and in 1891, 287,179,715, an increase in ten years of 33,386,201. This is not entirely due to excess of births over deaths among the enumerated population of 1881. The annexation of Upper Burma in 1885 added 3,063,426 souls to the Indian Empire, and some tracts were not numbered in 1881. Of the population counted in that year the increase has been 27,821,420, showing the average annual rate per cent. to be 1.09. If maintained, this rate would double the population in about ninety-two years. It would appear that even in the densest districts of Bengal food is still forthcoming for the new generation, and with an average density throughout the country of 184 persons to the square mile, India was able last year to export from Bombay alone 450,000 tons of wheat. At the same time, although the question is one not within the scope of the census, it must not be forgotten that an immense number of the people go through life with insufficient food. This fact, coupled with the difficulty which exists in providing new occupations by which industrial products in demand elsewhere may be sent abroad in exchange for food, makes it doubtful, as says Mr. Baines, the Census Reporter, whether the rate of increase now shown will be maintained. He adds, however, that at present the occupied tract has not probably reached the limit of its productiveness. In Burma, according to Mr. Eales, the excess of the average earning power over the average cost of living is greater than in any other Indian province, probably higher than in England ; pauperism is unknown, hospitality general ; and the province has naturally attracted much emigration from India.

It will be of interest in this connection to treat briefly of the

causes affecting the birth and death rates of the people of India, which have been investigated in the provincial censuses, and reviewed by Mr. Baines in his imperial report.

As regards the births. Marriage, as is well known, is a universal duty. With the Hindus it is a principle of religion to beget a son ; the father's future state is dependent upon the performance of obsequies by his son. The forest tribes as they come into contact with Brahmanism adopt the general practice. Mahomedans, mostly converts from Brahmanism, have not abandoned it ; and, as Mr. Baines points out, to this universality of marriage, not to the early age of marriage, is to be attributed the enormous number of births. Of women in India between fifteen and twenty-five years of age, 87 per cent. are married ; in Europe the highest proportion, 22 per cent., is found in France.

In regard to offspring, men of the higher castes are said to be almost as prudent as the majority of European races ; but among the lower classes reproduction is unrestrained. Infanticide is not now known to be practised, but there are grounds for believing that female infants are sometimes wilfully neglected. Mr. O'Donnell, the superintendent of the Bengal Census, finds high birth rates existing among the Mahomedans and aboriginal tribes, and attributes them to the absence of all restriction on widow marriage, which is discountenanced by Hindus. The Musalman, with his more varied and nutritious dietary, is probably in addition a more vigorous man than the Hindu. In Burma, where food is plentiful and life easy, the population is increasing by 2·19 per cent. per annum. The high death rate is by general agreement said to be due largely to excessive mortality among infants of both sexes, and among young mothers in childbirth. In India 26 per cent. of the children born do not live twelve months ; in England the percentage is 15·6. Many girls are conjectured to die unattended. In the Punjab, Mr. Maclagan supposes the habit of neglecting female infants to be most rife in the centre of the province among the Sikhs. On the other hand, although more males are born than females, there is a higher mortality in the first year of life among the former than the latter. Boys are said to be more difficult to rear. There is in Bengal heavy mortality among the Mahomedans owing to the prolificness of the women in early life ; out of 10,000 women 781 only live beyond 50 years of age, and among the Hindus 1,283. It is well known that throughout India generally husbands cohabit with their wives after the first signs of puberty of the latter, and consequently undue demands are made upon the physical strength of females, which lead to premature decay. Thus,

as Mr. Baines remarks, the early age of marriage abbreviates the mean lifetime of a generation. Out of thirteen millions of girls between ten and fifteen years of age, 49·5 per cent. are married and 1·5 per cent. are widows. Among diseases peculiarly rife in India, cholera causes 309,000 deaths yearly, smallpox 126,750, and fevers 3,397,300. As illustrative of dangers peculiar to tropical countries, it may be remarked that 20,000 people die yearly from snake bite. Regarding the general increase of the population, a material change has been effected by the complete organisation of famine relief which has of late years been introduced, and by the improved communications by which food supplies can be transported from fruitful to deficient districts. In the famine of 1877-79, the Mysore province alone, then ill supplied with railways, lost one-fifth, or 1,000,000, of its population. Disasters of such magnitude do not now occur.

The rates of increase of the Hindus, Sikhs, and Parsis are less than the mean rate for the whole population, while those of the Jains, Musalmans, Christians, and Jews are above it. Christians have increased by one-fifth in the ten years. One probable cause of the higher rate among the Musalmans has been mentioned above ; but, according to Mr. O'Donnell, in Bengal proper, in longevity, the Hindus have the advantage over the Musalmans. The Forest or Aboriginal tribes show a very large increase in the ten years, but part of this is not real, but due to more exact returns for Bengal and Burma ; and it is said that while the Negritic or Dravidian races tend to increase rapidly, the Mongoloid people of Bengal, except where they have adopted Mahomedanism, tend to decay.

There are some interesting speculations in the census reports as to the circumstances which determine sex at conception ; the hypothesis is ventured, and supported, Mr. Baines thinks, where birth registration is best exemplified in the case of the Madras Presidency, that male births have a tendency to increase relatively to female as the amount of nutrition gets lower among the people ; the converse produces a tendency to female births. Further known facts dispose to the belief that the superior age of most husbands to that of the wives in India leads to more males being born ; and this theory finds support from the fact that female births are more numerous among the hill tribes, where the ages of the sexes at marriage are more even. Still Mr. Baines does not consider that there is sufficient evidence to permit of assertion of this view. Yet another idea has been put forth to account for the excess of male births, namely, that of inherited volition ; the desire for male offspring among the Hindus, associated with religious notions, has,

from perpetuation through many generations, determined a constitutional tendency. Mr. Baines, however, rightly disregards this influence as a potent one, for it cannot, with respect to the preservation of the race, exclusively prevail. In the parts enumerated, in both 1881 and 1891, males are returned as 129,899,318 and 143,887,849, and females as 123,894,196 and 137,727,085, the percentage annual increase for the former being 1.08, and for the latter 1.11. Thus the disparity between the sexes is either becoming less by natural processes, or there is now less reluctance to furnish details regarding females to the enumerators. Among the Buddhists, Forest tribes, Parsis, and Jews the numbers of each sex nearly approach equality. Looking to the future increase of the population and to past mortality in childhood, an important fact may be deduced from the statistics for children of certain ages. The census of 1891 shows 29,945,816 children of ages between ten and fourteen years. This number relatively to the whole population shows an increase of two millions above what is due to the mean rate of increase of the people. More children now live to reach ten years of age than did in 1881 in families generally. This fact would seem to show that the conditions under which young children live in India have improved during the epoch, and to imply progress in the material welfare of the parents.

The area of the Indian Empire is now put down at one and a half million square miles. With a population of over 287 millions there is thus an average density of 184 per square mile. In France it is 188. But the average for India by no means gives an idea of the relative densities of different parts of the country; forest, mountain, and sandy tracts are but scantily populated, while ground that is annually inundated and easily cultivated is overcrowded. But even in such districts the wealth of food obtained has been so large as to admit of newcomers. In Dacca the number of souls per square mile has increased in the ten years from 713 to 865; in Patna from 705 to 852; in Mozufferpur from 825 to 912; and in Sarun from 843 to 930. Broadly speaking, had any great pressure in fruitful areas been experienced by the people in finding a livelihood the fact would have been demonstrated by increased immigration. This during the ten years has not been large. The fact has been ascertained by finding out what people are living in provinces other than those in which they were born. It is true that in this way only the inter-provincial immigration is known, but it may be accepted as typical of the general tendency. Here it should be observed that a very large number of the aliens are wives who, for the sake of acceptable

alliances, are married far from their birthplaces. The figures for immigrants, exclusive of the Punjab and of Native States for which no figures existed in 1881, are 5,290,244 in 1891, and 5,450,399 in 1881. The tendency to migrate is thus not stronger now than it was ten years ago. This is, of course, a general statement, and does not apply to particular areas affected by famine. To such enticing provinces as Assam and Burma, with their fruitful soils and scant populations, it might be expected that immigrants would be attracted, and in fact they have doubled in the former and increased by one-half in the latter province in the ten years.

Emigration takes place chiefly from Bengal and Madras to the West Indies, Straits Settlements, and Mauritius. The numbers for 1890 are 15,668 for Bengal and 43,717 for Madras ports. It is significant of the attractions that emigration does, or should, offer to the Indian coolie, that in the year under review 6,000 persons returned from the colonies, bringing with them 646,600 rupees in savings.

Famine and epidemics appear to be the most potent causes affecting the movements of the people. A large efflux from the Madras Presidency would seem to have been occasioned by the first; and Mr. O'Donnell notes a general decrease in the Patna district of the people due to the firm establishment of the malarious fever of Bengal in that part. To tremendous floods in the Nadia district in 1885 and 1890, when 5,000 square miles of country were submerged to a depth of 5 to 8 feet, and the mud walls of most native houses fell, is to be attributed the fact that the population of the district has decreased in ten years by 8·3 to 17·6 per cent. Shirpur, in Bogra, suffered from severe earthquakes in 1885 and 1888, and this town has decayed in consequence. Such disasters on a larger or smaller scale throughout the country influence the tide and flow of the people.

The statistics of infirmities are confined to insanity, deafmutism, blindness, and leprosy. Those for the year 1891 show a marked decrease from those of 1881. Of the insane, who are mostly between the ages of five and thirty-five, there were 81,132 in 1881, and 74,289 in 1891. No cause is suggested as specially predisposing to insanity; if the abuse of ganja or opium is one, it is apparently not an increasing one. Mental disease is said to prevail most among Mongols and least among the Dravidian races. The majority of those affected with deafmutism are between the ages of five and ten years. Goitre is one cause of it; at the census of 1881, 197,215 were returned, and in 1891, 196,861. Blindness finds many victims in the alluvial plains where dust storms prevail; smallpox also frequently causes it; and artisans who work in an atmosphere of acrid wood smoke—

such as potters, washermen, and blacksmiths—are often liable to it. Forty per cent. of the blind are over fifty-five years of age; the numbers for the epoch we are considering were 526,748 and 458,868. Leprosy, the mysterious disease which has baffled inquiry and yields so little to treatment, affected 131,968 in 1881, and 126,244 in 1891. The numbers are not trustworthy, since the fear of segregation has given a motive for concealment of many cases. In one report it is suggested that there is a constitutional tendency to this disease in Dravidian races; and that there is a larger proportion of it among people living on the hills—as large as 15 per 10,000—than among dwellers in the plains; perhaps, says Mr. Maclagan in the Punjab Report, owing to the nature of the grains that form the staple food. Again, syphilis is supposed by some to manifest itself as leprosy. Generally, Mr. Baines thinks, it is developed most in a poor and ill-nourished population, and is likely to give way as the standard of maintenance advances. It seems to begin its attacks at about the age of twenty-five years; prevails most at fifty years, after which age those afflicted appear to die off.

The reviews of the religions of India which the census reports afford will repay perusal by the searcher after the curious in religious vagary. The term “Hindu” is held to include those of modern sects, such as the Brahmo and Arya Somaj, which are dissociated from idol worship, and practically embraces peoples of all shades of thought who cherish no particular dogma. In 1891, Hindus numbered 207,731,727. The trinity of the Hindu religion as a belief has been evolved by philosophers. It became an accepted article of the religion subsequent to the age of the Vedas, which show forth the intuitive faith, with which the early Aryan races seemed to have been blessed, in the unity of the Deity in whom the universe is comprehended. Hymns are addressed in the Vedas to Vishnu as the author of life. At a much later age he is associated as the second person in the trinity, with Brahma and Siva. They are charged, according to Professor Wilson, “severally, for a time, with the creation, preservation, and temporary annihilation of material forms,” and they correspond in metaphysics to matter, spirit, and time, and in natural philosophy to earth, water, and fire. The mass of the people know nothing of a trinity. They call upon Brahma as an abstract principle. He cannot be represented in material form. Vishnu is worshipped in one or other of his incarnations; very generally as the infant Krishna. He has been nine times incarnate in different ages of the world, comprising millions of years. Krishna is the latest incarnation but one, for the purpose of overthrowing tyrants and of

rescuing the oppressed. He is the darling god of the Hindu women, and the stories of his display of human feelings in his childhood among the shepherds, and of his tender caresses of the village girls, appeal strongly to feminine emotions. Krishna is regarded as the principle of love, and it is his tenderness for the sufferings of mankind which has attracted by far the larger portion of the Hindus to his worship.

The worship of Siva, the third person of the Hindu trinity, is conjectured by Fergusson to have been acquired from the Turanian races with whom the Hindus mixed in India. He thinks that the phallic emblem came from the Tartars. Siva in the trinity, according to the conceptions of philosophers, is time, or the annihilator. His images are, therefore, often accompanied by sombre ceremonials. But the adoration of Siva under the type of a phallic stone is the outcome of another mode of thought. According to this all death leads to new life, all destruction to reproduction ; so that in process of time Siva came to be worshipped often in his more auspicious aspect. In the phallus we have the symbol of new life.

While all Hindus may be said to be worshippers of both Vishnu and Siva, they are, as regards the practice of ceremonial, the votaries of one or the other. The philosophical ideas concerning the relations of spirit and matter from which the tangible forms of Hindu worship have been evolved, are the peculiar property of the Brahman priests and the learned few ; the mass of the people bow before rude images, go through ritual by rote, and eagerly contribute to the support and minister to the wants of the priestly caste, which they regard as representative of deity. Such tables as those of the census afford little information as to the growth or otherwise of Hinduism. As shown below, the number of professed Hindus would appear, in the period under review, to have fallen away, some having become Mahomedans. Those who have lived in India of recent years are aware that in the new generation of Hindus two schools have sprung up, the monotheistical and the material, the adherents of which have broken away from Brahmanism ; and it seems probable that they will increase. But the greater part of the population, the victims of ignorance and superstition, will for long most likely remain idol-worshippers. The multiplication of minor religious sects is endless. It has been the interest of the priestly caste to protect the cults of the aboriginal races, and by the worship of the attributes of the Deity personified in action, the characteristic inclination of each individual finds its peculiar satisfaction. Add to this that the ignorant have provided for them the material objects of

worship wherein each special attribute is supposed to dwell, and some idea may be formed of the various notions which Brahmanism includes and fosters. The distinction existing between followers of this or that god is mostly one of practice and ceremony, and of the manner of food eaten. While they may worship one another's god, one sect may partake of meat and spirits, while to the other these things are denied. The Bishnois, for instance, abstain from tobacco, drugs, and spirits, will not kill living creatures, and prevent the sportsman, if possible, from approaching their villages, which often swarm with antelopes and half-tame birds. Millions of Hindus are said to be Saktas, or worshippers of the female principle in nature, especially of Devi, the Sakti of Mahadeo, but conceal the fact, since the initiation in her secret worship involves indecencies. An extreme sect of Saktas—the Vama-Charis—are credited with indulging, both men and women, in indescribable orgies. The Jaikishenis of both sexes worship no god but Krishna, and at time of prayer both males and females divest themselves of their clothes. The Jogis, or Yogis, by the practice of austerities have passed beyond the worship of material forms, and do not participate in ceremonial; their characteristic belief is in the power of man over nature and the occult influence of the will by means of austerities. These are among the many extravagances of religious conception met with. There are other sects which the Brahmans count as heterodox: the followers of Kabir, for instance, dating from the fourteenth century, who condemn all caste and idolatry, and hold that "all who love God and do good are brothers;" of Rohidas, in the fifteenth century, who disbelieve also in caste, and worship an immaterial being.

The Musalmans number 57,321,164, and their rate of increase has been greater than the mean rate for the whole population; in Bengal they were, in 1872, half a million less than the Hindus: now they are one and a half millions more. Several causes to which this increase may be attributed are at work; widow marriage is practised, and the reproductive class thus increased; the Mullahs are propagandists; all the agricultural castes by becoming Musalmans can rise in the social scale; and finally, Musalmans are polygamists when they can afford more than one wife. Mr. Robertson, in the Central Provinces Report, notices that in the Nagpur plain neglect of religious duties and assimilation to Hindu manners are common characteristics of the rustic Mahomedans; and although in some cities animosity runs high between the rival sects, it is very usual for Mahomedans in most parts of India to take part with

Hindus in the festivities which mark holy days. Profession of Mahomedanism in India does not necessarily imply a rigid adherence to its principles.

Buddhists, most of whom are found in Burma and the Himalaya Mountains, now number 7,131,361. Some modern travellers have been disposed to think that Buddhism is a religion peculiarly suitable to the character of the Burmese, and as having operated to develop charity, tolerance, and cheerfulness in the Mongol. Some remarks by Mr. Eales in the Burma Report expose this fallacy, for among the mass of the people of Burma, as well as other countries where Buddhism is nominally professed, the teachings of Sakya Muni are not imbibed nor practised. Mr. Eales says, "Little true Buddhism is to be found in the mass of superstitions which go to make up the religion of the common people ;" the worship is animistic in reality ; the worship of Nats, or spirits. "In every house a cocoa-nut is hung up as an offering to the Nat who guards the house, and is removed when its milk is dried ; when the rustic Burman builds his house he offers fruits to the Nat ; similarly, when a son is born, or when a plague breaks out." When Mandalay was founded in 1857, a pregnant woman was slain at night, in order that her spirit might become the guardian Nat of the new city. She is said to have taken the shape of a snake, and the king made offerings of fruit and food to it.

Forest tribes (classed as animistic) are 9,280,467 in number ; Sikhs, 1,907,833 ; Jains, 1,416,638 ; Parsis, 89,904 ; Christians, 2,284,380 ; and Jews, 17,194. About 43,000 persons belong to minor religions or profess to have none.

The Christians have increased by one-fifth in the ten years. Most converts are drawn from the lower classes. Those who have been in India can realise how unwilling natives of good position are to adopt a creed which involves loss of caste and operates against their social interests, that these considerations are not so strong among the lower classes, and that they possess greater receptivity with regard to emotional appeals which neither their intelligence nor their education dispose them to analyse. These are the remarks of Mr. Baines in 1881 ; and in the case of the Tamil converts in the Madras Presidency, where the largest Christian churches are found, the experienced will be found to agree with them. It is not insinuated that motive is always present, but it sometimes is. Speaking broadly, the Indian native is as ready to be benevolent as the European, and Christianity would give him fortitude and comfort in time of trouble which his idol-worship does not, but "caste" is the one great obstacle to its acceptance.

Education among the young is proceeding, but at a low rate. Under instruction in 1891 were 2,997,558 males and 197,662 females. There is an increase over the figures of 1881 of 315,649. But persons who are able to read and write but are not at school are 12,097,530 in number, an increase of over fifty per cent. since 1881; they form, however, only 4·2 per cent. of the whole population, excluding children at school, and the figures have been swollen since 1885 by the addition of 573,826 persons in Upper Burma, where the majority of boys are instructed by the Buddhist priests. The Parsis are shown to be the best educated community; Jews and Armenians are also well educated; and of the Buddhists of Lahul and Spiti one-tenth are able to read and write. Mr. Baines does not hold out encouragement of the rapid acquisition of education by the masses; illiteracy is little felt in the homes of the people, and the indoor life of the native is still regulated by the customs to which he duly conforms. Generally speaking, school and college education is regarded as the means of gaining some material advantage, and not as the means of social and intellectual progress.

Reference has been made above to the uncertainty that attends the future in the provision of livelihood for a population increasing at the present rate in districts already congested. In this connection it is important to notice the number of persons in 1891 engaged in industries and professions whose developments have been influenced by European enterprise in India, and fostered by the present administration, and how they have increased in ten years. In the manufacture of cotton, jute, and hemp goods in 1881, 5,758,551 persons were employed, and in 1891, 9,281,659; of silk, 85,440 and 319,397; of iron and steel, 473,361 and 1,572,911; of other metals, 142,339 and 464,648. Persons engaged in medicine have increased from 188,500 to 514,074; in law, from 31,628 to 226,163; in literary work, from 35,700 to 280,705; and in education, from 170,701 to 486,497. Railways furnish occupation for 285,187 persons; posts and telegraphs employ 827,074, and 541,230 are engaged in the cultivation of tea and coffee; while the numbers manufacturing watches and scientific instruments have increased from 3,020 to 11,638, and preparing chemicals from 81,033 to 200,117; coal miners were 3,763 in 1881, and 41,672 in 1891. One of the most striking changes, and perhaps most significant of the growing wealth of the country, is the increase of workers in gold, silver, and precious stones, from 472,956 to 1,783,874.

Speaking generally, 8,730,977 persons have been added in ten years to the numbers following industrial callings in which European

capital has largely been invested, and which Government has favoured. Thus almost one-third of the increased population during the period of ten years under review have found occupations other than pastoral and agricultural, upon which almost the whole of the people have, until recent years, been dependent. This is a feature which augurs well for the future.

The imports of merchandise in 1881 were valued at £50,308,834, and in 1891 at £71,975,370, taking the pound sterling as equal to ten rupees. Cotton goods from the United Kingdom accounted for 23 million pounds sterling of the former and 30½ million pounds sterling of the latter ; imports of iron, machinery, and railway plant had also largely increased. Notwithstanding the local spinning mills which work up a large quantity of raw cotton into yarn and twist, which is in great demand in China, this staple to the value of 13 million pounds was exported from India to England and the Continent of Europe in 1881, and of 16½ million pounds in 1891. Indigo, wheat, rice, opium, oil seeds, jute, hides, sugar, tea, coffee, gums, and tobacco, together with raw cotton, account for most of the 72 million pounds at which exports were valued in 1881. The gross value in 1891 was 100 million pounds.

The average value of the external trade per head of the population in 1881 was 9s. 7d., and in 1891, 11s. 10d. This is in itself a gauge of the increased wage of the labourers ; but what is far more indicative of the growth of prosperity generally is the fact that to the existing hoards of treasure in India 41 million pounds in gold and 89 million pounds in silver were added in the ten years. It is true that more recently gold has been exported, but with the object of buying cheap silver. Such is the general condition of the country—one of increasing capability of production and of gradual development of new sources of wealth. It is true that the benefits that should be felt by all have not reached a large part of the people ; and it is admitted that “ abject poverty ” is still very prevalent, but Mr. Baines brings to notice that land revenue has increased ; more salt is consumed—an unfailing indication of the greater purchasing power of the peasant ; post cards and stamps are more largely dealt in ; and third-class railway passengers are growing in number yearly. Such evidence is cited as conclusive of a gradual amelioration in the condition of the peasantry, and few who know the country will be found to deny it. On the whole, the Government of India may be congratulated upon the substantial progress which the census has revealed.

*WOMEN NOVELISTS IN ITALY
AT THE PRESENT DAY.*

A WELL-KNOWN Italian journalist was asked the other day by a Belgian contemporary anxious for information, what influence was exercised by modern literature upon Italian women. He replied, with that wit of which brevity is the soul, "None whatever." This rather severe criticism, although it may be true in the main, yet by no means applies to a large and daily-increasing number of Italian women, whose intellectual attainments equal those of the women of any nation. They have entered the field of literature and are doing good work there, although few are known outside their native country. Italian women have not yet begun to travel; they are not such "globe trotters" as their American and English sisters, and, like the men novelists of Italy, they are not cosmopolitan in their interests. Their books portray the life around them, giving us, as a rule, well-drawn and artistic pictures coloured with Italian grace and passion, at the same time governed by modern thought and entirely free from that romantic sentimentalism which is still, in some minds, inseparably connected with Italian productions in art.

Among the numerous women writers in Italy at the present day, Neéra, the Marchesa Colombi, Matilde Serao, and Bruno Sperani, may be singled out as especially worthy of attention.

Of these, the writer known as Neéra devotes herself more than the others to the ordinary society novel, giving us pictures of girls and women in upper and middle-class society. Her "Lydia," for instance, is the story of a pretty, frivolous, society girl, continued from some fifteen years of the heroine's life, from her teens until she is over thirty-three years of age. Pretty, dainty, vapid, and vain, without any guiding impulse at all, she flirts through her youth, without even affection, until she suddenly falls in love with a thoroughly worthless man, and ends her butterfly existence just when she is really beginning to live. "Lydia" is a wonderfully vivid picture of the frivolous girl.

Another of her stories relates the marriage of a young girl, married in the orthodox Italian fashion, without knowing anything of her husband. She is quite grateful to him for marrying her, and so providing for her in life, and is disposed to love him. But she finds out that he does not care in the least for her, and has simply married her in order to get a housekeeper to attend to his comfort in the remote country district where he lives. He has not the least affection for the girl, and his commonplace, coarse-grained nature has no sympathy or understanding with his refined, sensitive wife. The pathetic story of the girl's gradual awakening from her illusion of happiness is only relieved by a final gleam of hope that she may find something to love in her child.

The Marchesa Colombi (pseudonym of Madame Torelli) writes delightfully realistic sketches of life, chiefly in Northern Italy. Her "In Risaia," the story of a peasant girl who earns her living by working in the rice-fields, ruining her health by the terrible fever which is the bane of the workers, is a charmingly-told story, a real work of art. Clear and simple in outline, it gives a graphic picture of the lives of the poor peasants in the rice districts.

Then the "Matrimonio in Provincia" is a thoroughly delightful picture of Italian life in a small provincial town. It has no plot, it is just the story of the uneventful lives of two sisters in the bare, monotonous respectability of a poor middle-class family. One feels the dreary lack of amusement—or instruction—in their lives, as they sit in that bare, stiff parlour, with the chairs arranged methodically round the walls, waiting for a suitor, who is long in coming to these dowerless maidens. Marriage is their one chance in life, and there is a delicious *nai'veté* in the confession of the pretty sister (who writes the story) of her mortification and disappointment when a real "offer" comes at last from a middle-aged shopkeeper, for her plain-looking sister—who is chosen because she is more likely to be "useful." The entire absence of any sentiment in the matter is delightful, and at the end, when an almost equally prosy arrangement is found for the pretty sister herself, she sheds floods of tears on her wedding-day—not from emotion, but because it seems the most correct thing to do.

"L' Indomani" touches the strings of passion, but La Marchesa Colombi is more fascinating in her quieter everyday stories, with her quaint humour and clever touches of nature.

Matilde Serao writes with more warmth and passion; her canvas is broader and her types of life are more varied. She has the more exuberant imagination and the glow of the South. Of Greek-Italian parentage, Madame Serao began to write at a very early age for

various newspapers.. Her journalistic experiences furnished her with material for a powerful novel, "The Life and Adventures of Riccardo Joanna." It is rather a remarkable book for a woman to have written, being a clever study of a man's career as a journalist, written at great length, from his childhood to advanced middle age. We are introduced to Riccardo Joanna as a little boy living a Bohemian life with his father; then as a handsome young man of poetical and literary tastes, the spoilt and petted darling of the aristocratic ladies of Rome, wasting his time in dancing attendance on the various beauties among them.

The following extract is taken from the description of one of his long, wasted days during this period of his life. The passage also serves to illustrate Madame Serao's love of lengthy, detailed description, often carried to excess in her books. Riccardo Joanna has strolled into a fashionable confectioner's shop in the morning hours, and observes there

The beautiful blonde Countess Beatrice di Santaninfa, with her green eyes and her enigmatic smile. She knew Joanna very well, although they had never been introduced; knew that he was the favourite journalist among the ladies, who loved the mixture of languor and audacity in his prose-writings; knew well that he was the chronicler of feminine elegance, the deifier of feminine beauty. So she posed for him, half closing her clear, transparent emerald eyes, nibbling cakes, smiling; on her full red lips lay a provoking border of sugar; she extended her queenly hand with a pretty gesture to point out certain brown biscuits, bending slightly as she did so; then drank her glass of port slowly, raising her arm in a statuesque pose; her emerald eyes wide open, dilated beneath the level eyebrows. . . . Riccardo was fascinated; a ray of southern sunlight played on the white-marble fittings of the shop; attentive waiters came and went from the little tables to the counter, carrying plates of cakes and glasses of Malaga, Marsala, Xeres; the air was full of an odour of sweet things—sugar, cream, vanilla, chocolate; in the little fountain on the counter the water plashed musically; now and then was heard the fizz of seltzer, foaming from siphon into tumbler—and Riccardo gave himself up most sweetly to the seduction of the moment, which lulled his senses. The Countess Santaninfa enchanted him in the warm, soft sunshine, in the midst of those odours of sweet things and the rosy reflections of wines and syrups, with her knowing elegance of attire, richness of material, harmony of tints and line, with her bizarre and provoking beauty, haughty and self-possessed, and her triumphant feminine coquetry, which is more attractive the bolder it is. All these things realised his dreams as a poet and an adorer of woman. An ecstatic languor took possession of him, a kind of beatific state, into which the blonde, green-eyed Countess threw a touch of the pungency of unsatisfied longing. She went away—the goddess disappeared. And Riccardo felt a sensation of cold, as if he had entered a vast glacial solitude. Hereupon, in that coldness, in that bitter feeling of solitude, his secret pecuniary trouble awoke again.

Riccardo passes his days in this fashion, accompanying another

countess to buy *bric-à-brac*, then attending a fashionable concert and an aristocratic bazaar, all the time with a gnawing sense of not having enough money to pay his own cab-fares, &c. But fortune favours the brilliant weakling; a step onward, and he is the clever young editor of a newspaper, which, however, fails and comes to an abrupt end. Here, at the turning point of his life, he makes an awful anti-climax, by a resolve to commit suicide, the hero of admiring friends—followed by a lack of courage and an ignominious backing-out and running away. The conclusion of the book presents journalism in the most pessimistic colours possible. We find the hero of a brilliant but wasted youth developed into a weary, middle-aged man, without ideals, without hope, without domestic ties; his one aspiration being to announce the sale of 100,000 copies of his newspaper. A more hopeless picture of the journalistic career could not be conceived. We trust it is overdrawn, even from an Italian point of view. The story of the cynical editor is unrelieved by any love episode. At the end he is trying to dissuade a young man who has come to him, bent on entering the journalistic career.

“This is the catastrophe,” Riccardo Joanna went on, in a voice as weak as if he were just recovering from fever [meaning the catastrophe of the journalist's career]. “Not the sudden, great, beautiful catastrophe like an all-destroying tempest, such as a good sword-thrust through the lungs, or a good bullet in the brain—the death of the unfortunate strong, the death which attracts admiration and gives a halo of greatness. No! The small, minute, vulgar, daily catastrophe; to-day one scruple goes, to-morrow you lose a portion of your pride, one day you sacrifice a sentiment, another day you bid farewell to a faith.”

And when the enthusiastic young man, undeterred by such gloomy pictures, declares that he will still be a journalist, Joanna's only reply is: “God help you, then!” And so the book ends.

“Fantasia” (a translation of which was recently published by Mr. Heinemann) is written in Matilde Serao's most glowing and passionate manner, at great length and with unsparing detail—as when, for instance, she describes the different scents of different-coloured hyacinths, white, pink, or purple, or when she writes pages about the last household duties performed by a person who is about to commit suicide.

The heroine is a hysterical, nervous girl, utterly selfish and without heart. This combination of the unrestrained imaginative temperament and cold egotism naturally makes a dangerous character. Lucia (as she is called) is first seen at the convent school, where she at one time throws herself into religious fervours,

at another tries to commit suicide because her essay is not approved of by the professor. "She has too much imagination, *fantasia*," is his verdict. Later in life, when she is married to a sickly husband, she fascinates the good-natured, weak husband of her best friend, and the two go off together, she exclaiming hysterically : "Fatalità, it is all fate !"

"Addio, Amore !" (*Farewell Love!* also just translated), is another story with an excitable, hysterical girl as its heroine, the scene laid in Naples. She is not heartless, like Lucia in "Fantasia," but simply an unhappy victim of her own temperament. It is written with Madame Serao's usual exuberant imagination and flowing style, and perhaps without the undue lengthiness observable in some of her works. The descriptions of life in Southern Italy are interesting in themselves.

Bruno Sperani is, I think, by far the most interesting of these four writers, because her writings, though they may not surpass those of her contemporaries in style and descriptive powers, yet show a wider interest in the social problems of the day, a more humanely philosophic spirit. Her books are usually written "with a purpose" (*pace* the vexed question as to the aims and ends of true art, and the rights of a story to be written with a purpose!). She is essentially a woman of large and broad ideas, and wide, warm-hearted sympathies, and these qualities transpire in her literary work before all others. Dalmatia is Madame Sperani's native province, but she has now for some years resided permanently in Milan, the literary centre of Italy. Among her numerous works "Numeri e Sogni" (*Numbers and Dreams*, an allusion to the lottery system in Italy) occupies the foremost place. It is the life story of a painter, and the authoress enters fully into the mental trials and discouragements, the ups and downs of the artist who is trying to realise his ideals in art—into the wide gulf between inspiration and fulfilment. His domestic life is another problem. Adriano is of humble parentage, and on his father's death leaves his congenial life in Milan, and goes to live at home in order to look after the family, settling down at the old home, a little shop in a country village. To please his mother he marries Filomena, a good village maiden, who is very devoted to him, but has not the slightest understanding of her husband's artistic nature. On his side, Adriano is fond of her, in a way, and supposes this to be all that is necessary in marriage. At first all goes smoothly ; he paints her as a Madonna for the village church. But, as children come and the usual cares, Filomena not only loses her good looks, but allows herself to sink into the unattractive nurse of children and

housekeeper, careless in dress, and without any gifts of mind. The two drift apart, Adriano vaguely conscious of something disappointing in his married life. But now a new element enters the household. Eugenia, a ward of Adriano's, a young girl, little more than a child, comes to live with them. She is full of promise, and has a talent for painting, which Adriano cultivates. In a few years the natural result follows. Adriano finds his ideal of woman in her, and she loves him, but she leaves the house on finding it out. One of the saddest scenes in fiction occurs between Filomena and her husband. She recognises her powerlessness to make him love her; he respects her and is faithful to her, but love cannot be compelled—it bloweth where it listeth. The two characters, each noble, each unwilling to hurt the other, are estranged by the very tie which should bind them together. Filomena, in her generosity, wants to sacrifice herself in order to give her husband happiness. She will go away, and leave him—free. But Adriano cannot accept this. The only possible solution comes from Eugenia, who writes to say that she has married in order to forcibly turn Adriano's thoughts from her. There are passages of great beauty in this book, and the deep, true note of real human feeling is sometimes touched in an exceptional manner. The uncongeniality of marriage without love has never been pictured so boldly and yet so delicately.

“Le Tre Donne” (*Three Women*) is a short story of peasant life. Here the note of freedom is the rebellion of a young priest against the ordinances of the Church. He falls in love with a beautiful peasant girl, Cristina, and, after a struggle with himself, resigns his priestly office and marries her.

“Il Romanzo della Morte” (*The Romance of Death*) deals with the old question: Is the woman who has, perhaps through no real guilt of hers, sinned against conventional morals, to be for ever tabooed by society, whilst the man goes scot-free? This is worked out in a beautiful and poetical story in Madame Sperani's own way. Argia, the heroine, suffers greatly, but is not condemned for ever.

Madame Sperani's short stories (of which a volume is published with the title “Nella Nebbia”) are interesting sketches charmingly treated, models of artistic workmanship. Among them is a pretty story of child life (her own) entitled “Le Due Case” (*The Two Houses*). The sketch of the tram-driver gulping down his dinner, as he stands by his horses, in constant dread that the next tram will appear before he has had time to finish his meal, is very graphic and forcible—“Un Desinare” (*A Dinner*) is the title. “Una

Istitutrice" (*A Governess*) is another beautifully-written picture of the life of a teacher in a girls' school.

It is extremely difficult to give short extracts from Madame Sperani's works, especially from her longer works, which ought to be read in their entirety. Perhaps one or two from "Nella Nebbia" may not be without interest.

The first, from "Una Istitutrice." Ernestina, the teacher, has been promoted to a school of more importance, with higher pay, and spends the eve of her departure in the old college, deserted and silent on the first night of the holidays. All her past life, dull and bare, passes before her, and her conclusion is:

"To love! to love!" she said, her voice choked with tears. "To have some creature in the world to caress one, to pity one! . . . A child! Oh! if I only had a child to press to my heart! . . ."

Next morning, at dawn, the cab comes to take her away to the new life. The old priest, Don Antonio, meets her at the gate, as he is coming to say mass.

They were good friends, although no mistress in the college was less religious than she. But both met on the common ground of great honesty of purpose and of great unhappiness. And such people always end by understanding each other, however great may be the differences of opinion which separate them.

The old priest and the poor teacher, still young, though apparently grown old, exchanged a few words, a few good wishes; the dearest wish of all—that of being soon free from their chains—they did not need to express, it could be read in their eyes.

"Farewell!" said the priest, when the bell had ceased tolling; "keep up your courage as you have always done."

"And you too!" replied Ernestina softly. "Farewell!"

The priest disappeared behind the black door of his church, the driver whipped up his horse, which set off at a smart trot, by way of beginning the day well.

Ernestina Maggi folded her arms over her grey dress and turned her gaze to the sun, who appeared just at that moment at the end of the long, straight street, like a huge disc of fire.

From "Un Desinare," the conclusion of the tram-driver's hasty repast:

In the meantime the tram was almost full. The conductor stood at his post on the platform behind.

Some one grumbled at the long delay.

"Always the way on this line!" exclaimed a big man with a basket of oranges on his knee.

"Hey, driver! Make haste!"

The driver, his wife, and the child shrugged their shoulders, their eyes fixed on the end of the street.

Three or four more spoonfuls, bigger than the rest, if possible, were gulped down in haste. It seemed now as if the man's great hunger were appeased, and as if he made haste just from habit, in order to finish his portion and to fortify himself against the cold of the evening. He swallowed with difficulty, his neck swelling with the effort.

His wife spoke to him in low tones, the little boy ventured to chatter.

"Here it is!" exclaimed the woman all at once.

The driver said something in a choked voice.

"Lift me up, mother! Lift me up!"

When the child found himself lifted as high as the level of the paternal breast, he stretched out his little hands towards the whistle and pretended to blow it, with the grace of a little Cupid.

But the driver had no time for sentiment. He finished scraping the bottom of the tin dish, gave it back to the woman, and mounted to his post, stamping his feet to warm himself, whilst his little boy watched him intently with admiring eyes and a little disappointment.

At the moment of starting, the man seemed to feel a sort of remorse; he turned to pat his little boy's cheeks; then seized the reins, and the horses moved on.

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, daddy!"

The woman and the child waited a minute, then turned and disappeared in the fog which was coming on at nightfall.

The tram began to slide rapidly along the rails, and the glass of the windows rattled its usual music.

"The only amusement in society!" cried the man with the mechanical mouse.

"The only present for children!" replied he of the halfpenny watches.

The crowd passed by laughing.

MARY HARGRAVE.

SOME ENGLISH HARVEST SONGS.

These are the songs for the toilers to sing in the heat of the harvest.

WHEN the ricks are thatched, when the labour money is paid, when the plough has turned up the soil carpeted with grass and stubble, and the harvest moon has risen and lived her short but gloriously golden career, then comes the harvest-home and the harvest song. In England we have the harvest sermon in the village church, the supper in the barn, interspersed with many a jest and many a song ; and it is of these same songs, so typical of rustic life, that I am going to speak. In those countries where the vine is cultivated there is no end to the merriment which follows on the anxious days of *moissonage*. The fruit is gathered, the wine-press trod, the vintage bouquets put together and presented to the ladies connected with the wine farm, and all the time there is a perfect festival of song, simple and bright and full of harmony. In Tuscany, in France, in Germany, and in Russia, there are numbers of harvesting songs, all more or less full of poetry, and instinct with charming melody; therefore we should like to think that our own country is not far behind in this matter of harvest singing, although the gleanings are not associated with the romance of the grape. Here are a few specimens of harvest songs which have become characteristic of certain counties. Unfortunately, harvest suppers, and harvest songs with them, are dying out, and the sooner we preserve any glamour of characteristic humour or pathos they may have owned the better. As the sailors' chanties were used to lighten the labour of hauling and heaving before the days of the steam-winch and the patent capstan, so were the harvesters' songs required to help the reapers and the gleaners in the times when the sickle had not even given place to the broad hook, much less to the machine. The harvest supper was always an occasion for the singing of good, old-fashioned songs, of which each man had his own *répertoire*, which he gave untiringly year after year. Such standard works as "John Barleycorn," "Carrion Crow," and "The Farmer's Boy" are, or rather were, an indispensable part of the harvest-home

suppers ; and at Corve Dale, in Shropshire, the two following traditional toasts were generally given :

Here's health to the maister,
 Who drives the harvest-cart ;
 And health to the missis ;
 She always takes her part.
 Here's health to the ploughman ;
 He ploughs and sows the corn ;
 And health to the huntsman,
 Who merrily blows his horn.

Here's health to the barley mow ;
 And health to the man
 Who always can
 Both harrow and plough and sow ;
 Who, when it's well sown,
 Will see it's well mown,
 And raked a careful glean,
 And stacked in the barn
 To lie dry, safe from harm,
 Till he can thrash it clean.

In Corve Dale one of the penalties for overthrowing a load used to be to eat the supper in silence, without songs, without shouting ; and in the Eastern counties that of "losing the goose" as the *pièce de résistance* at the evening banquet was observed, this being, of course, the goose. "Losing the goose" is still a synonymous term for "overthrowing a load." When, however, no overthrowing had taken place, the head man would stand up in his place, at the end of supper, and sing :

Well ploughed, well sown !
 Well reaped, well mown !
 Never a load o'erthrown !
 Why shouldna we sing ?

Chorus. Harvest home.

Another version runs :

Well ploughed, well sown !
 Well reaped, well mown !
 Well carried home !
 Ne'er a load o'erthrown.

Two other variants are quoted by Miss Charlotte Burne, in her volume of Shropshire folk-lore. One was heard in 1885, at Corve Dale, by Mr. Thomas Powell :

We have ploughed and we have sowed,
 We have reaped and we have mowed,
 And we have brought home every load.
 Hurrah for harvest home !

The other is :

Mr. Brune is a very good man,
He treats his 'osses as well as he can ;
We've once turned over and twice stuck fast,
But we've brought his harvest safe home at last !

With which confession of unskilful harvesting I will leave the subject of overthrowing.

Many very quaint customs connected with harvesting are recorded in almost every work which touches upon folk-lore, and most of these are not infrequently accompanied by music. We have the making of the "kern-baby" or "mell-doll" of Northumberland and Durham, which used to be preserved from harvest to harvest, and carried home to the sounds of dancing and singing. The German custom of leaving the last few ears of corn uncut for "Woden's share;" the cutting the "neck" at the end of the reaping, which is, I believe, a Salopian ceremony ; and the crying the mare at the end of harvest, were all more or less musical customs, or at least necessitated the singing of certain words.

Miss Lucy Broadwood and Mr. J. Fuller Maitland, in their recently published volume of "English County Songs," have included several harvesting songs, the first being from Sussex, where it is known as "The Mistress's Health :"

Here's a health un'o the mis-ter-ess, the fairest of twenty.

Chorus. O, is she so? is she so? is she so?

Is your glass full, or is your glass empty?

Chorus. Come, let us know, let us know, let us know.

We'll drink him out so deep, and we'll sing ourselves to sleep.


And sing ho, and sing ho, and sing ho.

(Repeat for Chorus.)


When sung at harvest-homes, at the words "O, is she so?" the singers carry candles up to the mistress, as if to investigate her claims to be the "fairest of twenty."

THE MISTRESS'S HEALTH.¹

Solo.



Chorus. *Solo.*



O, is she so? is she so? is she so?

¹ This is the tune (with some differences) of the old Christmas carol, "God rest you, merry gentlemen."

Chorus.




Solo.





There is another Sussex version of this song, which runs as follows :


THE MISTRESS'S HEALTH.




Our mis-tress 's health we now be-gin, In spite of the Pope and the



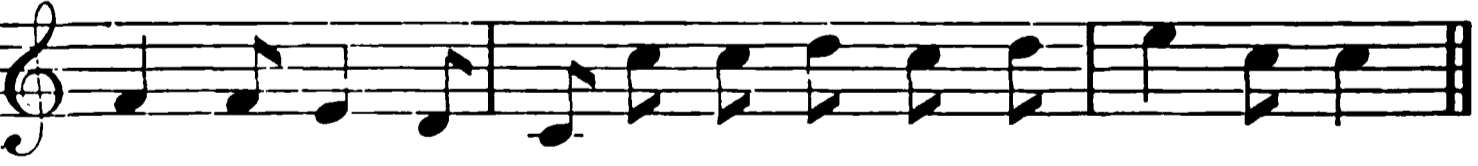
Span-ish king ; For she has got gold and sil-ver in store, And



when it has gone she will have some more. So here's to thee, my



bro-ther John, 'Tis al-most time that we were gone. We'll smoke, we'll drink, we'll



stand our ground, And so let the mis-tress-'s health go round.

From Hampshire comes the following harvesting ditty :

THE REAP-HOOK AND THE SICKLE.

Come all you lads and lasses, together let us go
 Into some pleasant cornfield, our courage for to show.
 With the reap-hook and the sickle, so well we clear the land,
 The farmer says, "Well done, my lads ; here's liquor at your command."

By daylight in the morning, when the birds so sweetly sing,
They are such charming creatures, they make the valley ring,
We will reap and scrape together till Phœbus do go down,
With the good old leathern bottle, and the beer that is so brown.

Then in comes lovely Nancy, the corn all for to lay,
She is my charming creature, I must begin to pray.
See how she gathers it, binds it, she folds it in her arms,
Then gives it to some waggoner to fill a farmer's barns.

Now harvest's done and ended, the corn secure from harm,
All for to go to market, boys, we must thresh in the barn.
Here's a health to all you farmers, likewise to all you men.
I wish you health and happiness till harvest comes again.

THE REAP-HOOK AND THE SICKLE.



The same words are sung in Oxfordshire to a tune known as "The Good Old Leathern Bottle," which I also give here.

THE GOOD OLD LEATHERN BOTTLE.



Chorus.



The editors of "English County Songs" give this note with regard to the characteristic and pretty harvest song which is a great favourite in Wiltshire: "At the harvest suppers, up to some twenty years ago, while the guests were still seated at the table, a labourer, carrying a jug or can of beer or cider, filled a horn for every two men, one on each side of the table; as they drank, this old harvest song was sung, and the chorus repeated until the man with the beer reached the end of the long table, involving some thirty repetitions of the first verse. After this the second verse was sung in the same manner.

Here's a health unto our master, the founder of the feast,
We hope to God with all our hearts his soul in Heaven may rest;
That all his work may prosper, whatever he takes in hand,
For we are all his servants, and all at his command.

Chorus.—So drink, boys, drink, and see that you do not spill,
For if you do, you shall drink two, for 'tis our master's will.

And now we've drunk our master's health, why should our missus go free?
For why shouldn't she go to Heaven, to Heaven as well as he?
She is a good provider, abroad as well as at home,
So fill your cup, and drink it all up, for 'tis our harvest home.

Chorus.—So drink, boys, drink, and see that you do not spill,
For if you do, you shall drink two, for 'tis our master's will.

*HARVEST SONG.*¹

The musical notation consists of six staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The first five staves represent the main melody, and the sixth staff is labeled "Chorus". The melody is a simple, folk-like tune with a mix of eighth and quarter notes, and some rests. The chorus is a shorter, more rhythmic phrase.

There are few songs more thoroughly typical of harvest-home than this Wiltshire one; it is redolent of the *bonhomie* of the plentiful season, and full of healthy life and honest mirth.

¹ The above is the tune of "The Miller of the Dee," only major instead of minor.

Mr. Clement Scott, in that most charming of latter-day idylls, "Poppy Land Papers," says of the following song that "it is a quaint old ditty, and is worth preserving, now that village songs are forgotten, and the labourer only cares for the latest music-hall doggerel or "Wait till the Clouds roll by."

A NORFOLK HARVEST SONG.

Now Lammas Day is over, boys, we will begin ;
 We will cut down the corn, and carry it in ;
 We will reap, we will mow, we will sweat to the brow ;
 We will cut down the corn that so sweetly does grow.
 We have an old man that is tilling the land ;
 His back it is bent, and he scarcely can stand ;
 He will get up in the morning and do all he can,
 And pray God to reward the old harvest man.
 A man that is lazy, and will not come in,
 He will hinder his master, and likewise the men.
 We will pay him his wages and bid him begone ;
 For what shall we do, lads, with such lazy one ?
 Now harvest is ended we will make a great noise,
 And our master will say, " You are welcome, brave boys."
 We will broach the old ale tub, and box it along,
 And now we will end the old harvest song.

"The Barley Mow" is one of the most popular of harvesting songs, and is to be heard in several counties. It is customarily chanted at the supper, after the carrying of the barley is completed—when the stack, rick or mow of barley is finished. The size of the drinking-measure is doubled at each verse. The brown bowl is supposed to contain half a pint. As the song goes on the words increase in number. After "Nipperkin, pipperkin," the singer adds one of the larger measures, pint, quart, pottle, &c., at each successive verse, always finishing with "and the brown bowl."

THE BARLEY MOW.



Here's a health to the bar - ley mow, my boys, A health to the bar-ley
 We'll drink it out of the nut-brown bowl, A health to the bar-ley



mow. The nip-per-kin, pip-per-kin, and the brown bowl, A
 mow.



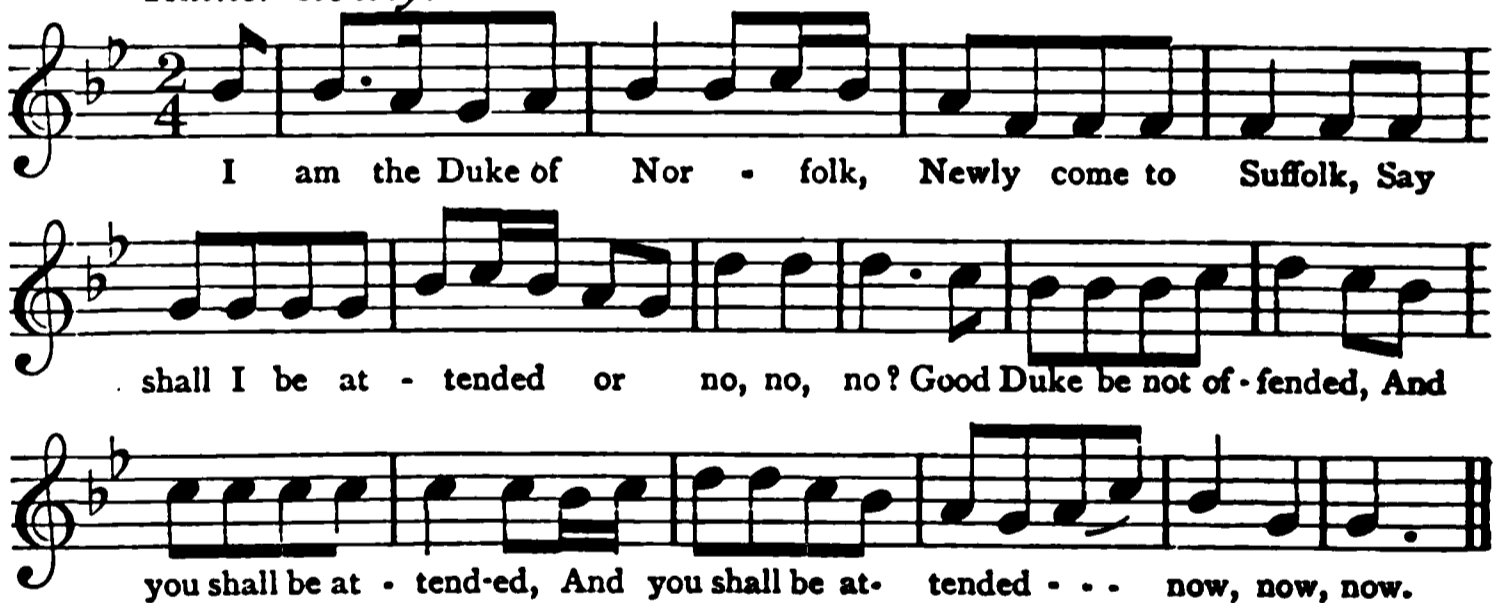
health to the bar-ley mow, my boys, A health to the bar-ley mow.

There is a distinct Suffolk version of this song; it is given by Mr. J. H. Dixon in his "Songs of the Peasantry," and M. Sandys, in his "Specimens of Cornish Provincial Dialect," quotes a Cornish and Devonshire version.

In some parts of Suffolk a curious custom existed a few years ago at the harvest suppers, of singing that quaint old song, "I am the Duke of Norfolk," or "Paul's Steeple," one of the company being crowned with inverted pillow or cushion, and another presenting to him a jug of ale, kneeling. Probably in this custom there is some allusion to the homage formerly paid to the Lords of Norfolk, who were always possessors of immense domains in the county. To "serve the Duke of Norfolk" seems to have been equivalent to making merry. In Suffolk, he who is crowned with the pillow is to take the ale, raise it to his lips, and to drink it off without spilling it or allowing the cushion to fall. The country people in Warwickshire used also to use a cushion for a crown at their harvest junketings.

DUMB, DUMB, DUMB.

Rather slowly.



I am the Duke of Norfolk, Newly come to Suffolk, Say
shall I be at-tended or no, no, no? Good Duke be not of-fended, And
you shall be at-tend-ed, And you shall be at-tended - - - now, now, now.

There is also a version of "The Barley Mow Song," peculiar to Suffolk, which is as follows :

Here's a health to the barley mow.
Here's a health to the man
Who very well can
Both harrow, and plow, and sow.
When it is well sown,
See it is well mown,
Both raked and gravelled clean,
And a barn to lay it in.
Here's a health to the man
Who very well can
Both thresh and fan it clean.

In a note appended to some specimens of harvest songs in Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time" it is remarked that

“If harvest men were introduced on the stage in the early drama, it was almost invariably for the purpose of making them sing or dance.” In Dodsley’s old plays we find this old harvest-home song mentioned as being “usually sung by reapers in the country ;” it was originally printed in Nashe’s “Summer’s Last Will and Testament.”

Merry, merry, merry, cheary, cheary, cheary,
Trowl the black bowl to me ;
Hey, derry, derry, with a poup and a leary,
I’ll trowl it again to thee ;
Hooky, hooky, we have shorn,
And we have bound,
And we have brought harvest home to town.

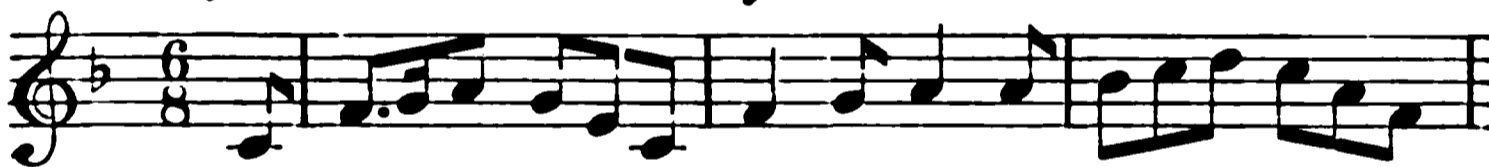
In some parts of England we still hear this variation of the song :

Hooky, hooky, we have shorn,
And bound what we did reap ;
And we have brought the harvest home,
To make bread good and cheap.

The tune of this is known as “The Country Farmer’s Vain Glory.”

THE COUNTRY FARMER’S VAIN GLORY.

Cheerfully.



Repeat in Chorus.



THE COUNTRY FARMER’S VAIN GLORY.

Our oats they are hoed, and our barley’s reaped,
Our hay is mowed, and our hovels heaped ;
Harvest home ! Harvest home !
We’ll merrily roar out our harvest home.
Harvest home ! Harvest home !
We’ll merrily roar out our harvest home.
We’ll merrily roar out our harvest home.
We cheated the parson, we’ll cheat him again ;
For why should the Vicar have one in ten ?
One in ten ! One in ten !
For why should the Vicar have one in ten ?
For why should the Vicar have one in ten ?
For staying while dinner is cold and hot,
And pudding and dumplings burnt to pot ;
Burnt to pot ! burnt to pot !
Till pudding and dumplings burnt to pot !
Burnt to pot ! burnt to pot !

We'll drink off the liquor while we can stand,
 And hey for the honour of Old England !
 Old England ! Old England !
 And hey for the honour of Old England !
 Old England ! Old England !

This is an old harvesting song whose origin is obscure, as is also its exact *locale*.

THE HARVEST-HOME.

Come Roger and Nell,
 Come Simpkin and Bell,
 Each lad with his lass hither come,
 With singing and dancing,
 And pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate harvest-home.

Chorus. 'Tis Ceres bids play
 And keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest-home !
 Harvest-home ! Harvest-home !
 To celebrate harvest-home !

Our labour is o'er,
 Our barns in full store
 Now swell with rich gifts of the land.
 Let each man then take
 For the prong and the rake,
 His can and his lass in his hand.
 For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be
 So happy as we,
 In innocence, pastime, and mirth,
 While thus we carouse
 With our sweetheart or spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.
 For Ceres, &c.

JOHN APPLEBY—A HOP-PICKER'S SONG.

John Appleby was a man's name, he lived near the sign of the Kettle ;
 His wife she was called Joan Quiet, because she could scold but a little.
 John to the alehouse would go, Joan to the gin-shop would run ;
 John would get drunk with the women, and Joan would get drunk with the men.

Now, Joan she was no great eater, and John he wasn't a glutton ;
 And so for to tickle their jaws, they bought 'em a shoulder of mutton ;
 John in an angry mood caught the mutton up in his hand,
 And out of the window he threw it, while Joan she was at a stand.

Now, Joan she was at a stand, didn't know what to make of the matter ;
 So catching it up in her hand she after it threw the platter ;
 An old woman passing by, and seeing the mutton there lay,
 She caught up both mutton and platter and with it she ran away.

Now, John he had got a full barrel, well seasoned with home-grown hops,
And so for to finish the quarrel, this question to Joan he pops :
“ Shall we spicket the home-brewed, Joan, and all our neighbours regale ?
Although we have lost our mutton, we have not lost our ale.”

Then the neighbours came flocking in (oh, wasn't there just a commotion ?)
With “ Wastebutt ” and most of his kin all aiming to get at the lotion.
They banged the old barrel about, and pulled the spicket out too,
Saying, “ We'll all get drunk to-night, for what have we else to do ? ”

This was taken down from the Kentish hop-pickers by Mr. Samuel Willet, of Cuckfield, Sussex, and is included in “ English County Songs.” It is supposed to have been originally a political song directed against Oliver Cromwell. In several Kentish squibs he is called a brewer, and is moreover often described as a drunkard, together with his wife, who is nicknamed Joan.

JOHN APPLEBY.



A certain amount of pastoral romance has ever been connected with harvesting, and the reapers' songs in many countries have attained a rare amount of perfection, and consequent popularity. In France, for instance, the grape-harvest has furnished numerous beautiful legends and songs, and likewise in Italy ; the wheat-reapers in Russia have certain chants which always form part of the ceremonies of this season. Many are doubtless familiar with the lovely vineyard chorus in the play of “ Claudian,” and numerous others which occur in opera and other scenic representations ; but I believe few are acquainted with the songs in vogue amongst the harvesters of the homely potato. Certainly the idea is not suggestive

of much poetry, and to couple potatoes with harmony seems, to say the least of it, slightly incongruous ; yet the fact remains that these workers do sing, and sing well too. Ayrshire, the county *par excellence* of the Scotch potato cultivation, as of so many other agricultural pursuits, presents quite a picturesque feature during the month of August, its fields thronged with women whose costume, though far from bright, or even cleanly, has yet an element of the artistic, in their rough, striped petticoat, loose print jacket, and red cotton handkerchief as head-gear.

I remember meeting quite a crowd of them one afternoon when returning from Ardrossan to the little Ayrshire village where I was staying. They were singing in chorus as they wended their homeward way. I was attracted by the really harmonious manner in which the chorus was given, and then as I got within an easier hearing distance, I was struck with something in the tune that seemed familiar to me. Where had I heard those joyous notes before? And then it flashed across my mind that it was a favourite song of the Dutch herring-fishers. What possible affinity could these potato-harvesters of Ayrshire have with the hardy ocean toilers of Holland? And yet, as I listened more intently, I was more and more firmly convinced that it was the same tune. I tried to make out the nature of the words they were setting to it; but the peculiar dialect in which they were rendered made it impossible, and an attempt at clearing up the mystery by entering into conversation with one of the women, who had loitered a little way behind the rest, proved equally unsuccessful. The whole party were soon out of sight; but every now and again there came, wafted by the soft summer wind, the refrain of their song. I cannot hope to solve the mystery of the connection, for perhaps few know the original melody and its purpose ; but the fact remains that I was gazing on to the Firth of Clyde, with a background of Ayrshire scenery, and a chorus of Scotch women's voices, now almost too far away to be heard distinctly, singing a Dutch sea-song at the close of their long and tiring day's work.

DE NIEUWE HARING.

The New (Fresh) Herring.

Allegro.





THE CRAVEN CHURN SUPPER SONG.

This is sung at the "churn suppers" given by the farmers inhabiting the remote dales of Craven, to their men at the close of the hay-harvest. At these suppers the men mask themselves, and play harmless practical jokes on their employers, &c. The song varies in different dales, but the version given is the popular one.

God rest you merry gentlemen !

Be not moved at my strain,
For nothing study shall my brain,
But for to make you laugh.
For I came here to this feast,
For to laugh, carouse, and jest,
And welcome shall be every guest
To take his cup and quaff.

Chorus.—Be frolicsome everyone,
Melancholy none ;
Drink about,
See it out,
And then we'll all go home.
And then we'll all go home.

This ale it is a gallant thing ;
It cheers the spirits of a king ;
It makes a dumb man strive to sing,
Aye, and a beggar play !
A cripple that is lame and halt,
And scarce a mile a day can walk,
When he feels the juice of malt
Will throw his crutch away.

Chorus.—Be frolicsome, &c.

'Twill make the parson forget his men ;
'Twill make his clerk forget his pen ;
'Twill turn a tailor's giddy brain,
And make him break his wand.
The blacksmith loves it as his life,
It makes the tinker bang his wife ;
Aye, and the butcher seek his knife
When he has it in his hand.

Chorus.—Be frolicsome, &c.

So now, to conclude, my merry boys all,
 Let's with strong liquor take a fall ;
 Although the weakest goes to the wall,
 The best is but a play.
 For water it concludes in noise,
 Good ale will cheer our hearts, brave boys ;
 Then put it round with a cheerful voice ;
 We meet it not every day.
Chorus.—Be frolicsome, &c.

An exceedingly favourite old ditty, which is much sung at merry-makings connected with the hay-harvest in many parts of England, is known as "The Haymaker's Song." I give the first three verses.

In the merry month of June,
 In the prime time of the year,
 Down in yonder meadows
 There runs a river clear.
 And many a little fish
 Doth in that river play ;
 And many a lad and many a lass
 Go abroad a-making hay.
 In come the jolly mowers
 To mow the meadows down,
 With budget and with bottle
 Of ale, both stout and brown.
 All labouring men of courage bold
 Come here their strength to try ;
 They sweat and blow, and cut and mow,
 For the grass cuts very dry.
 Here's nimble Ben and Tom,
 With pitchfork and with rake ;
 Here's Molly, Liz, and Susan,
 Come here their hay to make ;
 While sweet jug, jug, jug !
 The nightingale doth sing,
 From morning unto evensong,
 As they are haymaking.

LAURA ALEX. SMITH.

JOHN DUNTON, BOOKSELLER.

THE trout, gliding warily through the pools and shallows of the river Chess, were, one fine evening, sent darting hither and thither by the plunge of a heavy body in their midst. Almost equally surprised was John Reading, who lay fishing on the bank, when he heard a voice he knew screaming for help. Hastening in the direction of the cries, he beheld his little cousin, Johnnie Dunton, floundering and splashing. Lying down flat and making a long arm, he caught the boy by his collar and pulled him to land. Johnnie, who was on his way back from the day-school he attended at Chesham to his Uncle Reading's house at Dungle, stated, in explanation of the accident, that he was so absorbed in thinking what he would do when he became a man, as to forget where he was going. Hence his cold bath. Another time he was nearly choked by swallowing a bullet, which, fortunately for him, bolted up again unexpectedly. This experience did not deter him from thrusting a bristly ear of corn down his throat, just to see how far it would go. It slipped beyond reach of finger and thumb, and only the timely arrival of some of his Reading cousins (always at hand when Johnnie was in danger) saved him from suffocation.

Johnnie was not exactly a pattern boy. He often played truant from school, and the excuses he made for his absence were false. He joined his school-fellows once in robbing an orchard; and while the rest went to work among the apples, he was posted as sentinel. Seeing, or thinking he saw, somebody approaching with a thick stick, he gave the alarm. Upon this the robbers unloaded and fled, he following as fast as he could scamper. He would oftener have joined in such adventures, had it not been for his cowardice. In his "Life and Errors"—the strange autobiography which he has bequeathed to posterity—he alludes repeatedly to this failing. He tells us, too, that he was idle, and "could improve fast enough in anything else but the art of learning." Lessons he disliked, inasmuch as they "kept him confined, and were too difficult and unpleasant." His religious training was doubtless of the strictest, for the Readings and

other relations by whom he was surrounded at Chesham were rigid Puritans all. He had his notions of Heaven and Hell. Of Heaven he conceived he had obtained a glimpse on first reading, with attention, Psalm xv. ; of the terrors of Hell he hardly dared to think. To his imagination, Death appeared as a prowling skeleton with a dart in its right, and an hour-glass in its left hand. He looked on a visit from this apparition, though, as a very remote event, and trusted, if it should approach him, that it might be persuaded by tears and prayers to spare one so young.

Johnnie made his first appearance in the world on May 14, 1659—in the interval between the death of Cromwell and the restoration of the Stuarts. His mother was a native of Chesham, where she had a numerous connection of married sisters and brothers. His father, who came from the same district, was rector of Graffham, in Huntingdonshire, at the time of his son's birth ; but the death of his wife, a year afterwards, so afflicted him that he resigned his living and went to Ireland as chaplain and secretary to Sir Henry Ingoldsby, a member of the Privy Council. Before leaving, he entrusted his infant son to the keeping of his sister, Mrs. Reading. He had resolved not to marry again for seven years, and he remained in Ireland for over that period. On his return he obtained the living of Aston Clinton, near Tring. After a bit, he took a second wife. It needed but his boy's presence, now, to complete the family circle.

But John was in no hurry to go amongst strangers, for so they appeared to him. He "swooned away," he tells us, at the prospect of leaving Dungrove and the kind Readings. The distance to Aston, though it lay within the county, seemed immense, and it was with a heavy heart that he set out on the journey. Yet! he soon became reconciled to the change, and was happy at home—except, indeed, that his father kept him unremittingly to his books. The reverend gentleman had set his heart on his son's entering the Church, he himself being the third John Dunton in lineal descent who had taken orders. John agreed to his father's desire; but the course of study necessary, in preparation for the career, dismayed him. Latin he was pretty familiar with, for, as was often the case in those days, he had been instructed to speak in it. Not so Greek : it was new to him, and presented difficulties the most repellent. The notion of having to master these "broke," says he, "all my resolutions." Moreover, he had fallen in love with a Miss Mary Saunders, considerably older than himself, who was spending some weeks at the rectory. He followed her tamely about wherever she went, but lacked the courage to say what he felt—in fact, he

hardly knew himself. He divulged this secret to nobody, but, brooding thereon, he became restless and miserable, after the manner of the *Enfant Prodigue*.

Fairly puzzled by his son's "unsettled mercurial humour," Mr. Dunton would, if it had not been for his backwardness in Greek, have sent him to Oxford there and then. He attempted to interest him in philosophy, logic, metaphysics, morality—but in vain. At length, after careful inquiry, he apprenticed him to Mr. Thomas Parkhurst, a bookseller of credit in London. John, however, soon decided that he could not stand the confinement. "In the compass of a few days," he says, "I was resolved to make a journey of it home again, having satisfied my curiosity." He would not listen to Mr. Parkhurst, who urged his, at least, apprising his father of his intention. All this he considered "would take too much time, and perhaps disappoint me of my journey." On the road to Aston, doubts arose in his mind as to the reception he would meet with; these increased so fast that, on getting to the village, he quartered himself on a neighbour, and it was only after he had been there some days that the fact of his return was broken to his father. Mr. Dunton, though the mildest of men, could be stern if he chose. He ordered his son to go back immediately, and was obeyed without a murmur. Thanks to the influence of Mr. Parkhurst, a great change now came over John. He began to love books as much as he had hated them before; and when, at the end of his month's probation, he was formally bound apprentice for seven years, he was quite content. His devotion to books did not chill his heart. He had always a love-affair on hand. A "young virgin," lodging for a time with the Parkhursts, was the first successor to Miss Saunders, and he paid her the same sort of blundering attention. He was rejoiced, once, at receiving an affectionate note requesting him to meet her in Grocers' Hall Garden the same evening. He wrote accepting the proposal, and repaired to the spot in good time. She presently appeared, and begged to know what he wished to see her about. He reminded her of her note, but she denied having sent one; whereupon they stood staring at one another for some moments, and then separated abruptly. It afterwards transpired that the enticing missive had been composed and despatched by some of his roguish companions by way of a joke. The little incident reached Mr. Parkhurst's ears, and perceiving that the "young virgin" was inclined to give her admirer encouragement, he sent her home without more ado. John's next flame was Miss Rachel Seaton, of whom we learn little except that she was comely

and coquettish. He used to meet her at a dancing-school she attended, and he owns to having wasted much time, which should have been devoted to his master's service, "in visits, letters, and fond intrigues."

He was in his seventeenth year when he lost his father, who died at Aston at the age of forty-eight. He was present at the time, and the parting words of admonition addressed to him by the dying man made a deep impression on him. Back in town, he showed increased diligence. His courtship of Miss Seaton ceased (to the infinite satisfaction of her parents), and he turned his mind to graver matters. But this steady fit did not last long. Party spirit ran high among the London apprentices. The terms Whig and Tory had just been adopted in England, and keen was the rivalry between those on either side. Our friend caught the infection, and after making the discovery that he was a Whig, rushed into the fray. The Tories having framed an address to the King against the Petitioning-for-Parliaments, he was appointed treasurer of a counter-movement, and assisted in preparing a counter-address, to which thirty thousand signatures were, he declares, obtained. Of the twenty apprentices deputed to hand this to the Lord Mayor, he was one. His Worship promised to acquaint the King with its purport, and then advised the youths to return home, and "mind the business of their respective masters." The youths complied—after regaling themselves "very plentifully" at a neighbouring tavern.

As his seven years' apprenticeship drew to a close, nothing would please John but to celebrate the "funeral" of this epoch in his life by an entertainment to one hundred fellow-apprentices, which hospitable proceeding put him to much expense. He was now about to start as a bookseller and publisher on his own account, with his own way to work in the world. He received every assistance from good Mr. Parkhurst, by whose advice he avoided the rent of a whole shop by beginning with half a one and a warehouse. He was also allowed by a friend the use of a "fashionable chamber," by which is possibly meant a room in which to hold interviews. He was soon besieged by hackney authors, eagerly proffering their own works or, more commonly, abridgments of other people's—a form of literature which found no favour with him. He thus describes his dealings with the tribe :

I had some acquaintance with this generation in my apprenticeship, and had never any warm affection for them, in regard I always thought their great concern lay more in *how much a sheet* than in any respect they bore to the commonwealth of learning; indeed, their learning lay often in as little room as

their honesty. They will pretend to have studied six or seven years in the Bodleian Library, to have turned over the Fathers, and to have read and digested the whole compass of Human and Ecclesiastic History—when, alas! they have never been able to understand a single page of Saint Cyprian, and cannot tell you whether the Fathers lived before or after Christ. And as for their honesty, it is very remarkable. They will persuade you to go upon another man's copy, to steal his thoughts, or to abridge his book which should have got him bread for his lifetime! When you have engaged them upon some project or other, they will write you off three or four sheets perhaps; take up three or four pounds upon an urgent occasion, and you shall never hear of them more.¹

Dunton, who was now twenty-one, made a good beginning in business. Copies of the first book he printed were exchanged advantageously throughout the trade, and some funeral sermons, in those days in great demand, went off well. His position seeming to be established, his friends urged him to marry, though he had grown, himself, somewhat indifferent in that matter. Miss Sarah Doolittle was recommended to his notice. She was the daughter of a popular preacher, of one of whose works he had undertaken the publication "You will have her father's copies for nothing," said her advocates; "his book on the Sacrament, you know, has sold to the twentieth edition, which would have been an estate for a bookseller!" Since becoming his own master he had ceased to be regular in going to church; and he admits that it was while "strolling about as fancy led him," one Sunday, that he turned into the meeting-house of Dr. Samuel Annesley in Little St. Helen's. Dr. Annesley was the most notable Nonconformist minister of the time, and a preacher much in vogue. John can have profited but little by the sermon, for his attention was fixed on a young lady in the congregation who "almost charmed him dead." She proved, on inquiry, to be one of the preacher's own daughters, and to be "pre-engaged." He was advised, though, by one who knew the family, to make advances to her elder sister, whom he had observed with her. He first sought the consent of her father, and in this he was seconded by Mr. Parkhurst, who gave him an excellent character. The consent obtained, he set about courting Elizabeth Annesley, and won her in the end.² He liked euphonious names, and began at once addressing her as "Iris," while he signed himself "Philaret." The courtship, begun in town, was continued at Tunbridge Wells, whither the Annesley family had gone. John always supposed that this move was made in order to

¹ *Life and Errors*, vol. i. p. 61.

² Not the least among Dr. Annesley's claims to distinction was the fact that he was father of twenty-five children—or "a quarter of a hundred," as he usually stated the sum total of his contributions to the current population.

test his constancy. He and his betrothed made an expedition thence to Crowborough Beacon, where they obtained a draught of milk from a poor widow inhabiting a lonely cottage. On getting home he assured his "Iris," in a rather turgid epistle, that he could willingly pass his life in such a solitude were she his companion. This, and other more high-flown sentiments of the "languishing Philaret," were quietly checked in her reply. "One that loves till he loses his reason," she wrote, "will make but an odd figure of a husband." They were married a month after at Allhallows-the-Wall. During the entertainment which followed at the Annesley residence in Spital-fields, the bride and bridegroom were presented by one of the guests, a young student still at Cambridge, with an *epithalamium* invoking the presence of Cupid and the Graces, which he had composed for the occasion.¹

Mrs. Dunton proved an invaluable helpmate to her volatile spouse, who had few of the qualities necessary for a lasting success in business. He thus acknowledges her worth :

She commenced bookseller, cash-keeper, managed all my affairs for me, and left me entirely to my own rambling and scribbling humours. However, I always kept an eye over the main chance. But these were golden days. Prosperity and success were the common course of Providence with me then.

His prosperity was really the origin of much subsequent embarrassment, for he lent money to insolvent friends. He also made the mistake of going surety to the extent of £1,200 for a married sister of his wife.² This step, which he took against the advice of his father-in-law and wife, hampered him for several years, and he met with ingratitude in return. But a reputation for liberality pleased his vanity.

He had not been three years married when James II. came to the throne. The rising headed by the Duke of Monmouth, with which he heartily sympathised, was quelled soon afterwards at Sedgemoor. This event caused a slackness in trade, and in consequence he became more restless than usual. "I cannot but pity those," he observed to his wife, "that are meekly tied to a petticoat; they see nothing surprising or new; like a horse in a mill, they go on in their

¹ This was none other than Samuel Wesley, afterwards rector of Epworth. He subsequently married the Doctor's youngest daughter, and by her became father of the Wesley brothers—Samuel, Charles, and the more celebrated John. Another of the Annesley sisters is said to have married Daniel Defoe, author of *Robinson Crusoe*.

² A certain Mrs. B—— residing at Harwich, whose full name does not appear.

constant round, and that they do to-day, that they do to-morrow." He was seized with an itch, as he called it, to embark in some promising venture. There were £500 owing to him in New England, and he thought that if he went out there to waken up his creditor, taking with him a cargo of books likely to sell well, he might be substantially the gainer. His plan was to go alone, leaving "Iris" to look after his interests at home. His books were not of a sort that would draw a crowd of purchasers at the present day, but they were selected with care. As a precaution, he divided them into two portions, and had them stowed on two ships, one of which (grievous to relate) was wrecked on the way. By this mishap he lost property which he valued at £500.

He took passage himself in a vessel of 150 tons. The *Susannah and Thomas* (such was her awkward name) sailed from Gravesend on November 2, 1685. She was commanded by Thomas Jenner, an American, whom our hero describes as

a gruff tarpaulin who scarcely understood civility. And yet he had some smatterings of divinity, and went not only constantly to prayers, but also took upon him to expound the Scriptures, which gave offence to several of the passengers.

The mate and boatswain were good seamen and honest fellows; but the gunner, though obstinate and quarrelsome, was

a man so pusillanimous that he had rather creep into a scabbard than draw a sword. He could scarce endure the noise of his own guns.

The crew generally were efficient. When it blew hard, "it was difficult to tell whether they or the elements made the most noise, or which would first leave off scolding." Then there was the poor, willing, cabin boy, whom everybody bullied. There were thirty passengers including Dunton and his servant-apprentice, a youth named Palmer: the others were people who had been more or less implicated in the Monmouth rebellion, and were fleeing the country.

They were caught in a terrific gale in the Downs off Deal, and their ship, being leaky, seemed likely to founder. When things were at their worst, the sailors called on the passengers to "go to prayer," as they were going down for certain. One of the latter had a devotional work entitled "Crumbs of Comfort," from which he proposed reading a prayer; but the others would not agree to this. To nothing but an extemporaneous composition would they listen. So two of them prayed in turn, and a psalm was sung, in which Dunton felt "too sad" to join. It was with difficulty that Jenner brought his vessel to anchor at West Cowes, where she lay weather-bound

for three days. Cowes was not so civilised a spot then as it is now. "This place," writes John, "abounds with a generation of the most impudent women I ever met with." Annoyed by their effrontery, and finding the fare at the inn "coarse and mean," he went on to Newport, where there dwelt a certain Mrs. Martha Lambert, an intellectual lady with whom he seems to have had correspondence. She may have been an authoress; and if so, she was sure of encouragement from him. Though writing women were regarded with awe, not unmingled with dislike, their works were always inquired for, and he valued them accordingly. Of Mrs. Lambert, whose exceeding merits must have been wasted in such a place, he says "her person was indifferent enough; but she discoursed like an angel, and her notions were great and uncommon." He next visited a so-called astrologer, who undertook to inform him, for a consideration, whether his journey would be prosperous; but to this he replied that, if his fate were irrevocably fixed, he would rather not learn it just then. If, on the other hand, it was not fixed, then there was no certainty in the science professed. He thereupon departed, leaving the prophet in speechless bewilderment.

And now, after his brief spell on shore, Dunton was again afloat in cramped quarters. When about fifty leagues off the Lizard, there was a sudden cry of "A sail! A sail!" A ship was descried to the south-west, and taken to be a Sallee-man, one of the numerous Moorish pirates infesting the ocean. The mate swore she could be nothing else. "By his prospective glass," says Dunton, "he could make a more clear discovery, and bring the ship nearer, though we all thought she was too near already." When a ship was captured by these pirates, the prisoners were carried off into slavery, with no prospect of recovering their freedom. The mere thought was enough to stir the heart of every freeborn Briton on board the *Susannah and Thomas*. Orders were given to clear decks, and make ready for an engagement. The crew, and all on board (Dunton included), armed themselves with whatever came handiest, and prepared to give the enemy a warm reception; but her size, as she loomed nearer, convinced the captain that, in an engagement, she would overpower his small craft; so, under cover of an increasing mist, he managed to slip off. A few hours later there was a second alarm. Every man ran to his gun; but Dunton, seized with terror, lingered below till he heard them saying on deck, "Where is Mr. Dunton that was so valiant overnight?" He broke into a cold sweat and faltered out, "Coming! coming! I am only seeking my ruffles." At length he stumbled up and heard, to his great relief, that the supposed Sallee-man "was no

more than a Virginia merchant that was equally afraid of our ship." After this his valour returned.

In the Bay of Biscay they encountered another storm, during which, prostrated by sea-sickness, he lay too weak to move, except with the help of Palmer, who kept well. As wind and sea subsided, his appetite revived, and he was eager to resume his place at the captain's mess ; but by that time, owing to their slow progress, it seemed doubtful whether their provisions would last the voyage. Food was doled out in measure too scanty to satisfy his cravings. He bethought him, then, of a nice little store of dainties put up by the prudent " Iris."

"The better to regale me on my voyage," says he, "she had laid out about £8 in sweetmeats, preserved damorins, cherry brandy, and the like knick-knacks ; but it so fell out, I was not much the better for them, for being so long sick, my man Palmer was afraid they would turn sour and so be spoiled, which he took a good course to prevent, for finding of 'em toothsome, he fed on 'em like common food, and ate 'em all up before I got well."

Palmer, who stood in favour with the cook, managed once or twice, between meals, to smuggle a dumpling to his master's berth ; but being surprised at this, he was threatened with a beating, "which," says Dunton, "I resented very ill, because the captain's mess (of which I was a member) had eat up all my share of the fowls tho' they were near ten dozen."

Meantime he witnessed the gambols of various sea-creatures, and, having little else to swallow, believed all the wondrous stories respecting them which the sailors had to tell. A monster was sighted a long distance off, that can only have been a progenitor of the sea-serpent. A shark in search of a dinner came nearer. The appearance of a swordfish and thresher indicated that a whale was somewhere about, and presently he beheld one squirting columns of water high into the air, beneath a cloud of vaporous spray. True Londoner that he was, he could only compare the vision to "a town full of smoking chimneys in the midst of the sea." The harpooning of dolphins and porpoises afforded some sport ; but the cold was becoming intense, and no wonder ! The ship was making for the coast of Newfoundland, and was soon wedged fast against an iceberg. A change of wind occurring, she and her towering captor were carried together into milder latitudes, where, the iceberg beginning to melt, they parted company. This peril past, it was found that the food on board would just last a fortnight, if that. The daily allowance for each individual was therefore reduced to "a pint of water and bread in proportion." If it had not been that some cod-

fish were caught, it would have fared badly with them all. A dead calm reigned too—not a breath of wind to stir a sail. A favourable breeze sprang up at last, and their course was resumed. A report that land was in sight (though as yet only in hazy outline) filled them with joy. Dunton strained his eyes to scan the American coast, which appeared “a mighty wilderness of trees ; here and there a little spot of clearer ground that looked like a plantation.”

It was on a bright but bitterly cold evening that the party crawled on shore at a point near the Castle, where they were given shelter for the night. Next morning they set out, “over the ice,” for Boston, about a mile distant. While sharing danger and privations at sea, there had been no discord among them ; but now (as though to show they were human) they squabbled as to the road to take. In the end, some went one way, some another. Regarding the voyage, which had lasted four weary months, Dunton protested he would “part with both the Indies, were they his,” rather than undergo the same hardships again. There was the journey back, to be sure, to be considered ; but he had some notion, then, of getting his wife to join him instead of his joining her—an arrangement dependent upon his success or otherwise.

He was not long in finding convenient quarters in the house of a brother bookseller, Richard Wilkins, an Irishman from Limerick. Here he was accommodated with a warehouse for his books, for by this time the ship bearing one half of his cargo had put into port ; and that the other half would soon follow he had, as yet, no reason to doubt. He met everywhere with a cordial reception, due mainly to his relationship to Dr. Annesley, whose name was held in honour. One can imagine his elation when the freedom of the city was conferred on him, and he was feasted by the Governor and magistrates at a banquet in the Town Hall. He made himself known, of course, to the clerical notabilities, beginning with the Rev. Increase Mather (Metropolitan of New England and Rector of Harvard College), and his sons Cotton and Nathaniel. In Cotton Mather, who was forming a library, he beheld a likely customer, and this may have been in some degree the reason that he “took for Heaven” the first conversation he had with him. He next introduces us to the booksellers, most of them rich, all thriving. From booksellers he passes to printers, and from them to citizens of various callings, down to the miscellaneous folk who visited his warehouse to pick and choose. Among these were some ladies whose portraits are distinctly unattractive. One was a wanton, another a simpleton, another an empty chatterbox ; a fourth was a reputed witch who had sold her

soul to the devil. In the persons of Miss Comfort Wilkins, daughter of his landlord, and Mrs. Joanna Breck, a pretty widow of twenty-two, he presents us with more pleasing types. Comfort Wilkins was a charming Puritan maiden, modest and gentle, yet frank and free. In her father's lodger, cadaverous from long fasting, she took an interest at once, and made his restoration to strength her care. As he suffered from the cold, she had his bed, of nights, warmed with a warming-pan—an instrument which supplied Serjeant Buzfuz with so telling a point in the case of Bardell *versus* Pickwick. She also won his heart by sending his wife a present of a "rich looking-glass," intended, possibly, to insinuate the other's beauty, or indicate her own singleness of mind. As for Mrs. Breck, whom he calls "the flower of Boston," he hints pretty broadly that she would have accepted him as a second husband, had "Iris" not existed.

Though its natural features are unchanged, Boston of to-day but faintly resembles the place described by Dunton more than two centuries ago. It reminded him, he says, of Bristol. He mentions the "streets many and large, paved with pebbles." The houses, though flimsily built of shingles and brick, struck him as "handsomely contrived." He testifies to the excellence of the shops, where "all sorts of commodities" were to be found. Over the gardens and orchards he speaks of, the city has since spread. Modern travellers enlarge on the beauty of the common fringed by creeper-embowered villas, and the spot thus depicted is doubtless the same in its ancient state :

There is a small but pleasant common where the gallants, a little before sunset, walk with their marmalet madams,¹ as we do in Moorfield, till the nine o'clock bell brings them home ; after which the constables walk their rounds to see good order kept, and to take up loose people.

A nine o'clock bell and the simultaneous appearance of a constable sounds vexatious. The laws, indeed, under which the young community was growing, were strict, though not unnecessarily so. Here were some punishments attached to certain misdemeanours and crimes. For drunkenness, whipping or a fine ; the same for kissing a woman (against her will presumably) in the street. For cursing and swearing, the tongue was branded with a red-hot iron ; scolds were gagged and put in the pillory for passers-by to revile. "Were this the law in England," observes John, "it might cure the noise that is in many women's heads." For graver misdeeds there were graver measures. The sentence on murderers was death, as also on those convicted of practising witchcraft, which was thoroughly

¹ An equivalent expression, probably, to sweetheart.

believed in and regarded with just abhorrence. In short, considering that Boston had been founded only fifty-five years, she seems to have made some progress in wickedness. Though Dunton had surely no cause to complain of his treatment, there are scattered through his letters what may sound like harsh criticisms on his American brethren. This passage will serve as an instance :

They are generally very backward in their payments, great censors of other men's manners, but extremely careless of their own ; yet they have a ready correction for every vice. As for their religion, I cannot perfectly distinguish it ; but it is such that nothing keeps them friends but only the fear of exposing one another's knavery. As for the rabble, their religion lies in cheating all they deal with.

Public interest, just now, was centred in the approaching execution of a man named Morgan who, under strong provocation, and while half-drunk, had committed murder. Sentenced to death, he was awaiting his end in prison, where Dunton visited him. He had confessed his crime, had acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and was penitent. Before quitting the world, he was subjected to what must have been the torture of listening to three sermons from three leading divines.¹ In these he was roughly upbraided—almost railed at : the terrors in store for him were dwelt on, and faint hopes of ultimate forgiveness held out. If anything could have reconciled him to his fate, it must have been the assurance given him by Cotton Mather, that he was listening to the three last sermons he would ever hear. Early in the day appointed for the execution, Increase Mather, the last to preach, began his sermon in what was known as the "New Church" before an enormous audience. One of the overcrowded galleries "cracked," a general rush ensued, and it is surprising that there was no serious accident. An adjournment was then made to another church, where the preacher resumed his discourse. Thence the culprit, pallid and rueful, was conveyed in a cart to the gallows, a mile off. Before dying, he warned the crowd against drunkenness, saying it had been his ruin.²

There came a training day for the militia when all men that could carry arms were called out to exercise. Dunton joined the force, shouldering a pike, as he was unequal to handling a musket ; and he appears to have performed his part in the manœuvres without wounding himself or anybody else. It was impossible for him, while

¹ The Revs. Increase Mather, Cotton Mather, and Joshua Moody.

² Mr. Moody, in his sermon, alluded with regret to the recent introduction into the country of a "kind of strong drink called rum," which the Bostonians seem to have found to their taste.

thus engaged, to give attention to trade. The sale of his books began to flag, and being advised to try Salem as a fresh centre, he transferred the remainder of his stock there, with Palmer in charge. At first Palmer "took money apace;" but afterwards he "fell to shooting" and neglecting his business, which brought down on him some grave reproof from his employer.

Of Dunton's various expeditions about the country, the most interesting was, perhaps, a visit to Natick, a place some twenty miles away, to attend an annual *lecture* addressed by their pastor to the converted Indians. A large party of friends from Boston made the journey on horseback, each rider having a lady seated behind him. Dunton was favoured with the society of Mrs. Breck; another cavalier had charge of Comfort Wilkins; while a third—a gay spark named Cook—had a frivolous Mrs. Middleton as his companion. Their way lay at first through thick woods, which afforded grateful shelter from the scorching sun. From these they emerged on a valley dotted with spruce trees and watered by glistening streams. The path was rough in places, and the women, even if provided with pillions, must have found their seat on the crupper anything but easy. On reaching Natick, they tied up their steeds in an old barn, and passed along rows of wigwams to the spot where the Indian Sachim, or king, and his queen were stationed, surrounded by dusky attendants. The king, it seems, had "a sort of horse face." The queen, whom Dunton says he kissed (a respectful salute, no doubt, expected from white strangers), is described as "considerably up in years." She wore a body and buskins of moose-skin embroidered with coloured beads, and a mantle of blue cloth. To the *lecture*, which consisted of an address in their own language followed by a sermon in English, the assembled Indians hearkened with breathless attention. Their conversion to Christianity, as is well known, was due to the courageous labours of the Rev. John Eliot, now an aged man living at Roxbury, who had translated the Bible into their tongue. His attendance was alone wanting to complete a most impressive scene.

For long after his return to England, Dunton was a hero among his kindred. But his position was not satisfactory. There had been no revival in trade while he was away. Again, his recent enterprise, regarded commercially, was a failure; for besides the loss of half his venture at sea, he left behind him £300 in debts, which his friend Wilkins undertook to recover for him—if he could. Then that unlucky bond he had given his sister-in-law was still unredeemed, and he hardly dared show his nose out of doors for

fear of being arrested by her creditors. To one with his hatred of restraint, this sort of life soon became intolerable. Obtaining bail, he went abroad and spent nine months in wandering through Holland and Germany. At last, hearing that his sister-in-law had settled her debts, and understanding that a change in the political wind was at hand, he ventured to return home. He was glad to settle down. "My humour for rambling," he says, "was now pretty well off, and my thoughts began to fix rather on business." He took a shop with the sign of the "Black Raven," opposite the Poultry Compter—a prison so named—and resumed trade on the very day that the Prince of Orange (William III.) reached London after landing at Torbay. This coincidence he considered most auspicious. His "itch" for printing returned in all its force. Theology and poetry were the subjects he most favoured. Poetry was no more marketable then than it is now. It was different with works of religious inquiry; many of those he published had an extensive sale.

His idea of ideas was what he was pleased to term "Athenianism." It had its origin in the λέγειν καὶ ἀκούειν τι καινότερον of Acts xvii. 21. He thought that even as Athens had once enlightened the barbarian world by her learning and culture, so he and some fellow-workers might supply information to a hungry public. This was to be done in a journal called the *Athenian Mercury*, wherein questions on all topics would be considered and answered. At first there were but four people in the management—the originator himself, who walked off with the glory; Richard Sault, a Cambridge graduate, who undertook the drudgery; Dr. Norris, a walking storehouse of miscellaneous knowledge; and lastly, Samuel Wesley, with whom Dunton had not as yet quarrelled. Few of the queries addressed to the *Mercury* were genuine at first. They were framed by the managers in order to call forth information already prepared. The wisdom thus evinced caught public attention. The journal was a great and immediate success. "It grew every week upon our hands," writes Dunton. "The impatience of our querists and the curiosity of their questions required much accuracy and care." The staff had soon to be increased, and the united body became known as the "Athenian Society." A presumptuous being, one Brown, had the audacity to start a rival paper, the *Lacedæmonian Mercury*—an exact imitation of the other. But the Athenians extinguished him and his design in a manner so high-handed as to be scarcely credible.

It is not all projectors of periodicals that live to read a laudatory history of their own enterprise; yet such was the experience of

Dunton and his collaborators.¹ Prefixed to the history were complimentary poems testifying to the excellence of the paper both in plan and matter. Nahum Tate, the Laureate, chanted its merits in some ponderous lines. Another versifier, in allusion to certain parodies on their undertaking, thus addressed the Society :

Let your opposers trifling jests pursue :
They write for minutes, but for Ages you.

Mrs. Rowe (the "Pindaric Lady," as Dunton styles her) saluted them as "matchless men." Lord Halifax and Sir William Temple were supporters of the *Mercury*, and freely used its pages. Swift, at that time domiciled with Sir William, was one of those whose approval found vent in an ode—and such an ode ! Dryden, after reading it, assured "cousin Swift" that he would never be a poet. The *Mercury* existed for six years only. The death of Sault removed its main support, and the subsequent secession of Dr. Norris left Dunton with a heavier load on his hands than he liked. So he let it drop.

On the death of a cousin, Dunton succeeded to a small property at Chesham. The importance of being a landowner fairly turned his head, and he fancied his estate, which consisted of a few farms, far more valuable than it really was. He had always disliked the "noise and hurry" of business, and his wife, being now in failing health, could no longer help him as she used. He removed to quieter quarters and devoted his time to study. He attended book-sales and secured many rare volumes. But hardly had he settled down to this more congenial mode of life when "Iris" died. The blow was cruel, and he felt it deeply for a time. Mrs. Dunton seems to have been as estimable a woman as her sister, Mrs. Wesley, but without the latter's severity. "She had such a stock of good nature," says her husband, "that I never went home and found her out of humour." He had once assured her that, if he survived her, he would never "draw again in the conjugal yoke." Nevertheless, within a year of her death, he married Sarah Nicholas (whom he always calls "Valeria"), only child of Mrs. Jane Nicholas, a widow of considerable means living at St. Albans. This step, from which he anticipated great worldly advantage, turned out disastrously. By it he forfeited the friendship of many of the Annesley family who thought he had remarried too soon ; his relations, also, with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Nicholas, though cordial at first, did not long continue so. When engaged to her daughter, he had led her to believe that he

¹ *History of the Athenian Society*, by Charles Gildon.

was in affluent circumstances ; but this was untrue. Two of his farms at Chesham were already mortgaged : on the security of a third, he prevailed upon her to advance him a sufficient sum to carry out a plan certain (he considered) to yield heavy profits. This was no less than a journey to Dublin, and the sale there of the precious tomes he had been for long collecting. Benighted Ireland, he thought, would be all the better for some sound literature, and the introduction of a little Athenianism, as represented by himself.

Among his books were works on "divinity, history, philosophy, law, physic, mathematics, horsemanship, merchandise, limning, heraldry, music, fortification, fireworks, husbandry, gardening, &c." They weighed about ten tons, and he expected to clear £1,500 by them. He held three auctions, a "farewell sale," and a "packing penny"—five distinct transactions conducted on the purest principles.

"I must do myself the justice to assert," he writes, "that I had none of those unworthy ways that have been used in some other auctions. I had not one *setter* to advance the price, and draw on unwary bidders."

He enjoyed the favour and patronage of some of the leading citizens, notably the Bishop of Clogher and Colonel Butler, whom he calls the Mæcenas of Ireland. Yet there were many in his own trade who regarded his advent with disgust, considering that his sales were spoiling their market. At the head of these was one Patrick Campbell, a most odious Scotchman, and cock-of-the-walk among the Dublin booksellers. Patrick was a hypocrite who would "say grace over a choppin of ale and all the time be contriving how to overreach you." A quarrel, arising from some petty cause, was soon established between him and the new-comer, and an unscrupulous adversary he proved. His creatures invaded the sale-room, interrupting and ridiculing the proceedings. He induced the proprietor, by an offer of double the rent given by Dunton, to transfer the use of the sale-room to himself ; so that our friend, at the close of his second auction, was rudely dispossessed, and obliged to move his property, at great expense, elsewhere. Dunton's indignation was aroused by this treatment. "I wear my pen as others do their sword," was a favourite declaration of his, and he now drew up a statement of the Scotchman's turpitude, intending to have it printed ; but such was Campbell's influence among the printers that they, one and all, declined the order. He had his statement, therefore, pasted on a board and hung on the wall at his new quarters for everybody to read.

In spite of these worries, he found time to look about him,

and his description of the country, while William III. was on the throne, has a certain value. On the political condition of Ireland, he has little to say. He pronounces the Irish "a nest of disarmed lazy rebels that have the will, though not the power, to cut our throats." Owing to the severe laws in force against Roman Catholics, the complete extirpation of their faith was, he opined, only a matter of time; and, this achieved, England might accomplish her sister's subjugation with ease.¹ He witnessed very complacently the parade with which my Lords Justices (Lords Galway and Winchester) performed their devotions at Christ Church on Sundays:

When they go to church the streets, from the Castle gate to the church door—as also the great aisle of the church, to the foot of the stairs by which they ascend to the place where they sit—are lined with soldiers. They are preceded by the pursuivants of the council-chamber, two maces, and (on state days) by the king and pursuivant at arms, their chaplains and gentlemen of the household, with pages and footmen bareheaded. When they alight from their coach (in which commonly the Lord Chancellor and one of the prime Nobility sit with 'em) the sword of state is delivered to some lord to carry before 'em; and in the like manner they return back to the Castle, where the several courses at dinner are ushered in by kettle-drums and trumpets.

Though he usually shunned theatres, we find him elbowing his way into the Smock Alley playhouse. Here, amidst a babel of brogues, he sat eating oranges and inspecting the occupants of the boxes, whose display of "vanity and foppery" struck him as unexampled. Presently the curtain rose on the "Squire of Alsatia," in which a popular actor named Wilks assumed the leading character. To Dunton the piece, though fairly performed, seemed vicious in its tendency, and it is with shame he confesses that he sat it out. He tells a story, by the way, of the said Wilks which has a familiar sound. The Smock Alley troupe went down, soon after, to Kilkenny, where Wilks, while fighting a stage duel, was supposed to be slain by his adversary. A clown of a countryman who was present, and took the scene for real, fled from the house horror-stricken, and announced the tragedy to all he met. The news reached Dublin in time. Lamentation was general, and some poets were half through appropriate elegies, when the favourite reappeared safe and sound.

Dunton enjoyed several rambles in the country. In company with six friends, he made a three days' expedition on horseback through the county Kildare, finishing up with the Curragh Races. He also spent some time at Kilkenny as the guest of a jovial and

¹ Wiser men than he was (Strafford, for instance) had expressed the same opinion long before. So much for human prescience!



hospitable doctor, of whose prime claret he expresses approval. He was taken, of course, to see the Castle—the home of the Butlers on the river Nore. The fine Vandykes in the picture-gallery excited his admiration. One was a portrait of the artist himself; another represented the tyrannical Strafford with his massive head, lowering brow, and thick black hair short-cropped, “frowning like a mere Nero on the messenger that brought him ill news of the Parliament.”

“On the south side of the gallery,” pursues Dunton, “hang two royal buds, Charles II. drawn when he was four years old (ah, Charles, what innocence didst thou outlive!), and James II. in hanging sleeves—and it had been well for England, and himself too, if he had put off his body with his little coat, and so exchanged one heaven for another.”

Before sailing for England, Dunton offered to make it up with Patrick Campbell, but his overtures were rejected with scorn. He had made no secret of his intention to gibbet his enemy in a forthcoming work; while Patrick's chief partisan (the coffee-house proprietor, Pue) declared he would check its sale, at any rate in Dublin, by chaining a copy to the leg of his table, and charging a penny to all who read it! To his exposure of Campbell he added an “account of his conversation in Ireland;” and these together formed a volume to which he gave the title of “The Dublin Scuffle.” With the exception of his American letters, it is the least tiresome of his writings; but even so, it is a labour to get through, owing to his obscurities of style, his use of fictitious names, and his general dulness and prolixity.

But troubles soon arose which banished all else from his mind. Whatever pleasure his stay in Ireland may have afforded him, it had not enriched him. Before long, he applied to his mother-in-law for a further loan on the security of his already heavily-encumbered land. She, however, had begun to perceive the manner of man he was, and refused. He pressed her urgently, but she remained obdurate, and at last declined to see him, her daughter, who continued to reside with her, adopting the same course. He rushed into print at once, and published his “Case with respect to Madam Jane Nicholas,” showing himself to be in the right, and her in the wrong—a proceeding which only served to embitter the feud. Mutual reproaches and recriminations followed. Here is a discourteous extract from a letter written to him, at this juncture, by his wife:

I write to let you know that if you think much of providing for me, I am very willing you should have all your yoke and burden (as you call it being married) removed, and return me my fortune, and we will be both single. And

you shall have your land, if you will return me my money, and sure that will please you. For I, and all good people, think you never married me for love, but for my money; and so you have had the use of it all this while to banter and laugh at me and my mother by your maggoty printers.

As time went on, he drifted further into difficulties. Authorship, which it had pleased him to exercise as a pastime, he had now to take to for a livelihood; and very humiliated he felt at joining the ranks of the much-despised hacks "who keep their grinders moving by the travail of their pens." It was while thus circumstanced that he set about the composition of that curious work the "Life and Errors of John Dunton, written in Solitude; showing how he would think, speak, and act, might he live over his days again." The opening autobiography has all the air of truth. The lessons he draws from his errors are obvious enough, and may be summed up as inculcating virtue and prudence. The writer's vanity is rampant throughout. He makes us acquainted with a crowd of his contemporaries—note-worthy people in his eyes, but only in so far as they have reference to himself. Authors head the list, and on their heels press booksellers, printers, binders, stationers, auctioneers, engravers on copper, cutters on wood, licensers, journalists, together with his customers, benefactors, and eminent persons generally. He bestows much monotonous eulogy on the passing procession; but where he owes a grudge, he stabs.

His next publication, "A Living Elegy," is a lengthy address to his creditors, describing his embarrassment as only temporary, and making out that his property is worth £10,000. An offer made by one of them, to take ten shillings in the pound, he loftily rejects, naming an exact date, two years ahead, when they may all look to being paid in full. The death of Mrs. Nicholas (an event on which he was evidently counting) occurred in the interval, but did not affect his condition. He had no home worthy of the name to offer his wife, nor had she any intention of joining him. He thought to raise the wind by writing political tracts in Whig interests. One of these, entitled "Neck or Nothing," was an attack on Oxford and Bolingbroke, and caused some sensation. Swift expresses surprise (ironically) at the other side leaving so doughty a challenge unanswered.¹

Dunton petitioned both the King (George I.) and Parliament for some recognition of these services, but without any notice being taken of his appeals. He continued to produce pamphlets and squibs, his style becoming more and more violent, scurrilous, and incoherent. Often he is unintelligible. He had inherited a taint of insanity, and it now became evident that his mind was deranged.

¹ *Public Spirit of the Whigs.*

As for his body, he represents it as "besieged with rheumatism, scurvy, and consumptive cough." He seems to have spent some time in a debtors' prison, from which he obtained his release somehow. Gradually he passes out of sight altogether; and the utmost his best-informed biographer can tell us is that he "died in obscurity" in 1733. He was seventy-four, and had survived his second wife thirteen years.

Although he never fails to condemn literary piracy, Dunton is an egregious sinner himself in that respect. For anyone examining his writings with care, it is easy to convict him. The main interest of his letters from America rests on his description of the manners and customs of the Indians; but this, though woven with some ingenuity into his narrative, is taken from another man's work.¹ His account, also, of the Rev. John Eliot and his labours is the same as that given by Cotton Mather in his biography of that worthy. In his "Life and Errors" one is constantly coming across passages which nobody accustomed to his native style can accept as original. They occur when he is dealing with sacred subjects, and are marked by considerable fervour and eloquence. One can only suppose that they are echoes from some of the many sermons he had heard or read. An example of this may be given. He is discouraging the pursuit of earthly love as diverting the affections from a higher and worthier object, and observes :

When once a heart is affectionately devoted to its God, and effectually touched with seraphic love, it will, like the needle, be always pointing that way : direct it to what point of the compass you please, propose to it the enjoyment of any creature, it will but *tremble* and be *restless*, till it turns again towards God and its final happiness, and there it will fix and centre.

The comparison of the heart to the magnetic needle is a fine one and well expressed; but we cannot believe that the idea was Dunton's own. It is the same in the case of the verse with which his pages are liberally sprinkled. The elder Disraeli has detected him transcribing from Francis Osborne and Cowley without acknowledgment, and sets him down as "a low scribbler whose mind has no elegance, and whose rhymes are doggerel."² The following lines from a poem on "Fair-weather Friends" may well be his. Though poor enough in themselves, they contain an apt simile :

See how my shadow tracks me where I go !
I stop—it stops : I walk—and it doth so.

¹ *Key into the Language of America.* By Roger Williams. Printed in London in 1643.

² Note to Preface of Nichols's edition of *Life and Errors.*



I run with winged flight, and still I spy
My waiting shadow run as fast as I.
But when misfortune's cloud obscures the day,
And through the gloom I have to take my way,
My shadow disappears!—then, all alone,
O'er man's inconstancy I'm left to moan.

When he wrote thus, his pet owl—a bird he prized as sacred to Athene—was dead. His only remaining friends were a faithful nurse, an old spaniel named “Mettle,” and an embroidered waistcoat all in tatters.

LUCRETIVS AND HIS SCIENCE.

IN Lucretius we have the first great example of that apparent anomaly—a “scientific poet.” A philosopher according to his lights, he was yet one of

. . . those rare souls,
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world.

In those passages where he has cast off the shackles of his science and given full rein to his matchless inspiration he has proved himself worthy to rank with the greatest masters of verse. The beauty and intense earnestness of thought which characterise these parts, and, above all, the sincere desire shown to make the lot of mankind happier by weaning them from those passions and reckless follies which turn “the life of a fool into a hell here on earth,” invest his work with a human interest and a charm which belong to but few of the productions of his age.

His merits were early recognised by those competent to judge, and the powerful influence which his genius exercised over his successors is well shown in the frequent imitations of his phraseology and style to be met with in the works of the greatest of the Augustan poets—Vergil—and also in those of Horace and Ovid. In more modern times the star of the old Roman Epicurean has been even more in the ascendant, numbering among his admirers such lights in criticism and poetry as Lambinus, Milton, Goethe, Voltaire, to mention no others. But, as the title of this paper signifies, we shall consider his work rather from a scientific than a poetic standpoint. In the six books of his “*De Rerum Natura*” he presents with striking force and originality, and with a wealth of illustration and analogy all his own, the Epicurean system of the universe. Thoroughly in sympathy with his subject, the weak points of Epicureanism, under his vigorous and loving touch, appear almost strong, while those which constitute its strength are made even more striking by the inexhaustible stores of argument and illustration he brings to bear upon them. But, notwithstanding his enthusiasm for the tenets of his master, he is never betrayed into dishonesty. Difficulties and anomalies may

spring up, but with these he grapples earnestly and fairly, and often, judged from his own point of view, successfully. There is no shuffling, and his righteous scorn for those who cover the falseness of their doctrines by the complexity and obscurity of their language is seen in his wrathful denunciation of Heraclitus. "No writer," says Professor Sellar, in his most appreciative account of the life and work of Lucretius, "ever used words more clearly or sincerely." If ever the Epicurean philosophy could have been patched up into a semblance of reasonableness, our poet was the man to have done it.

Although the merits of Lucretius as a poet have always received generous recognition, yet there are speculations in his science¹ so far in advance of his times, that it is only in this century that the extraordinary nature of many of his anticipations of modern scientific thought has been duly appreciated. The caustic and supercilious Creech speaking of his philosophy, says (alluding to his hypothesis of chance) that he could "be the strongest argument of his own opinions, for it seems impossible that some things which he delivers should proceed from Reason or Judgment, or any cause but Chance and unthinking Fortune." Even Lord Macaulay, while admiring his keen moral sense, and the picturesque nature of his descriptions, stigmatises his philosophy as being for the most part "utterly worthless." With the growth, however, of our knowledge, and with a more appreciative study of the system of Epicurus, there are many who now no longer hold with the great essayist that the teachings of the Garden constitute "the silliest and meanest of all systems of natural and moral philosophy."²

One of the first impressions that must strike a reader of Lucretius is the conviction that he had that which the Scotch elder thought so eminently desirable—viz. "An unco' guid opinion of himself," as well as a very poor one of ordinary mortals. From the serene heights of his calm philosophy he looks down with a half-pitying, half-contemptuous condescension on the follies and mistakes of mankind. Unlike Newton, he seems to think that he has sounded the universe to its bottomest depths by the plummet of his fancy; and in one place he speaks of himself as gaining a wreath from the Muses.

¹ Which was of course essentially that of Democritus, "cujus fontibus Epicurus hortulos suos irrigavit."—*Cicero*.

² It is pleasant, however, to find that this "vulgar error" was avoided by that large-minded and liberal knight Sir Thomas Browne, who both in his *Religio Medici* and *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* speaks most favourably and charitably of Epicurus and his philosophy.

the like of which had graced the brows of no mortal before.¹ But even his very arrogance sits well upon him. For, after all, perhaps it is not so much an inordinate consciousness of his own powers which lifts him up, as the firm conviction that in the teachings of his master Epicurus, whom he lauds in those frequent bursts of harmonious verse which pleasantly relieve the stern tenor of his poem, he has found a lever which will enable him to elevate mankind by liberating them from debasing superstition and needless fear, and so make life at least worth the living. This system of philosophy he is persuaded is the only true one. Hence his contempt of all others, and his lofty satisfaction that while men are groping about in darkness, he at least basks in the sunshine of truth.

Concerning the details of the life of Lucretius, there is much conjecture and but little certainty. Born probably of an illustrious patrician family (Munro), he was brought "up to the realms of light" somewhere about 99 B.C.; and there is a legend to the effect that, maddened by a love philtre administered him by his mistress, he died by his own hand in the forty-fourth year of his age, the day of his death being that on which one of his greatest admirers—Vergil—received the *toga virilis*.² But although so little information of a biographical nature concerning him has reached us, yet in one respect he has been unusually fortunate. For his likeness, cut out on a black agate, has survived to our own time, so that we are enabled to gaze on the very features of the poet. His claim to the remembrance of posterity rests upon a single work of 7,400 hexameters, the extraordinary nature of which, and the marvellous manner in which he has in some of his speculations anticipated modern scientific thought, entitle him to the peculiar consideration of those interested in ancient science. Indeed, the first two books of the "De Rerum Natura" especially, read almost like a modern treatise on the atomic and kinetic theories of matter!

The three foundations—the tripod—on which the whole science of the "De Rerum Natura" rests, are the three grand and philosophic conceptions of the indestructibility of matter; the essential unity of all its seeming varieties; and the reign of law in the universe.³ There is a wonderful passage in the first book in which the poet states

¹ IV. 2-5.

² Professor Sellar, after a most judicial balancing of the pros and cons of the matter, neither wholly accepts nor wholly rejects the tradition. He is inclined "rather to treat the story as a meagre and distorted record of tragical events in the poet's life than as a literary myth."

³ This last-mentioned limb of the tripod is not, however, so firm as one could wish. More will be said regarding this later.

the first of these truths in a manner which shows that he fully and intelligently perceived its importance. In it he declares that nothing arises except at the expense of something else, a statement which modern chemistry has done so much to illustrate. In these remarkable lines it is clearly taught that, although Nature may resolve a body into its constituent elements, yet she does not annihilate, but re-forms these first principles into fresh compounds. The death of the one combination is the birth of a new order of things, the case being one, not of annihilation, but of transformation.¹

The conviction, again, that there is but one form of primordial matter running through all its apparently endless varieties, seems to have taken deep root in the mind of Lucretius. Nor is this conception present to him simply in a crude and rough form, but in one singularly beautiful and profound. For he will not admit a supposition such as that of Heraclitus, which teaches that fire is the first matter; nor is he better pleased with the doctrine of Anaximenes or Thales, which assigns the origin of all to air or water respectively. He goes deeper than this. "Is it not better," he asks, "that you should settle that there are certain bodies endowed with such a nature, that if, say, they have formed Fire, yet the same atoms, a few having been taken away, and a few allotted, and their arrangement and motions having been changed, can make the gentle breaths of Air, and so in like manner all other things are mutually interchangeable?"² And again: "Truly, as I think, matters stand thus: there are certain bodies which by their connections, motions, arrangement, position, and conformations make up fire, but these having changed their order, change the character of the substance, and are, in themselves, neither like fire, nor aught else which moves the sense."³ "To such a degree," he adds a few verses later on, "is it in the power of those bodies which are the foundations of things to accomplish, simply by a change in their arrangement."⁴ The atoms of Lucretius thus differed from one another not in the nature of their first matter, but in their shapes, sizes, weights, and their capabilities of position and arrangement. With these, then, does he undertake to build up the universe. It is impossible not to admire the grandeur and boldness of such a conception as this.

In more modern times, though we are fain to term certain bodies "elements" on account of our experimental inability to reduce them to any simpler forms of matter, yet none the less are we persuaded that the apparently various forms of matter differ not essentially, but only in intimate structure. It was suggested by Prout, in 1816, that

¹ I. 15-264.| ² I. 798, &c.| ³ I. 684, &c.| ⁴ I. 827.

hydrogen was the primordial matter, which by successive condensations formed the other elements—a hypothesis analogous to that of Heraclitus, hydrogen being substituted for fire. Being founded, however, on an untenable assumption, it had regretfully to be laid aside. In late years, however, Sir W. Thomson's (Lord Kelvin) vortex ring theory of the atoms has enabled the hypothesis to be revived in (as Wurtz remarks) a less objectionable form, and one, moreover, bearing a strong likeness to the Democritan and Lucretian conception. At any rate, the student of organic chemistry especially feels the force of Lucretius's remark that the atoms can accomplish a vast deal by a mere change of arrangement; seeing as he does how two bodies composed of exactly the same elements, and having, too, precisely the same number of atoms of each in the molecule, yet by a difference in the structure of these molecules can differ considerably in their properties. (Isomerism.) And now let us consider the remaining foundation of our poet's philosophy.

One of the most transcendent merits of the philosophy of the "De Rerum Natura" is, as has been pointed out by Professor Sellar, its assertion of the reign of Law in the operations of Nature. One of the chief grounds on which its veneration for Epicurus is based is that he unfolded the majesty of Law; he showed what could and what could not happen; how to the powers of everything is set a fixed limit, to go beyond or transgress which is not within the power of things to accomplish. From this principle is shown the baselessness of certain fears which had troubled and disturbed mankind, and the impossibility of certain combinations, for it is said "Scilicet id certa fieri ratione necessust."¹

But at first sight it seems an unwarrantable stretch of indulgence to give a philosophy which maintained the hypothesis of chance and the "fortuitous concourse" of atoms the glory of having asserted the government by Law. It may fairly be asked, "How could it be possible to dogmatically assert 'what could and what could not arise' if all be the result of a fortuitous concourse?" It will be interesting, therefore, to inquire how far we may give Lucretius the credit of having been an expounder of the grand doctrine of Law in the natural world. And in the first place, we may remark that the theory of the "fortuitous concourse," as set forth by our poet, is not so repugnant to (indeed, it is quite consistent with) the conception of Law, as the meaning of the phrase would seem to convey. For the teaching of Lucretius on this point is as follows. From the very first the atoms had, as part of their peculiar nature, certain

¹ II. 710. Also V. 55-58 and V. 924.

inherent properties, capabilities, and affinities.¹ Now, the first prime cause in the construction of the universe was their property of motion. The atoms by this motion of theirs traversed the infinite void, and, meeting with other atoms clashed with them, and by these impacts fresh motions were engendered. If two atoms on collision were unsuited the one to the other—that is, if their affinities, &c., were not satisfied those of the one by the other—no combination could result. By degrees, however, after infinite experiments, in which all other possible combinations had been tried without result, all those atoms which were able mutually to satisfy each other's capabilities and affinities came together and formed a permanent combination. Thus all those "first principles" which were mutually fitted to join each other and form "earth" were united into a close congeries, while those atoms which entangled in these were yet unsuited to form part of this union were expelled by the blows and collisions of the several "seeds" composing earth, and, like meeting with like, formed other bodies, such as air, ether, &c.² Clearly, the idea of a fixed law runs through all this account. These combinations of atoms are bound by certain conditions which cannot be transgressed. This infinite experiment theory of Lucretius, false or true, is not indeed unlike that of some modern scientists which we have heard expressed in almost similar language. That Lucretius held the doctrine of the "fortuitous concourse" cannot, therefore, be urged as a valid objection to his claim. But we must confess with regret that he just comes short of asserting the universality of law. There are times when he falters and wavers in his allegiance to this grand truth; when there is in his philosophy a struggle between law and something else—call it what you will, but which is not law. This is sufficiently shown in the doctrine of the "clinamen" or "*declinatio atomorum*," which Lucretius, as a good Epicurean, of course taught. According to this notion, the atoms turn aside from their straight course a little at some point in their journey down the void, though neither is there any fixed time at which they do this, nor any particular spot where it must take place. This deflection is, however, so slight that it can only just be called a deflection, lest it should be said that bodies fall obliquely, which sense (which is an infallible judge) would refute.³ It is difficult to conceive anything more contradictory to the conception of an orderly government

¹ The "Vis atomorum" of the Epicurean disputant in the *De Natura Deorum*.

² See V. 416-508.

³ II. 216-224 and II. 243.

of the universe by law than this. The "necessity" of Democritus was truly preferable to this "regnum et licentia atomorum" of Epicurus and Lucretius. There are also other and minor instances in which we may see this hesitation between law and caprice, as, for instance, in the conflict of the words "ratio . . . casu . . . forte,"¹ when he essays to explain the cause of disease. We cannot, therefore, unreservedly and freely award to the philosophy of Lucretius the praise which a full acknowledgment of this principle would deserve.

Having now considered the broad principles, let us then descend and glance at some of the more particular tenets characteristic of the science of Lucretius, beginning with the atomic theory.

Two things only are to our poet *sui generis*—Matter and the Vacuum. All others are mere accidents and incidents of these. With regard to the first mentioned, having proved that it cannot be destroyed, he next essays to demonstrate that neither can it be infinitely divided, but that there remain certain particles so small that the sense is not cognisant of them, which cannot by any means be broken up. These atoms, according to him, are not all of one shape or size. Some are smooth and round; these compose substances which give pleasure to the senses. Some are hooked and jagged; these pain the senses. Others, moreover, are slightly angular; they enter into the composition of bodies which neither give absolute pain nor pleasure, but rather tickle the organs of perception. For example: those atoms which, impinging on the nostrils, produce the sensation of a pleasant smell, are smoother and freer from asperities than those which give rise to the opposite effect; and so on. Again, the atoms of iron or stone are larger than those of heat or fire, which latter are, however, larger than those which compose the lightning.²

The material theory of smell here set forth is in part still retained, though of course we do not go to the length of asserting that unpleasant smells are caused by sharp lacerating particles, nor that the opposite sensation has its origin in those which are nicely rounded off! It is, perhaps, in these shallow attempts to explain sensation, that one realises most vividly to what a degree the old philosophers underrated the difficulty of the problems which they had set themselves to solve.

Although men of science would be loth to accept an atomic theory deduced from such speculative reasonings as those of Lucretius, yet that matter is made up of *leasts* is a conclusion from which, when the phenomena of physics and chemistry are attentively considered,

¹ VI. 1090, &c.

² II. 381-430.

there appears to be no possibility of escape. Matter then, not being infinitely divisible, the next and most natural question is, "What is the nature of these atoms?" To this question there have been many answers, but none of them quite satisfactory. Lucretius conceived them to be absolutely solid, hard bodies containing no vacuity, and hence indivisible, eternal, and free from all manner of change.¹ The view that the atoms were hard solids was also favoured by Newton; but it fails to explain their perfect elasticity, and it is also (as Wurtz remarks) hard to conceive that indivisible solids should be of different sizes. The most ingenious as well as the most startling view comes from Sir W. Thomson (now Lord Kelvin), which we have already referred to.² Paradoxical as it seems we might almost designate his hypothesis as an immaterial theory of matter. For, according to him, each atom of matter is a vortex ring in that all-pervading medium the Ether, thus, as has been pointed out, putting the perception of matter on precisely the same footing as our perception of light or radiant heat—viz. as "a mode of motion of the ether." But to return to Lucretius and his philosophy.

No nice distinctions troubling his mind, he secures motion for his atoms as a property³ by virtue of their weight. This motion of theirs carries them perpendicularly downwards through space. Having now shown that all things result by the conglomeration of primordial bodies, eternal, free from change, and endowed with motion, his next care is to find a reason which will explain the meeting of atoms with atoms to form compounds. And here, following Epicurus, a pitfall is sagaciously avoided, into which he might very well have been betrayed. It was open to him to assert that atoms meet with atoms owing to their different weights, whereby a swifter motion was given to the heavier than to the lighter body. But recognising the not too evident fact that all bodies, whether light or heavy, fall *in vacuo* with exactly the same velocities,⁴ the apparent difference in swiftness when falling in the air being due to effects produced by that medium,⁵ he has to seek elsewhere for an explanation.

In order, therefore, to account for these combinations of atoms our philosopher assumes that they do not always move in exact straight lines, *i.e.* their directions of motion are not always and

¹ I. 609-614.

² Strange as it may seem, this explanation was in a great measure anticipated by Descartes.

³ 'Prima moventur enim per se primordia rerum.'—II. 133.

⁴ This was one of the points in which Epicurus corrected the physics of Democritus, this latter asserting that heavy bodies did fall faster than light ones.

⁵ The experimental proof of this principle was furnished by Galileo.

everywhere quite parallel, silencing any objections to this view by pointing out the impossibility of proving the opposite.¹ This is not the only place where Lucretius would have us accept as true a theory the only merit of which is that it cannot be proved false. But in this he is only following out faithfully that dogma of Epicurus, which Munro thus clearly expresses : “ Whatever could be brought to the test of sense and was confirmed by it was true ; all opinions, again, which could not be brought to such a test, and at the same time were not contradicted by it, were to be held to be equally true.”² So great is his antagonism to the religion of his countrymen that he is satisfied, when he is unable to do more, if he can but point out some natural process which may possibly have produced such and such a result, provided that he demonstrate that it can arise without the necessity for supposing supernatural intervention. This postulate of the “clinamen” is also used by the Epicureans to explain the existence of free-will, this, according to them, having its birth from the tendency of the atoms to decline a little from the straight course. Naturally enough this assumption was soundly ridiculed by the opponents of Epicurus, and, along with the doctrine of the *quasi corpus, quasi sanguis*, furnished a butt for the amusement of self-satisfied critics of the type of the Academic Cotta in the “De Natura Deorum.” Cicero elsewhere scornfully asks whether the atoms cast lots which shall decline and which shall not.³ But, having postulated this dogma, of necessity atoms must clash with atoms, and so by their meeting cause the formation of things.

And now we come to the next division of Lucretius's theory of atoms, *i.e.* his kinetic theory of matter, which bears a strange likeness to the modern doctrine, and in which he perhaps approaches most nearly the speculations of modern science. Indeed, with the interpolation of a little scientific jargon about the “mean free path,” “average diameter of the molecules,” &c., his description might almost pass for a text-book of the kinetic theory of matter of our own day !

The motion which the atoms had originally, he declares, is not lost when they unite to form complex bodies ; for the particles composing a body are never still, but know no rest, flying hither and thither, coming into collision with each other, then rebounding only to strike again, and so on to eternity—

¹ II. 243-250.

² See the epistle of Epicurus to Herodotus in the tenth book of Diog. Laërtius.

³ *De Fato* xx

. . . for it seemed
A void was made in Nature ; all her bonds
Crack'd ; and I saw the flaring atom-streams
And torrents of her myriad universe,
Ruining along the illimitable inane,
Fly on to clash together again, and make
Another and another frame of things
For ever.

—*Tennyson's "Lucretius."*

Those atoms which on striking each other rebound only to a short distance, owing to the multitude of collisions, and whose motions are thus confined to a small space, being "stopt by their mutual twinings," compose hard and dense substances such as iron and the rock. In those cases where they have more freedom of path and when struck are able to rebound farther, and where consequently the number of impacts is less—of them are formed the less dense bodies such as the air. In other cases, again, the primary atoms of things wander through the great Inane and do not form combinations with each other—solitary wanderers they through the Void profound.¹

The atoms have always been in "perpetual motion" from the first, and will ever remain so ;² and it is this inherent motion which is the cause of the formation of new combinations and the breaking up of the old. Moreover, although the number of impacts among the molecules is so many, yet it is not sufficient now and then to prevent the release of particles, which are thus liberated from their bonds.³ Such, then, is a brief summary of the kinetic theory of Lucretius, which is, as far as it goes, unexceptionable.⁴ Two things, then, according to him, are indestructible—matter and motion. Take these two ideas together and we have a crude expression of the great experimental truth of the "conservation of energy." As an illustration of his assertion that occasionally solitary atoms break loose from their unions, we may take the case of our atmosphere. We know that in passing through space we are losing particles of our aërial envelope by reason of this very motion of the molecules. But this loss is made up to us by the accession of fresh particles of matter from those regions of Space we are travelling through. These latter will therefore correspond to the free and uncombined "seeds" which Lucretius conceives to peregrinate the universe.

Now, as this paper does not profess to be an exhaustive analysis

¹ See II. 62-111.

² II. 297-299.

³ I. 1024-1048.

⁴ The atoms "collide, they recoil, they oscillate."—*Tyndall.*

of the philosophy contained in the "De Rerum Natura" (which would indeed be impossible within such limits), mention must be omitted of many things upon which I should have been discoursing—

. . . ni iam sub fine laborum

Vela traham et terris festinem advertere proram.

We will, therefore, conclude with a brief notice of the Lucretian astronomy, which, if it does not display any marked degree of sagacity, is at least curious and amusing. It is indeed both curious and absurd, and it is in this department, perhaps, that he comes nearest deserving Creech's stricture. When we state that, according to him, the sun, moon, and stars are about the size they seem to us, possibly a little larger or a trifle less;¹ that the sequence of night and day may be explained on the supposition that the sun is annihilated daily, and is every morning re-created by the streaming together of fiery atoms;² that the cause of the sun's yearly journeyings may probably be the existence of two currents of air going in contrary directions, each coming into operation at an appointed time, the one driving the sun from the summer signs to the regions of frost, while the action of the other is to propel it back from these dismal parts and to restore it again to the grateful realms of heat³—it will be seen how far divorced his notions are from anything like our own. But even here, amid much chaff, we may now and again come upon the grain of truth, and, wherever our poet does hit upon a correct theory, he is usually abreast of even our nineteenth-century science. As an example may be taken a passage in the fifth book, to which Tyndall deservedly applies the term "remarkable." This is occasioned by the necessity for some explanation of the fact that although the sun is only as big as it appears to be, yet it can pour forth such an abundance of genial and life-giving light and heat. Lucretius recognises this objection to his statement, and he endeavours to remove it by the analogy of a small spring of water fertilising large districts of land. But this does not quite satisfy his acute perceptions, and he gives as an additional reason the hypothesis contained in the following lines: "Perchance also the sun, beaming on high with his rosy torch, may possess about him much fire with dark heat which is manifested by no brilliance, so that being heat-bearing it may greatly increase the potency of his rays."⁴ The best comment on the foregoing passage will be found in these words of Tyndall's: ". . . Besides its luminous rays, the sun pours forth

¹ V. 564-591.

² V. 658-665. The notions that the sun was kindled afresh daily, and that it was no bigger than it seems, originated from Heraclitus.

³ V. 637-642.

⁴ V. 610-614.

a multitude of other rays more powerfully calorific than the luminous ones, but entirely unsuited to the purposes of vision." This passage, containing as it does the utterance of modern science, reads almost like a paraphrase of the verses of the old Roman philosopher. The expression, too, "cæcis fervoribus," reminds us forcibly of the "dark" or "invisible" heat rays we talk so much about now.

The theory of Lucretius that there are currents of air which carry the planets along in their courses is a curious one, but it is not without a more modern counterpart ; and we can well imagine that it would be the most obvious explanation that would offer itself to a system-monger eagerly searching after a plausible reason for the phenomena in question. We find, moreover, that that somewhat erratic genius, Kepler, invented the theory of a vortex of an immaterial fluid which, perpetually circling round the sun, carried in its train the planets, just as a stream would a boat on its surface. No great stretch of imagination is needed to detect the similarity between this conception and that of our poet.

The whole of the Lucretian astronomy is a faithful reflex of both the doctrine and spirit of that of Epicurus as set forth in his letter to Pythocles in the tenth book of Laërtius. In both we find the same careless disregard of the principles on which true science is based ; the same listlessness (if we may term it so) and utter want of interest in the subject under discussion ; the same curious delight in tacitly admitting at almost every other line that their so-called explanations are mere guesswork, covering a profound ignorance of the true theory ; and, lastly, the same discouragement of any attempt to find out the truth by original research. These traits are well shown where he deals with the rival theories concerning the cause of the phases of the moon : the phenomenon, he says, may be explained by supposing the moon to be luminous in one half only, and to possess a rotary motion, " . . . As the Babylonian doctrine of the Chaldees refuting the theory of the astrologers strives to prove contrary to it, just as if that could not be quite as possible which each of them contends for, or that there were any considerations why you should adopt this explanation less than that." ¹ Truly a very easy-going sort of science ! Perhaps, however, on a closer comparison, one may allow that Lucretius in some of these matters has shown himself a little less of an invertebrate than his master, though there is but little to choose between them in this branch of natural philosophy.

Et iam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla.

E. W. ADAMS.

¹ V. 727-730.

*SUNDAY AFTERNOON.**A PANTOUM.*

AN early dinner after church,
 An easy-chair, a cheerful fire,
 New books inviting my research—
 What more could any one desire ?

An easy-chair, a cheerful fire :
 Just forty winks to rest the eyes—
 What more could any one desire ?
 Behold, six uninvited flies !

Just forty winks to rest the eyes :
 A rare indulgence is a doze ;
 Behold, six uninvited flies,
 Baiting my inoffensive nose !

A rare indulgence is a doze ;
 Quite wide-awake I cannot keep
 Baiting my inoffensive nose,
 Flies will not let me fall asleep.

Quite wide-awake I cannot keep—
 Something is crawling on my brow.
 Flies will not let me fall asleep,
 A brace is kissing me just now.

Something is crawling on my brow ;
 Three flies explore my ear and eye
 A brace is kissing me just now ;
 I capture one triumphantly.

Three flies explore my ear and eye,
 Two warm their feet upon my cheek ;
 I capture one triumphantly,
 And well-earned rest in slumber seek.

Two warm their feet upon my cheek :
I muse on Egypt's plague of yore,
And well-earned rest in slumber seek,
Wishing the flies would cease to bore.

I muse on Egypt's plague of yore,
I nap by fits and wake with starts,
Wishing the flies would cease to bore,
Ere that my leisure hour departs.

I nap by fits and wake with starts ;
Let me arouse myself to read,
Ere that my leisure hour departs.
Why should these madding flies succeed ?

Let me arouse myself to read,
New books inviting my research ;
Why should these madding flies succeed
An early dinner after church ?

S. SWITHIN.

LOWLANDS VERSUS HIGHLANDS.

IF ten people were asked what kind of scenery is most calculated to "produce" poets, nine at least would at once reply in favour of mountainous and striking surroundings.

The fact is exactly the opposite. There is no doubt that hills, moors, and bold scenery generally, are infinitely more popular than the flats and fen-lands, in spite of a spasmodic interest in the latter, when the Inverted Torch casts its shadow over the tomb of a Lowland Laureate.

But it is not of Tennyson that we would now speak, excepting in so far as the initial conditions and subsequent outcome of his individuality help to prove the assertion that poets are almost always born in flat and tame districts, or else in a city which nullifies scenery.

One thing is certain, that though surroundings may develop a poet they can never make one. A poem is like a plant, it has its root in nature, while its form depends upon culture or accidental circumstances; and what is true of the poem is equally true of the poet, who may say with Ulysses, "I am a part of all that I have met."

In Abercromby's "Weather," he proposes the quaint theory that the religion of a country is largely determined by the cheerfulness or depression climatically induced in its inhabitants.

Certainly, the contrast between the ornate ritual of Italy or Spain, and the severe simplicity of Presbyterianism, is as sharp as between Spanish sunshine and Scotch mists, so far as outward effect is concerned.

Be this as it may, natural surroundings afford a key to the national and individual temperament, which finds a more or less faithful expression in music and poetry.

Far back, when Britain was being fought for by the old Celtic and Cymric tribes, a difference has been traced between the music of the Gaelic Celts of the Upland and that of the Cymry.

The music of the Gaels was sweet, lively, and rapid; that of the Cymry slower and more monotonous.

The type of character found among the hills is usually more

patriotic and natural than in the flats, where it is more readily refined, analytical, and often morbid. Falstaff's simile of melancholy is the "drone of a Lincolnshire bag-pipe." Flat and extensive scenery encourages the expansion of egoistic generalisation, but it does not appear to inspire so much patriotic affection as is the case with hilly parts. The emigration that goes on from Lincolnshire and other flat counties is very large, while the Highlander is a most unwilling wanderer.

If hilly countries are more poetically inspiring than the Lowlands, what a glorious poet Switzerland should have brought forth! But where is the poet of the Swiss?

We find Ruskin admitting, "The Swiss certainly have no feelings respecting their mountains in any wise corresponding with ours. . . . The training for which the mountain children have to thank the Muotta Thal was in soundness of breath and sturdiness of limb, far more than in elevation of idea." Their three great States are named not after their glorious peaks, but after their forests.

Why does it so often happen that the sight of grand scenery awakens feelings of fervent emotion in the stranger, and no fine appreciation at all in those living amongst it? Who can recall the first glimpse he ever had of the snow-capped mountains, without acknowledging that it was a supreme moment in his life? A moment some have felt to be almost divine—an æsthetic sacrament.

The stately glacier-clad Alps rise from the deep blue water far up to where the sky glows like the heart of a sapphire above their awful crests, all dazzling and unearthly in their lonely beauty.

The pilgrim and the sojourner may see all this with pure wonder and pleasure, but explain it how we may—by want of culture, undeveloped intellectual appreciation, or effeteness of race—it is all the same as regards any result, for "there is silence on the hills" whether of Switzerland or Greece.

To quote Ruskin once more, "The spirit of the hills is action, that of the Lowlands repose."

Without going into any tedious details of heredity or similar by-causes, we will take a glance at some readily recollected names of poets who have been born away from mountains or very imposing hills, and then see how many exceptions there are by which to prove the rule. To many poets, as to Spenser, "Merrie London" has been "a most kindly nurse."

Chaucer was born there. Prior, Milton, Pope, Gray, Hood, Keats, Rogers, and Byron all saw the light first in London.

Browning, a true poet of cities and the heart of man, was born at Camberwell.

Ruskin, who is surely a poet in his grand devotion to the beautiful, was a Londoner.

Philip Bourke Marston, whose blindness hid from him the "everlasting babel of the Euston Road," lived there, though his fancy created a dream home among roses and lily-bells in the Wind Gardens.

Shelley was born in Sussex, Collins at Chichester.

The poet whom Byron called "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best," was born on the flat ugly coast of Suffolk.

Crabbe sang his own surroundings when he described

A shaking fen . . .
In dark tempestuous night.
There never trod the foot of men,
There flocked the fowl in wintry flight,
There danced the moor's deceitful light
Above the pool where sedges grow.

Another Lowland poet was Cowper. His life was passed in the quiet counties of Hertford, Huntingdon, and Buckingham, and he has shed a literary grace over the dull levels of the Ouse.

Whether an admirer of Cowper or not, no one can question his pure taste, or the real enthusiasm he felt for the simple scenes he so lovingly lingers over.

The ripples on the river and the very herbs were dear to him. The tall poplars along the banks of the creeping stream were his friends, and when the quivering of their tiny leaves was silenced, as the trees lay cut down upon the grass, the lonely man lamented over the

Whispering shade of the cool colonnade,
Where the winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Lincolnshire claims Jean Ingelow as a native of Boston, the fenland capital, where the stately foreign-looking belfry of which she has sung, still stands out as a landmark for miles round as it did in days of old, when the blazing cresset flared from its lofty lantern, and the great bells clashed and chimed to warn the fenmen of the rising floods.

The old Mayor climbed the Belfry Tower.
The ringers rang by two, by three. . . .
Play up, play up, ye Boston Bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play up the "Brides of Enderby!"
Men say it was a stolen tide.
The Lord that sent it He knows all,
But in mine ear will aye abide
The message that the Bells let fall.
And awesome Bells they were to me,
That in the dark rang "Enderby!"

All is peaceful and torpid now ; even the flood fear has ceased to haunt the fens, since after a dry summer they are more likely to need irrigation than drainage.

Old Fuller wrote :

As God hath tempered the body together . . . assigning to each member the proper office thereof, so the same Providence hath so wisely blended the benefits of this county, that take collective Lincolnshire, and it is defective in nothing.

This thorough-going championship of the best abused county in England is less likely to pass unchallenged than if the same words were adapted to the cultured life-work of the Laureate to whom Lincolnshire gave birth.

Tennyson was saturated with the spirit of the Lowlands, and sang of what he saw. Born at Somersby, sent to school at Wainfleet, which is near the coast, he knew the great plain from the woodland to the water's edge.

"Locksley Hall," "Mariana of the Moated Grange," and certain passages of "In Memoriam" are unmistakably exact in their local colouring.

To instance the first of the three poems alluded to, let the reader but see Skegness, the original setting of "Locksley," and the full force of many allusions will be understood at once.

It is a curious place this Skegness-on-Sea, and if we had to describe it briefly, it would be as the Home of the Three Dimensions, since three straight lines express its actual appearance—a line of sand, a line of sea, and a line of sky. On the north, the sands run towards Winthorpe ; to the south, they stretch in an unbroken level down to Gibraltar Point ; the sea crawls up from the east ; and on the west, low dunes, fringed with shaggy tufts of sand-grass like pixie's hair, form a natural high-water mark seldom reached now by the receding tides.

A vast plain of marsh land begins at the edge of the coast, with dykes intersecting its wide treeless fields, until the wooded wold country rolls its royal green skirts down to the shelving border of the flats.

But over all there broods an unique charm for those who can forgive the grim monotony of limitless outline.

The peculiar melancholy—sometimes gentle, often terrible, but always there—captivates still, as it did in the days when Tennyson was young :

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science and the long result of time.

Here he stayed, in an old house lately pulled down, which was the original of

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

The gloomy burden of the poem is in complete sympathy with the influence of the weird scenery of the lonely coast.

In "Mariana" we have a fine picture drawn in the same sombre colours :

Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver green with gnarled bark.
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.

We quote the well known passages from "In Memoriam," which give an inimitably perfect idea of the view across the country from the wold to the North Sea.

The very afflatus of the Lowlands lives in every line :

Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only thro' the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground ;
Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold ;
Calm and still light on yon great plain,
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers
To mingle with the bounding main :
Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall ;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair.

Before considering any complete exceptions to the rule, we must mention the names of four English poets who are partial exceptions, having been born in hilly, but not mountainous scenery. Southey and Chatterton were born at Bristol, and no one could call it flat where the Durdham Downs are within sight. Coleridge was born at Ottery St. Mary's, in a lovely Devonshire village, but the Blue Coat School was his boyish home. Wordsworth was a native of Westmoreland, and became a poet of the Lakes.

The first real exception—a poet born amongst thoroughly romantic scenery—was Cædmon, whose wild Whitby home throws a powerful atmosphere around his half legendary figure.

Strange that Yorkshire has never produced a great poet since this cowherd of the seventh century, when it can boast of far more bold landscapes on the moors and along the coast than Lincolnshire

possesses. Unless we force an allusion to the possibilities of poetic genius in the Brontë family, the record is a blank.

Have we had a Welsh poet of any national note since Merlin and Taliesin?

In order to deal with the Highlands we must look at the Scotch poets; but in doing so, we are met by the disconcerting fact that their two great poets were both born in the Lowlands. Scott was born at Edinburgh; Burns in Ayrshire, where, "Out in the fields of Mossgiel, amid the birds and wild flowers of a Lowland farm, he learned his first lessons, and conned them with all his earnest heart as he held the handles of the plough."

Thomson was born in Roxburghshire, James Hogg was a Selkirkshire shepherd, and Campbell was a native of Glasgow. As to Ossian, his claims are so merged in the distant past, that we can only rank him with Cædmon, as a brilliant, but legendary exception. Macpherson is, perhaps, in reality the most *bona fide* Highland poet we can find.

Of poets with the inspiration of the hills and mountains strong upon them, we may mention Scott, whose love of the romantic scenery about Edinburgh was only surpassed by his enthusiasm for the mountains. What Ruskin calls the spirit of action throbs buoyantly in his verse, whether we honestly believe that verse to be poetry or not.

Already there are many who would say Scott's best poetry is enshrined in the prose of his novels. He was thoroughly alive to the impressiveness of—

Each purple peak, each flinty spire
Bathed in floods of living fire . . .
Their rocky summits split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement.

Byron, though a Londoner by birth, and associated with Newstead's quiet scenery, must be classed with the poets of the peaks, for his first strong impetus towards poetry came to him in Scotland. He was too tempestuous, too much absorbed by the "Sturm und Drang" of passionate life, to find Lowland quietude congenial. Sadly he dwells upon the days when youth was his, and the old affection for the hills swells up freshly as ever:

Years have roll'd by Loch na Garr
Since I left you. . . .
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roam'd on the mountains afar.
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.

The poetry of Burns is a gentle minor beside the vigorous mountain melodies of Scott, and the tender pathos of his style is essentially that of the Lowlands. It is argued by those who claim the great poetical superiority of the Highlander over the Lowlander, that the people as a mass are full of poetic imagination, and that the very existence of such a peasant-poet as Burns proves these innate qualities to be ready to burst forth whenever educational advantages shall be theirs. To this we can only reply that Burns does not represent the Highlanders ; and, as poetry cannot be hid long, ask in return, why more of it has not appeared ere this? We may be referred back to some of the sweet Scotch songs, and their charm we are fully prepared to acknowledge, but at the same time we need not forget that all countries have their imaginative folk-songs, no matter how primitive in their development—from the weird, crooning melody with which the coloured nurse sings of the far away “Blue water,” to the European national varieties. Some are, of course, sweeter than others, and the Scotch song must ever rank high, though how many were composed by Lowland Scotch we shall never know now.

So far, we have confined our ground to England and Scotland, with a remark upon the absence of poets among the Welsh mountains, while, as regards Ireland, Moore was born in Dublin, a city with fine scenery, but at present we have no singer from the most romantic part of the island.

It must be thoroughly understood that we do not for an instant assert that there are no poets in hilly countries, but we ask why there are so very few, comparatively, and why poetry has died out to such a remarkable extent in such countries as Greece and Italy, while it never seems to have existed in Switzerland?

Look at the giants of Germany—Goethe, Schiller, and Heine. Heine was born at Düsseldorf, not at all in a wild or romantic locality. Schiller was a native of Marbach, which is not particularly remarkable either. Goethe was born at Frankfort-am-Maine, which is decidedly flat, the highest hills in view being the Taunus, lower than the Malverns, and the pine-woods near the river supply the highest ground upon which the inhabitants wander. We have purposely left Shakespeare, our greatest English poet, out of the list until we spoke of Goethe, in order to point out emphatically that both were born in quiet scenery, Shakespeare's home at Stratford being the very reverse of wild or hilly ; yet who is there among the mountains like these poets of the Lowlands?

France comes next. Molière was born in Paris, which is flat. Voltaire was a Parisian also, and we instinctively class these two

representative men with Sheridan and Pope, both of whom were born in a city. Victor Hugo may be taken as an exception to the general rule ; he was born at Besançon, where the Jura is in sight.

The two great dramatic poets of Spain, Lope de Vega and Calderon, were born at Madrid, upon an elevated plain.

Camoens was a native of Lisbon, which is extremely beautiful.

Italy may be represented by Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, and Petrarch. Florence is so charmingly situated, that Dante and Boccaccio had both scenery around them calculated to enrich poetic fancy. Of course it is difficult to find any part of Italy that is not attractive and interesting. Tasso's birthplace, Sorrento, is on the hills, but a band of plain separates them from the bay. Ariosto was born at Reggio, which is on a plain ; and Petrarch's native place, Arezzo, is also on the flats.

This gives three German poets, all born away from the mountains ; three French poets, two of whom were born in a level urban locality ; two Spanish poets, both born in a city on a high plain ; one Portuguese poet, born in a beautiful city ; five Italians, two of whom were born in a city, one in striking scenery, and two on a plain.

This very incomplete and bird's-eye glance at the continental poets shows a balance in favour of the theory that they are not found in the most romantic and mountainous parts.

It is the same with the three American poets, Longfellow, Edgar Poë, and Walt Whitman, who, though born in varied scenery, all convey the distinct impression of having been influenced by other natural beauties rather than mountains. Longfellow's inspiration was drawn far more from the "forest primeval," "the pines and the hemlocks," than from any lofty heights. Poë found in the sea his most sympathetic antiphon, whether of music or of gloom. Whitman sang of "the Body and the Soul of the Modern Man." When he was a youth his associations were of the sea, and "the spreading Hempstead plains in the middle of Long Island." He says, "I have often been out on the edges of these plains toward sundown, and can yet recall in fancy . . . the cool of the slightly aromatic evening air, and note the sunset." It is in the forest and the sea that he sought his "manly strophe." In the "Song of the Redwood Tree" he hears

A murmuring, fateful, giant voice out of the earth and sky,
Voice of a mighty dying tree in the redwood forest dense.

Whether he stands "on the beach at night alone, as the old mother sways her to and fro singing her husky song," or is "filled with all the voices of the universe," as he hears the "proud music of

the storm," it is ever by "the shores of the water. . . . In the dimness of the solemn shadowy cedars" that the "gray brown bird" sang "the carol of death, and a verse for him I love."

Space forbids any further examples, though the atmosphere suggested by Matthew Arnold's pictures of the "star sown vault of heaven, and the lit sea's unquiet way," is as distinctly individual to his poetry as the spirit of Swinburne's poems seems to be shadowed—full of beauty, sadness, and the sea—in two of his own short lines—

The land hath two lords that are deathless,
Death's self, and the sea.

Rossetti's love of the "wandering water," of glowing art, and of nature's melancholy, never appears to extend to the mountains.

Without any attempt to make cosmopolitan poets locally representative, or to allude to either heredity or association, the fact remains, that there is an absence of imaginative genius just where we should most naturally look for it.

Among the meadows and corn lands the air is pulsing with the singing of wild birds, but high upon the mountains all is still. Is it so with the poets? Perhaps Björnson's words about grand scenery contain some explanation: "If you do not rise above it, it will crush you."

Is it so strange, after all, that it should be in the far-sweeping fenlands—the haunt of Guthlac, Hereward, and Hugh—that the breath of poetry stirs?

Where the land is still dreamy, in remote solitudes where red poppies nod, and great dusky moths flit through the grasses by the pools; where the twilight of the world still lingers, and we may catch faint echoes of music-beats from afar, "like linnets in the pauses of the wind"—for the air is heavy with memories more exquisite than hope.

E. RAYLEIGH VICARS.

TABLE TALK.

SCOTT'S "FAIR MAID OF PERTH."

IF I have paid of late attention, which some may judge excessive, to Sir Walter Scott, it is, first, because he is far and away the most interesting English (or Scottish) man of letters concerning whom anything authoritative is known; and secondly, because the appearance of Mr. Lang's new edition of the Waverley Novels furnishes me with constant temptation to recur to the theme. Scott's very weaknesses, inconceivable as some of them seem, endear him to us. His worth meanwhile shines, and flames, and dances like the sun on an Easter morning. The alteration by Mr. Lang of the arrangement of Scott himself when he issued the immortal series in forty-eight volumes enables us to trace more easily the fatal effect of the overwork, undertaken under a strong sense of responsibility, beneath which Scott's intellect gave way, and to which ultimately his life succumbed. Scott's latest editor includes "The Fair Maid of Perth" among the works written while still in the full possession of his powers, and traces decadence in its successor "Anne of Geierstein," and, I suppose, collapse in "Count Robert of Paris." I am disposed to regard this view as too favourable. To my thinking, signs of decay of style and method are painfully evident in "The Fair Maid of Perth," which I have always felt lacking in sympathy and in some respects perverse. Hal of the Wynd is, with all Scott's effort to ennoble him, a common swash-buckler, and his Valentine is an uninteresting and preaching little Puritan; Bonthron is as bad as Barnardine doubled with Ragozine. Scott's touch failed him, indeed, in dealing with nearly all the characters, and for once the sympathy for which he bids is denied him. In the censure I am, of course, comparing with himself, and his shade can scarcely be humiliated when the only outside comparisons on which I venture are from Shakespeare.

HAL OF THE WYND.

I AM inclined to think that Scott would not in his early life have demanded our admiration for a character such as Harry Gow or Hal of the Wynd. Soldiers of fortune, murderers, and villains of all sorts he gives us, and he has a certain respect for the instinct of combat. Few of his characters are more popular than his Dugald Dalgetty in "The Legend of Montrose." Over his pedantry and his care for the main chance, Scott lingers caressingly. It is easy to see that this follower of Gustavus Adolphus is dear to the heart of his creator. So far, however, from challenging our admiration for his moral character, Scott makes his real soldiers and his noblemen accept him only for the sake of expediency, and speak of him with withering contempt. Bothwell, in "Old Mortality," is a reckless persecutor, and has but small mercy on those with whom he is sent to deal. Scott, however, though he assigns—as he is always quite disposed to do—sufficient respect to his birth, is no more disposed to pardon his excesses or cruelty than he is those of the enthusiast Balfour of Burley, by whose hand he perishes. I might go through the Waverley Novels and show that Scott, while painting men "jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel," or even robbers and caterans, such as Rob Roy, never seeks to associate blood-thirstiness with moral worth until he paints the armourer of Perth. This man even has vindication for some of his outrages. It may also be pleaded that characters such as this were of the time. Scott shows the smith, however, apart from his blood-lust—considerate, tender, and even a bit of a moralist. In this character I see the strongest proof of Scott's waning powers. To these, at least, I choose to attribute it, rather than hazard the suggestion that his nature had become subdued to that it worked in, until he was growing as fond of gore as the producer of the modern novel of adventure.

BORDER ANIMOSITIES.

AND this brings me to another aspect of the matter—local expressions of derision, disapproval, discontent, mutual jealousies, rivalries, hatreds, and the like. The most conspicuously comic illustration of international dislike was when one of Napoleon's generals or attendants, I forget which, but the story is well known, would not leave him alone with a visitor from Corsica, adding, to the

face of Napoleon, himself a Corsican, that he mistrusted all those damned fellows. Animosity and dislikes are, of course, strongest immediately across the borders of two countries. What English lad has not learned of the misdeeds of Taffy, otherwise Davy, the Welshman and the thief, and of the evil fate that befell him at the hands of his justly-incensed neighbours on the other side the border? I know of no similar nursery rhyme concerning the Debateable Land and its occupants. On the borders between England and Scotland, however, feuds were more bitter than on the Welsh border, and lasted until a much later period. The forays were incessant and bloody, and of constant recurrence. Far too serious were they to be the subject of banter or of proverb. Their incidents and *péripéties* were indeed better suited to the heroical ballad, which is wholly occupied with them. Our constant feud with the French during the period when we occupied the most fertile portions of France has enriched French folklore with matter not too gratifying to the vanity of Englishmen. I have myself heard the mistral called the English wind by a Provençal farmer, coupled with the explanation that from England came neither good man nor good wind. We need go no further in the search after animosities than the term *Perfide Albion* still applied to us by our Gallic neighbours.

FOLK SATIRE IN ENGLISH DISTRICTS.

ONE need not go abroad, however, in search of impolite terms. We can be sufficiently discourteous to each other, as when we speak of Essex Calves. Some counties and districts naturally fare better than others in this respect. A Yorkshire Tyke conveys the idea of sturdiness as well as unamiability, but nothing will force anything but an unflattering significance upon calf. Foote, always insolent and ill-natured, after a dispute with a squire who said that he came from Essex, pretended to be interested in the information, saying, "Indeed! Who drove you?" Northumberland, which Mr. Swinburne idolises, finds, so far as I am aware, no censor, the only rhyme concerning its sons that I can find in Mr. Northall's "English Folk-Rhymes," to which I have previously referred my readers, being contained in the distich

"Northumberland, hasty and hot,
Westmorland to prod the Scot."

It is towns, however, rather than districts, that as a rule are worst treated. We hear, it is true, in "Notes and Queries" of

“ Bedfordshire bull-dogs,
Hertfordshire hedgehogs,
Buckinghamshire great fools ;”

and of

“ Cheshire bred,
Strong i' th' arm, but weak i' th' head.”

On the other hand, Grendon Underwood, in Buckinghamshire, is declared

“ The dirtiest town that ever stood.”

In Gloucestershire we hear of

“ Beggarly Bisley,
Strutting Stroud,
Hampton poor,
And Painswick proud.”

Kent has incurred special obloquy. We thus hear how

“ Deal, Dover, and Harwich [which is not in Kent],
The Devil gave his daughter in marriage ;
And by a codicil to his will
He added Helvoet and the Brill.”

And are told also of

“ Deal savages, Canterbury parrots,
Dover sharps, and Sandwich carrots.”

Rhyme, it will be seen, has a good deal to do with the selection of epithet. And, again, we are instructed that

“ Between Wickham and Welling
There's not an honest man dwelling.”

I have omitted all reference to the wise men of Gotham. Most ungallant of utterances is that concerning Heptonstall, in Lancashire—

“ In Halifax there's many a pretty girl,
In Heptonstall there's none.”

A terrible imputation is cast upon Winwick, that

“ The church at little Winwick
It stands upon a sod,
And when a maid is married there
The steeple gives a nod.”

Here I will quit my subject.

GUILDHALL PUBLICATIONS.

THE Library Committee of the Corporation of the City of London is doing admirable service in printing the records and other documents preserved in its archives. Some years ago it

gave, under the editorship of Mr. John E. Price, F.S.A., a handsome and finely illustrated volume on the Guildhall and its treasures. This was followed but recently by the Calendar of Wills enrolled in the Court of Husting—a work of indescribable importance to antiquaries and genealogists, to the merits of which I drew attention at the time of its appearance. This work was edited by Dr. Reginald R. Sharpe, Records Clerk in the office of the Town Clerk of the City of London. Under the same admirably competent supervision has now appeared the first of three volumes, entitled “London and the Kingdom.” The idea of this was suggested by a phrase used by Mr. W. J. Loftie, F.S.A., who says, “It would be interesting to go over all the recorded instances in which the City of London interfered directly in the affairs of the Kingdom. Such a survey would be the history of England as seen from the walls of the Guildhall.” Such a history Dr. Sharpe will shortly give us, the first instalment having now appeared.¹ It is the political history of the City that Dr. Sharpe illustrates, principally from its own archives. This aspect, as he says, has scarcely been regarded by previous writers. Yet the geographical position of London and the remarkable courage and enterprise of its inhabitants have made its interference or its adhesion to a side always important and not seldom decisive.

LONDON'S POLITICAL ACTION.

IT is pleasant to find that the influence exercised by the City has always been on the side of freedom. Readers of constitutional history are, of course, aware of this. They know that in the mighty struggle of the Commonwealth, London was constantly loyal to the Parliament; that London train bands, without experience, defeated the highly-trained soldiers of the King; and that it was not until the establishment of a new tyranny that London, held down by a strong military force, began to coquet with the Royalist. This portion of our civic records has not, however, yet been reached, Dr. Sharpe's first volume extending only to the death of Elizabeth. In this earlier period, however, the action of the citizens was always similar. They resisted the tyranny and oppression of kings, and insisted on the maintenance of their charters. The side London espoused was almost always successful, and the part it took in opposing rebellion was active and honourable. Who can doubt that the rebellion of Wyatt would have been successful

¹ Longmans.

had London opened its doors to his followers ? Among the instances of London's action to which Dr. Sharpe draws attention in the portion now issued are the contest between Stephen and Matilda, in which London held the balance ; the tyranny of Longchamp, the overthrow of which was the City's work ; the great charter, in the wresting of which from the reluctant king the barons were backed up by the citizens ; and the conquest of Aquitaine, and practically of France, by Edward III. and Henry V., with money which London supplied. These instances might be multiplied. It is impossible to do full justice to this spirited and laudable undertaking until its completion and the appearance of the index. The more picturesque chapters of the book have probably appeared ; what is to come, however, is of more immediate and more obvious, if not of more vital, importance.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
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“ZO THEY ZAY.”

BY OSGOOD HARTIER.

Whispering tongues can poison truth.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCANDAL.

“**L**EASTWAYS, 'tis turr'ble suspicious,” jerked Abigail Hoyle, shutting her jaws with a righteous snap.

“Thur b'ain't two interpretations to be putt upon it, as I can zee,” said Mistress Dimity, smoothing her apron.

“An' he so kind to me, too, when I buried my boy ; I don't like vur to believe it,” said Mrs. Susan.

“You'm always too much carried away wi' yer feelings, Susan, an' that's the truth ; but when 'tis a question atwixt right an' wrong you should putt yer feelings in yer pocket.”

“Woll, I worn't never one for gossip myself,” said Abigail ; “but I never heerd a scandal like this yere—never. Wot's the wurld a-comin' to ?”

The wood fire was blazing on the old-fashioned hearth, the copper crocks were shining brightly on the shelf, the blue plates stood in rows on Abigail's spotless dresser ; and the old farmhouse kitchen looked the picture of comfort, with its red-tiled floor and low-beamed ceiling and row of flower-pots on the ledge of the diamond-paned window, while the group of three housewives gathered round the teacups formed an ideal gossiping party. There was Abigail, mistress of Brimblecombe Farm, white-capped, prim, precise ; and Mrs. Dimity, widow, and proprietor of the village post-

office, radiant in a new black silk apron with tiny pockets and numerous infinitesimal frills ; and Susan Stacey, a younger woman than either of the others, and not so righteous in her own esteem.

“Here’s my Ephrum,” announced Abigail ; “but he ’ont heer a word agin the parson.”

A good-hearted, kind-faced farmer now joined the tea-party, saluted the lady guests in his hale, hospitable fashion, and kissed his wife—a custom he had contracted when she was pink and white and young, and still continued now she was grisly and sharp-featured.

“An’ what’s *your* opinion o’ the scandal, Mr. Hoyle?” said the widow, facing round upon him.

“Vokes had a sight better mind their own consarns—that’s what I d’ say, and parson ’ull mind his. Missis, I’ll thank ye for a cup o’ tay.”

Abigail attended to her husband’s wants, and then resumed her gossip with the ladies. “See how oncommon fess he is wi’ all the young mothers and childern ; I did always say ’tworn’t natteral in a single man.”

“If *you* was a mother, Mrs. Hoyle, you’d speak up for ’n a bit,” said Mrs. Stacey, adding regretfully to herself, “so kind he was to my ’Arold, too !”

“Pish, Susan !” sneered Abigail. “An’ then if any of the maids went astray they always went straight to parson, and he wur’ shockin’ aisy wi’ them.”

“Ay, he’d shake hands in the street wi’ a ’ooman as I’d gather up my skirts to pass,” said Mrs. Dimity.

“Zure, I d’ b’lieve he’d open the Kingdom of Heaven to the very worst if ’twas in his power,” said Susan thoughtfully.

“His Maaster have a-done that afore ’n,” said Ephraim quietly.

“Yes, that was the style of his preachin’,” said Abigail, ignoring her husband’s remark, “with never a word for them as wasn’t sinners. Many’s the time I’ve said to Biddy Scrivens, up Clay’anger, ‘A vury good sarmon, Mrs. Scrivens, for them as needs it ; but where’s the teachin’ for such as we?’”

“As I’m churchwarden, not one of ye caan’t gainsay he wur a oncommon popular preacher !” ventured Ephraim.

“But dangerous, dangerous, Mr. Ephrum. Why, aafter these goin’s on I shall feel onaisy about my girl goin’ to ’is Bible Claass.”

“An’ well you may, Mrs. Dimity. I’ll be bound my girl shaan’ go no more, an’ she so rare an’ conscientious wi’ the dairy an a’. She’s that tooked up wi’ the parson, too. I did always say ’tworn’t in reason for maids to be so crazed on a Bible Claass, Sunday aafternoons, when ’em might be out walking wi’ their young men.”

“Woll, Missis, womenfolk is wonderful contrairy,” said Ephraim at last; “thur, you was all mazed on the parson one time (an’ not one as can preach like ’n for miles round), an’ proud as could be to get ’n a dish o’ tay, every one of ye, an’ now you’m ready for to scratch ’s eyes out.”

“An’ reason too, Ephrum, after what we’ve a-heerd.”

“Aafter what you’ve concocted, more like,” he responded.

“My! if this ain’t Sex’on Tomkins a-comin’,” exclaimed Mistress Dimity, “he d’ know all the rights o’t.”

On ordinary occasions these ladies would not have condescended to intimate conversation with Joe Tomkins, the sexton, but now, as he knew more of the scandal than any one else, he became a person of great importance, and Abigail received him graciously, and immediately began to ply him with questions. And Joe, pleased to find himself the hero of the hour, proceeded to unfold his information.

“Woll, I tull ye how ’twas, Mrs. Hoyle; ’twas like this yer. I’d heerd tell of ghosties up vicarage——”

“Ghosties! the Ghost of Sin in flesh an’ blood more like,” interrupted Abigail.

“But a didn’t b’lieve in no ghosties myself, havin’ dug the graves fifteen year come Whitesuntide, an’ never havin’ seen ’ny ghost, above groun’ nor below, zo I zays, zays I, a’ll jest go up vicarage an’ watch on a bit. Zo I was in hidin’ behind they shrubbery trees one evening about sundown, an’ all on a sudden I zeed comin’ on a most tarnation beautiful young woman, wi’ blue flowers in her hair, an’ trailin’ her white dress behind her down the path, an’ callin’ ‘Darlin’,’ in a voice ’ud have made ye cry if you hadn’t known what she wor.”

“Lor’! An’ what was her like?” cried the ladies.

“Oh, all white an’ tender-lookin’, with gurt dark eyes; an’ hair all streamin’ down her back, so brown as a berry, an’ so bright as thick copper kittle; an’ a quare sart o’ way wi’ her, as ’ud soon make a vule of a feller—only who’d a-thought o’ the parson?”

“Mebbe ’tis some poor unfortunate he’s shelterin’,” suggested Ephraim.

“Poor unfortunate! I be surprised at ye, Ephrum! What have the parson to do wi’ poor unfortunates in his house, I should like to know?”

“’Tis a-countenancin’ sin, at best,” said Mrs. Dimity.

“‘Christ did not Magdalen spurn,’” quoted Ephraim, beneath his breath.

“Wull, thur, ’tis a turr’ble quare job; but we’ll get to the bottom

o't," said the sexton emphatically. "We mun call a vestry meetin' to investigate into 't, or you and I must make inquiries, Mr. Ephrum, 'tis a plain duty."

"No, no," said Ephraim, "let's leave 't to the squire."

"*Squire!* Squire ain't none too partiklar hisself," said Abigail, with infinite scorn. "There was the mystery o' poor Molly——"

"The aristocracy's deep in vice an' sin," said the sexton; "more shame to 'em!"

"Well; 'tain't to be expected parson should practise morals, when he don' so much as tache 'em," continued Abigail. "Thur's Bill Turner an' his wife, as fights every day reg'lar, an' parson, 'stead of tellin' of 'em to bide peaceful, zays to 'em, "'Tis better by half for ye to part nor to live like cat an' dog,' zays he. 'N' if that ain't breakin' marriage laws, I dunno wot is!"

"Zure," said the sexton, "aafter they'd swore in church to putt up wi' one another, whatever 'twore, they oughter ha' gone through wi' it. Holy Scripture d' tache to love yer enemies, howsomdever they'm of yer own household. Not but wot it must be turr'ble aggravatin' to have a wife always naggin' at ye—eh, Mr. Ephrum?"

"Ay, zure," answered Ephraim deprecatingly, as if he had had no experience in the matter. "But I don't misdoubt there's allowances to be made both sides; the Lord knows!"

"'Tis *you'm* always makin' allowances for volks, not the Lord," said Abigail. "He d' judge th' onrightheous wi' justice."

"An' mercy, too, wife; wi' mercy, too."

"Ephrum don't only look on one zide, an' that's the saft one," said Abigail, who certainly never inclined to the "soft" side of a question herself.

"'Tis a wonder we hadn't found out nothing about it before," said Mrs. Dimity, renewing the attack, "but thick wold Hanner wur always so close, an' thur ain't 'ny maid more'n her, an' never a body goes there charing."

"Woll, I did always say 'tworn't hospittable that we was never so much as asked to the vicarage gate all these years, an' parson always pleased an' ready to take a cup o' tay long o' we."

"There's many things isn't as they should be," said Tomkins, with the air of one who knew more than he liked to say. "You as churchwarden, Mr. Hoyle (Squire he don't count), an' I as sexton, must put it to rights."

"What's the need for *we* to meddle, Tomkins? If parson have a-done wrong, 'twill be brought home to 'n. Let us leave it in the Lord's hands."

“I make bold to say the Lord’s hands is full enough,” said the omnipotent Abigail; “we must take it inter our own hands when things come to a paass like this yere.”

CHAPTER II.

THE SPIES.

THE loyal churchwarden was at length driven to defy what he felt was sadly conclusive evidence, and consented to act as spy in conjunction with the sexton in order to prove that there “worn’t nothing in it.” Accordingly these two minor dignitaries of the church proceeded stealthily to the vicarage one moonless night, and took up in the garden a concealed position, which commanded the front windows. These were opened wide on the verandah, and the shaded light from within streamed softly over the trellised vine, and far across the lawn. The room, with its polished floor strewn with mats and various “bedizenments from furrin parts” (as Joe afterwards related), its books, pictures, and gracefully arranged flowers—trailing over the mirrors and standing in rose-bowls on the floor—showed unusual refinement, and formed a delicate background to the picture which met the eyes of the unwilling spy and his comrade. The vicar was in his arm-chair by the hearth—where a low red fire burned, though it was but early autumn—and on the mat at his feet, half-reclining, was the “Ghost of Sin,” whom Ephraim had prayed not to see. Her back was turned to the window, but there was something thrilling, even so, in the graceful white-clad figure, with the bright brown hair falling to her waist, and tangled on the vicar’s knees—in fact, Joe described her charms so vividly that it was said, “If it hadn’t a-been the parson, ’twould have been the sexton, zure enough.” The vicar was speaking in a more tender tone than even the children of the village had ever heard from him.

“I mustn’t leave you so long alone, little one.”

“I was not alone, darling.” (The spies started at the musical tones of the sweet, dreamy voice.) “You said God walked in the garden in the cool of the day, but He is there in the noonday, too. I saw Him among the flowers in the sunshine—He is always among the flowers and the sunshine, didn’t you know?—and He was so beautiful and strong and young. He took my hand, and said, ‘Come, Nona ’”—(“Blasphemy!” hissed Tomkins. “P’raps ’tis in the Apocrypha,” said Ephraim)—“and He led me all down the street

where I have never been, to the church where you were preaching. But no one listened to you, for they were all thinking of themselves. 'They do not worship Me,' God said, 'in the cold, dark church, for their hearts are filled with uncharity and their own vain-glory.' Outside the gate was a poor woman weeping. 'Yet she is nearer Heaven than they,' He said, 'for she is sorry for her sin, and they think they have no sin.' Then he led me far away to a beautiful cathedral, full of flowers and pictures and blended colours and mystic music. And I wished you were there, darling, to see it and make your church like that, till He said, 'These are but idolaters; though they think they worship Me, they fall down to Diana of Ephesus.' And we went to strange worlds which God had made; and by the shore of the sea, which is His; and among the winds, which speak His voice. And then we were in a great city, thick with fog and sorrow. The sound of it was as the sound of one great cry, and I saw poor women toiling, and children bearing bitter blows and hunger, and men turned to brute beasts in their misery and sin. 'I hear their cry, though they know it not, and I have compassion,' God said, and He wept—and I wept, too, and was frightened, and asked Him to bring me home again. . . . And then I was in the garden, waiting for you."

"Poor child!" the vicar murmured. Then he bent over her passionately, and wound his fingers all amongst her hair. "Nona, my girl!" he said, and kissed her.

The two spies turned away—they had seen enough. "What need we any further witness?" said Tomkins. "His '*girl*'—an' he've a-been our parson this twenty year!"

"Lord ha' mercy!" groaned Ephraim.

CHAPTER III.

THE PARSON'S GHOST.

THE "parson" was sitting in his study. The dingy walls were lined with dingier books, piles of dusty papers covered the table, and the woman's hand which had scattered flowers about the other rooms seemed absent here. An October sun shone dilutedly through the uncurtained windows, which opened to the ground, and dried leaves swept in upon the bare floor. The dense shrubberies outside were glowing with gold and red, as they burned themselves

into decay, and only the little study seemed sombre, colourless, and unbeautiful. The more, therefore, was the eye attracted to the one break in the monotony of the walls, where hung a wooden crucifix, and near it the picture of a woman's face. It was not a Madonna—though it seemed to have sacredness in its owner's eyes—for the bright hair was not confined in nun-like draperies, nor was there any hidden sadness in the lustrous eyes. Open on the table was a case with a beautiful miniature of a little child. These two faces represented the love and the sorrow of the vicar's life.

He was evidently passing through a bitter struggle, and the lines which pain had marked upon his face were not hidden by his wonted genial smile. He was looking now as his parishioners had never seen him, or they might have spared the agony they inflicted. Two papers were lying open before him, the first of which ran thus :

“Sir,—We, the undersigned parishioners, beg that you will attend a meeting at the vestry, in order to settle some unpleasant business which has been lately brought to light in the parish.

“Signed, _____.”

The second was a letter :

“Dear and Reverend Sir,—Excuse the liberty I take in writing to you. Sir, as Churchwarden, my duties is not always Pleasant. I write this (private and confidential) out of respect to Your Reverence, and to prepare you for the matter of the Vestry Meeting of which we have advised you. It is (though we pretends no Interference) with regard to a Young Person, not known to the Parish, who is residing in your Household. With my respects and apologies,

“Yours obediently,

“EPHRAIM HOYLE (Churchwarden).”

“It has come at last—I knew it must come,” he groaned. “O God! have I not borne enough, that I must go through this also, and the secrets of my heart be opened to their rude gaze? . . . I would have shielded you, little one. Perhaps I have been to blame in concealing it; but what was it to them?” Then, with a groan, wrung from his inmost soul, he pushed the papers from him, and, kneeling down, he prayed.

When prayer is no mere formula it is something so mystic that the most sceptical must speak of it with reverence. It is strange that nothing daunts the praying soul—nor science, nor reason, nor prayer unanswered, nor any other creature. The vicar had prayed in sorrow for half a lifetime with apparently no result; yet he prayed

still. Twenty years ago he had in agony "besought the Lord with tears" for the precious life of a young, loved wife, and it had been denied him. Through twenty years he had supplicated for reason for his child, but the Christ who healed the afflicted and the maniac centuries ago, granted no touch of healing now.

Yet still he believed in prayer, and still he prayed.

CHAPTER IV.

"PARSON'S" LAST SERMON.

ON the following morning the vicar was striding down the garden path through mist and rain, and was quickly followed by Nona, whose fond vigilance he could never evade. Her damp hair clung about her shoulders, and her eyes looked wild as a chased gazelle's, as she clasped her "darling's" neck, and prayed him not to leave her.

"Not to-day, Darling, not to-day! It is so sad and lonely; and there is no sunshine, and God is not there to-day."

"Only for a while, my childie. Spare me to do my duty, and then I will come back and take you away; you shall be my little home-friend always, and I will not leave you any more." He led her back to the house, as she still clung to him, sobbing hysterically. "You leave me to go to those people who hate you" ("How does she know that?" he thought), "and they are all unkind to me; the trees and things all laugh at me.—Darling!"

"Hannah!" called the vicar quietly to the waiting-woman, "take care of your mistress, it is one of her bad days."

Once more he left the vicarage, and turned towards the village, and the farmers and other leading parishioners were all assembled in the vestry by the time he reached it. He shook the rain from his heavy coat, and entered for the ordeal. "Good-morning, gentlemen," he said, to which there was a muttered response, followed by an oppressive silence. The vestrymen, hitherto so self-satisfied, so ready to be condemnatory, began to feel themselves in a distinctly embarrassing position. Who was to cast the first stone? Now that the accused stood before them, not one felt bold enough to bring forward the accusation—and they were further disarmed by the grave, pained mien of their late revered pastor; it was not that of a culprit.

At length Ephraim rose, and opened his mouth to speak, but sat

down again in confusion without uttering a syllable (“If only the women was here, they’d speak faast enough,” thought Tomkins), and finally the vicar himself relieved them of their embarrassment.

“Gentlemen,” he began (and there was not one present but wished himself miles away), “nay, my friends, brothers, and beloved parishioners of twenty years’ standing, I am deeply grieved to feel that I have not yet won your trust and confidence.” (In spite of themselves, there were dissentient voices.) “I have been deeply to blame” (cries of “No, no”), “both in concealing from you the facts of my personal history—which I imagined were of no concern to any but myself—and for my conduct prior to my coming among you.” (It was strange that not even Tomkins thought, “Now we shall hear something!” but each man felt himself to be more culpable than the parson.) “I will try to atone for the first fault by making full confession to you now; for the second, I, and another, do life-long penance.” There was a painful pause; then he continued, slowly and bravely, “When I came to you, I was not a single man, as I let you believe, but a widower. I did not think I should ever have to speak of this—of her . . . and thought to heal my wound by concealing it. I was a man broken down, lonely, bereft; God forgive me if my private sorrows have caused me to discharge imperfectly my duty to you.” (“Don’t ye, sir,” was a smothered sob.) “My sin was this—that I, who had vowed myself to celibacy for a manifest reason, broke that vow, overcome by love for the loveliest of women, and made her my wife. I had no right to risk bringing misery to future generations—for members of my family, for generations past, had been afflicted with the terrible disease of insanity, and I swore before God I would not be responsible for perpetuating it. I have chafed bitterly against this law of heredity; now I know it to be just. . . . I cannot even speak of the perfect happiness of our home for two short years . . . then our little girl was born. . . . Thank God, *she* did not live long enough to know her child would be always hopelessly insane. . . . I became your vicar, and gained some comfort by my work among you, and your unfailing kindness to me” (stifled moans). “Do not think my poor, afflicted child was a burden to me; my anxiety became also my comfort, for she has brought the blessing of a daughter’s love to the home of a lonely man. . . . I shrank from exposing her to any rude or unsympathetic gaze, and she has lived in such seclusion that you were not even aware of her existence.”

Here again he almost broke down, but braced himself for further effort.

“Now that I am speaking to you thus painfully, I will say what in my cowardice I have often flinched from putting before you. First, I warn you to beware of the slanderous tongue of gossip and scandal, so often rampant in our midst, and so fruitful of evil within our little village. Gossip always perverts, and often entirely creates, the evil of which it prates. See to it, each one of you, that you set a watch upon that ‘world of iniquity among your members,’ lest it be a ‘restless evil, full of deadly poison.’ And most, I earnestly pray you, in the name of my poor child, to jealously guard the fair name and fame of Woman. How can I speak to you of the sanctity of womanhood! Oh, be very tender towards those—wives, mothers, sisters—who are your own. *Be honourable to those who never can be yours.* And sacredly shield a maiden’s good name, her most priceless possession; an idle word from you may take away what it will be too late ever to retrieve. I appeal to your honour as men; I appeal to your conscience as Christians.

“I ask God’s forgiveness, and yours, for my sins and shortcomings towards Him and towards you. But if I should never speak to you again, let me deliver once more the message I have so often striven to teach, ‘Be ye followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.’”

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There was not a soul present at that moment but would have worshipped the very ground he trod on, yet there was not a sign nor a sound as the vicar passed among them and went his way.

After a pause Ephraim rose unsteadily to his feet, and began to speak in a husky voice. “Gentlemen,” he said, “a nobler parson, nor a ignobler churchwarden, ye couldn’t huv had. I that oughter hev opheld the honour of my maaster was of the fust to spy on him, an’ listen to wicked stories about ’n. Gentlemen” (his voice grew huskier, and he did not raise his eyes to the “gentlemen” he was addressing), “we must make what amends we can to him we’ve hit so cruel hard, but we caan’t tak back the blow. Him that have lived pure an’ holy an’ Christlike among us these twenty years; him that have toiled for us early an’ late; him that have borne our burdens like as if ’twas his own—an’ hid his own great sorrer from us—him’s the one we’ve bin accusin’. . . . God bless him! . . . an’ her, poor thing!

“Gentlemen, havin’ discharged my stewardship so onfaithful, I here resign my post of churchwarden, an’ may the next fill it better nor what I’ve done.”

.

“You’d have thought to hev heerd ’n,” said Tomkins afterwards,

retailing the proceedings to Abigail, “that he was foremost in spyin’ on, ’stead er bein’ edged on to it by all of we.”

“Thur,” said Abigail, “I’m afeard he ain’t nothin’ but a poor nincompoop^o; but then, he always wor.”

But even Tomkins had been impressed by the vicar’s words. “I don’t tak much account o’ sarmons (havin’ heerd so many) in a gineral way,” said he; “but ’tis when they comes weekendays an’ onexpected they sart o’ touch ye up like. N’y sarmon iver I heerd worn’t more to the pint nor what parson said ’s marnin’.”

“Twas a turr’ble pity Squire worn’t there,” said Abigail; “it might have done ’n a power of good.”

*NAPOLEON.*¹

“L'ETAT, c'est moi,” the boast of the fourteenth Louis, was far more true, and, indeed, was wholly true, of his great successor, who by his talents alone trampled out the smouldering embers of the Revolution, and having gained imperial power, so wielded it as to reduce the nations of the Continent to abject submission, and so impregnated the events of his age with his personal character that, from his assumption of power to his fall, the history of Napoleon is the history of the continent of Europe, and that history is never so true or so deeply interesting as when his everyday life and his private correspondence are laid bare, and the secrets of his diplomacy, and his relations to the great soldiers and civilians by whom he was surrounded are unveiled. Even now, when two generations of men have passed away, the interest in the motives and actions of the great Emperor is as keen as ever, and the receptacles of State papers, diaries, and private correspondence are being forced to yield up their treasures. It is but in these later times that the comments and correspondence of Napoleon himself, and the memoirs of his mother, of Talleyrand, of Metternich, of Maret, of Davout, Lannes, Macdonald, Marbot, and Pion have seen the light, and still more recently MM. Vandal and Tatistcheff have rewritten, and have shown that they were justified in rewriting, the story of the period from Tilsit to Erfurt, and from thence to the very edge of the catastrophe of Moscow. It is to the latter part of this period that the attention of our readers is at present directed, inasmuch as here are disclosed the events, almost irresistible, that brought about the war with Austria of 1809, and the gradual alienation of Russia from the French alliance. Now, also, we learn how important a factor was the question of Poland in the Franco-Russian quarrel, and the curious manner in which it was connected with what may be called the double and contemporaneous courtship of Napoleon. The outline of these events has long been before the world, but the exact particulars, the indirect move-

¹ *Napoléon et Alexandre.* Par Albert Vandal. Paris : 1893.

ments, and the actual steps taken between the several parties are here for the first time disentangled and related, and invest the previous sketch with the precision and colouring of a finished picture.

But if the knowledge thus acquired depicts more clearly the marvellous industry of Napoleon, his versatility, his broad and lofty ambition, it also displays the profound immorality of his public character, the absence of truth and honesty in his personal and political transactions, and the intense selfishness of his thoughts and actions, nor, indeed, of his alone. He continues to express his perfect confidence in Alexander while taking strict precautions against his probable breach of faith ; while, on the other hand, Alexander continues his fulsome adulation of Napoleon at a time when his distrust was at its height. Their discussions at Tilsit as to Turkey can only be compared to those of a band of brigands anticipating a robbery; and later on, when the partition was found to be impracticable, they lay it aside *sans qu'elles en soient préalablement convenues*. "He is a Greek of the lower empire," said Napoleon of his friend, on whom he professed to rely; and the opinion of Alexander, if less concisely expressed, was at least equally uncomplimentary: "He is," said he, "a man to whom all means are good by which he can gain his ends, and with whom all, even to his passion, is calculated."

In mere diplomacy the friends were not unequally matched, but in point of action the great soldier had the advantage. While proposing to share with Alexander the empire of the world, he regarded him as the means by which he purposed to keep the Continent in subjection, to destroy Austria, and to compel England to sue for peace; but these ends gained, as he said to the Abbé de Pradt, "Russia alone will stand between me and the mastership of the world, and her I shall crush." Nor was he without the means of so doing. He was the Chief of the Confederation of the Rhine, and had possession of the Prussian territory and fortresses which, with the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, gave him the command of the whole frontier of Russia in Europe, and the power at any moment of thrusting a Polish rapier into her vitals. No doubt, had Spain been conquered, Napoleon, with Austria a subservient ally, would eventually have reduced Russia to, at least, a passive submission, and have been the unquestioned master of Europe from Cadiz to the Ural Mountains, and from the point of Italy to the shores of the Baltic. *Dis aliter visum*. In Spain were fostered the hopes that encouraged Austria to open war and Germany to arm her secret societies until, at the last, reduced more by the snows than the arms of Russia, the banded nations of Europe shook the colossus to his fall.

At this time the key to the conduct of Napoleon was to be found in the course of events in Spain. After Baylen he was overflowing with affection for Alexander, and anxious to meet and embrace him. "As to making Silesia the price of the Principalities, he had no more thought seriously of it than of the resuscitation of Poland. Alexander had only to name his wishes, and they should be gratified." The fact was that the alliance which at Tilsit ministered to his ambition, at Erfurt had become necessary to his safety. To it he trusted to force the disarmament of Austria, and to keep down Prussia and the discontented in Germany. With Russia to protect his rear, he saw his way to a war of extermination in the Peninsula. "Spain was to be regenerated—saved from the greedy grasp of England." An instructive comment upon the Napoleonic maxim, "Ce que la politique conseille, la justice l'autorise."

To that large section of mankind who are unable to look below the surface, Napoleon never appeared so secure and so irresistible as when, desirous to display to Europe his close union with Russia, he held at Erfurt a Court of Kings and Sovereign Princes, where even the chiefs of German literature, Goethe and Wieland, bowed before him, and accepted from him marks of honour. Europe might well, indeed, be dazzled and alarmed. The thrones of Spain, Naples, Holland, the new kingdom of Westphalia were occupied by members of his family. Bavaria, Saxony, and Würtemberg were erected into kingdoms by his grace. Under his presidency the Confederation of the Rhine had taken the place of the Holy Roman Empire. On his word it depended whether Prussia should exist as a memory only; and he had but to give the signal and the whole chivalry of Poland would have rallied round the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and forced the partitioners of their rifled kingdom to disgorge the spoil. Russia, so far, was his obsequious ally; Austria, silently preparing for war, was, nevertheless, forced for the time to obey the conqueror of Austerlitz, and to exclude the much-needed commerce of England from her ports. "Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers" bowed before his sway, and from Archangel to Lisbon, from Lisbon to Trieste, every port was closed against the mistress of the seas. "I will no longer," said Napoleon in 1807 to a circle of diplomatists, "tolerate an English ambassador in Europe; I will declare war against any Sovereign who receives one at his Court."

But the serenity was of the surface only. The surrender of Baylen and the victory of Vimiero had shown that, at least in the Peninsula, the eagles did not always hold their pride of place. Wellesley, with prescient eye, had already foreseen that the fate of

Europe would be decided in the fields of Spain ; Talleyrand, from within the edifice, had betrayed its weaknesses to both Russia and Austria ; and the Czar, awaking from the dream of Tilsit, was aware of the dangerous vortex upon which he was almost commanded to embark. The canker was already in the bud, the axe was already forged and sharpened that was to be laid to the foot of the Imperial tree ; but in the meantime were to intervene two years of a most tangled and intricate diplomacy, another occupation of Vienna, though accompanied by one, at least, very doubtful victory, a disastrous war in Spain, and finally at its close that marvellous invasion, exceeding in magnitude anything recorded in history, in which the mightiest force of man contended with the powers of nature, and retired crushed and mangled from the contest.

At Erfurt, as at Tilsit, when the Imperial autocrats met to conspire against the liberties of Europe and the independence of the Turkish Empire, England alone was their stone of stumbling—England alone barred their way to universal empire, and her destruction was the seal of their unholy compact. “When I have taken Acre,” said Napoleon, even then a prey to the infirmity of minds nobler far, though less aspiring, than his own, “when I have taken Acre, I shall find there much treasure and arms for 300,000 men ; I shall raise all Syria in arms, march upon Damascus or Aleppo, proclaim the abolition of slavery, and put an end to the tyranny of the Pachas. All the discontented will join me. I shall take Constantinople, found a new empire in the East, find my place in history, and, probably returning to Paris by Adrianople, crush the house of Austria by the way.” His hatred of England was no doubt sincere, and not without cause ; that of Alexander was probably simulated to please his associate, for the material interests of his kingdom at that time largely depended upon the commerce of England, and the French alliance exposed the loyalty of his subjects to a severe and dangerous trial.

Before reaching Paris from Erfurt, Napoleon had made his general arrangements for the campaign which he knew to be impending, but which it was still in the power of Alexander to prevent. But Alexander was no longer the young enthusiast for military glory. He had broken off with the fair and frail Narishkin, and had not as yet come under the spiritual dominion of Madame de Krudener. His present mentor was Speranski, by whose aid he proposed to polish and civilise the material rough-hewn by Peter the Great and Catherine. In Napoleon he feared the astute soldier and diplomatist, but he still admired the lawgiver and administrator, the restorer of

order, the patron of the arts and sciences, whose example in these respects he proposed for his imitation. His military ambition was confined to the conquest of Finland, the rectification of his European frontier, and the maintenance of the standpoint he had acquired in Turkey. A war with Austria was supremely distasteful to him. He had, moreover, recently received with imperial magnificence the Sovereigns of Prussia, and had fallen to some extent under the influence of Queen Louisa, whose charms, though slightly on the wane, were enhanced by a toilette the graces of which the historian has condescended to notice, though its effect upon the Russian Court was somewhat counterbalanced by the personal appearance and unpolished manners of her husband.

Napoleon soon became aware that, though the appearance of the alliance must be preserved, his success in the coming struggle must depend upon his own efforts. Though much displeased with the refusal of Alexander to join in minatory language to Austria, Napoleon was careful to conceal this, and to proclaim on all occasions their absolute accord. In his correspondence with his brothers, with the German Princes, and even with his Ministers, he refers to Russia as with him in all respects. "We never have pulled so closely together. Alexander is as indignant as I am at the conduct of Austria." His violent diatribes were issued in their joint names, and he thus extended the suspension of arms with Turkey, not only without consulting Alexander, but at a time when in the opinion of Sebastiani, his Ambassador at the Porte, Russia was in a position to threaten even Constantinople. Also, on leaving Paris for Spain, he was careful to assure Alexander that he trusted to him to prevent any outbreak on the part of Austria, or any inconvenient manifestation in Germany. Not the less did Alexander determine not to be dragged into an aggressive, nor indeed into any, war. Behind a cloud of fair speeches to Caulaincourt, and expressions of confidence in and affection for Napoleon, he remained immovable, and when Schwartzemberg arrived from Vienna at his Court, the moderation of his language was such that it rather encouraged Austria to act, as savouring of neutrality.

But however slight may have been Napoleon's hope of active aid from Russia, the nominal alliance at least secured him from attacks from that quarter, and this, at that juncture, was of immense importance. With Spain insurgent, France craving for peace, Germany honeycombed with secret societies, had Russia united with Austria Prussia would certainly have risen, such aid as England could afford would not have been withheld, and the consequences might have

been fatal. But Alexander, though alarmed and distrustful, was not prepared for so decisive a step, nor so flagrant and open a breach of faith. The course he took, though nearly allied to neutrality, was yet such as in the event of the fall of Austria would give him a claim to a share of the plunder, and that share was Galicia.

On reaching Paris from Erfurt Napoleon's attention was first directed to Spain. It was necessary for the maintenance of his reputation, and before he could deal with Austria, that he should strike a decisive blow, put down the insurrection, at least for a time, seat his brother at Madrid, and by force of numbers drive the English out of Portugal. He at once withdrew from Germany his tried soldiers of the army of the Rhine, replacing them from the newly-raised levies. The veterans traversed France by various routes, and the towns through which they passed were ordered to welcome them with as much display as possible. From Bayonne they crossed the Pyrenees in eight divisions, led by as many famous generals, and commanded by Napoleon in person. To pave the way for the expedition proclamation was made of the abolition of all local "octroi," or Customs duties, of feudal rights, and of the Inquisition, and about two-thirds of the convents were suppressed; and yet so intense was the feeling of the nation that even these deservedly hated institutions became almost popular because put an end to by Napoleon. The Spaniards made a gallant but ill-organised resistance, and were beaten at Tudela and elsewhere; Joseph, after an attempt to escape so dangerous an honour, was enthroned at Madrid, and the English under Moore had to retire, and, after a brilliant defence, to embark at Corunna. This, which it has been suggested by a French historian it did not suit Napoleon to witness, he left to Soult and Ney, and hastened back to Paris, where he arrived late in January 1809, after an absence of nearly two months, and whence he directed Champagny to publish a number of falsehoods as to his having destroyed 80,000 Spaniards, and of an invasion of Sicily by Murat, as he said, to impose upon and alarm the English.

Napoleon reached Paris in violent ill-humour, which he vented upon Talleyrand, less prudent than usual, and Fouché, who had joined to speculate upon his probable death in Spain, and upon Madame de Chevreuse, whom he exiled from Paris. He accused Talleyrand, with coarse violence, of speaking in disapproval of the death of the Duc d'Enghien and of the occupation of Spain, after having advised both—a charge which the late revelations show to have been not unfounded, though Napoleon was incited to the act by his own fears of assassination. Talleyrand received the storm

with his usual impassive calm, but he retaliated with interest by his advice to Metternich and Roumiantzof, who was in Paris upon the special business of the letter to England. This letter, signed by both Sovereigns, had been addressed to the King of England, from a notion that the double signature would elicit a direct answer. An answer came, but, as on a former occasion, it was addressed by the Foreign Secretary to the French Foreign Minister. It was calculated that the English Ministry, wishing to continue the struggle, would be afraid to avow it, and would take shelter in an evasive reply. The reply, however, was both prompt and direct. It declined any negotiation that did not include all the allies of England, even the Spanish insurgents. Prince Kourakin, the regular Ambassador from Russia, was a vain, pompous man, chosen for his rank and wealth, and much laughed at by the Parisians, and of no account in diplomacy. Roumiantzof, Alexander's chief Minister, though a warm supporter of the French alliance, was never negligent of Russian interests. He admired Napoleon, but was alarmed by his impetuosity and sudden changes of front. He gave his admiration, but withheld his confidence, so that on some occasion Napoleon remarked: "Notre alliance finira par être honteuse; vous ne voulez rien, et vous vous méfiez de moi." It was true. Metternich, then representing Austria, was also at Paris, endeavouring, though with little success, to persuade Napoleon that Austria, though she had not recognised the new Kings of Spain and Naples, was pacific. He was a statesman of the highest class, a keen observer, far-seeing, well bred, not over scrupulous, drawing conclusions which the results show to have been well founded, and who could stand unmoved the rudeness of Napoleon, at that time frequently shown at his expense. It was true, and is the one fragment of truth in a vast mass of correspondence, that neither party wished for war. Austria did not undervalue the fearful danger she incurred from the great military skill of Napoleon, or the large forces that he held cantoned in North Germany. Her choice, however, lay between two evils, and she was unwilling, by the disbanding of her troops, to leave herself at the mercy of an unscrupulous foe; while Napoleon had many cogent reasons for avoiding, or at least postponing, the contest. But Austria could no longer afford to nourish her army in her own country, and the finances of Napoleon, as is now well known, were at that time in a very depressed condition, and neither could he support his vast accession of force in his own territories. Reasons of finance, therefore, even were there no others, made war a necessity, and for it both parties had for some time been prepared.

Napoleon calculated on 400,000 men as sufficient for the campaign. He had raised the annual conscription from 80,000 to 100,000, and had given this a retrospective action over four years, so that, by bringing up the arrears thus invented from the past, and anticipating the demand on a future year, he commanded an immense accession to the rank and file of his army, while from St. Cyr, La Flèche, the Polytechnic, and the various military colleges throughout France, he drew a large number of youths, mostly the sons of returned *émigrés* and Royalists, more or less qualified to act as officers. To those who remonstrated against the cruelty of such a levy his answer was, "Tel est mon bon plaisir." This arbitrary and exhaustive draft excited great discontent and alarm. The funds, already low, fell considerably, and a few outbreaks in the west had to be put down by force. The Guard and the cavalry, under Bessières and Lefebvre, had already been despatched from Valladolid, and the victory of Tudela and the surrender of Saragoza soon afterwards placed Lannes at the disposal of Napoleon. Davout, Bernadotte, and Oudinot were already in Germany. Masséna, at Strasburg, was engaged in the organisation of the central division of the army; and thither also was sent Berthier, with instructions for the concentration of the several divisions upon Ratisbon or Donauworth, according to circumstances, in the fulfilment of which he showed that a first-rate chief of the staff is not necessarily a competent general. Prince Eugène had the command in the north of Italy, a post for which he proved unfit; but he was loyal to his benefactor, was one of the family, and in this Napoleon only followed the example of legitimate monarchs.

The Austrian preparations were on a similar scale. The Archdukes John and Ferdinand were placed with 50,000 and 40,000 men in North Italy and Galicia, and the Archduke Charles, a really great general, with 200,000, on the Inn and Isar, forming the main and central body of the army. These were regulars. There was also a reserve of 200,000 drawn from the Militia.

Napoleon, anxious to make the most of the alliance, attempted to lead Alexander so to commit himself as to be unable to withdraw from participation in the war. He proposed a double guarantee for the integrity of the Austrian dominions providing Austria should disarm. To this Alexander agreed, but the proposal came too late. The anti-French party, including a number of Russian nobles resident in Vienna, was supported by the popular cry, so that the more prudent opinions of the Archduke Charles and of the Emperor himself were borne down, and the guarantee, which indeed could

scarcely have been relied upon, was refused. It was probably the popularity of the war that led the Archduke, at a somewhat later period, to issue a rather revolutionary proclamation, inviting the support, in the cause of liberty, of the Italians, the Poles, and the people of Germany, then for the first time recognised as a nation. Such an appeal from Austria was not likely to be productive. As a final effort, Napoleon proposed a joint note by the two Sovereigns calling upon Francis to disarm, with the threat that if refused diplomatic relations should be broken off. This was declined by Alexander, on the ground that the threat would wound the susceptibilities of Austria and rather tend to precipitate than to avert her action. The position of Alexander was critical. He saw that the destruction of Austria, avowedly contemplated by Napoleon, would give him a French province for his neighbour, and probably lead to the restoration of Poland; while by supporting Napoleon he might either mitigate his severity or, at the worst, lay claim to Galicia. Caulaincourt, himself a man of honour, still continued to put faith in his Imperial friend; Napoleon judged him less favourably, and while insisting upon a Russian force on the frontier of Galicia, he really trusted to Poniatowski and the Polish contingent to occupy the province or to give employment to the Austrian division. The event justified his foresight, for though Alexander complied with the demand he made various excuses for delay, and finally gave the command of the force to Prince Galitzyn, a veteran whose military notions were of the school of the Seven Years' War, and who moved so slowly that the Poles overran the province and had occupied and been driven out of Warsaw before the Russians took the field. The encouragement of the Poles, a sore subject with Alexander, was repeatedly denied by Napoleon, who asserted that he had never thought of exciting them to rise; whereas there remains a letter from Berthier to Poniatowski, May 9, 1809, in which he writes: "Excitez l'insurrection de la Galicie, cela fournira des bataillons utiles." No wonder, therefore, that the Poles and Russians nearly came to blows for the possession of Cracow. Their success led the Poles to expect the resurrection of their kingdom, to which the revival of their old orders of knighthood by the King of Saxony probably contributed.

Both Napoleon and the Archduke were out in their calculations as to each other's movements, the latter very seriously so. The Archduke assumed that Napoleon would not be ready before July, while Napoleon expected the attack towards the end of April. In point of fact the Austrians crossed the Inn on April 10, and the news reached Paris on the 12th. Napoleon left on the following morning.

and reached Donauworth on the 17th. Never were his military talents displayed to greater advantage. By the misapprehension of Berthier the French divisions were widely separated. Davout was at Ratisbon, Masséna and Oudinot at Augsburg, and at a point between them were the troops of Bavaria and Würtemberg. The Archduke proposed, before the arrival of Napoleon, to advance between the French divisions, and to attack the German troops, thus isolated. Napoleon at once grasped the circumstances. He withdrew Davout from Ratisbon, adding to the order, with his own hand, "Activité, vitesse, je me recommande à vous." Masséna and Oudinot he advanced from Augsburg, and himself led the German troops in the centre ; thus, by his more rapid movements, turning the Archduke's plan against himself. The result was entirely successful. The Austrians fought well, but were out-generalled. The French won the battles of Thann and Abensberg, and at Eckmühl Davout gained fame and a title worthy to be associated with that of Auerstadt. Landshut was captured, and with it the Austrian magazines. Ratisbon was taken by assault, and the Archduke, driven across the Danube, left the way open to the capital. It was before Ratisbon that Napoleon was struck on the foot by a spent ball, and that Lannes, seeing the soldiers hesitate at the assault, seizing a ladder, cried out that, "Though a Marshal of France, he had not forgotten that he had been and still was a grenadier."¹ It was on the way from Ratisbon to Vienna, during a halt at MÖlk, on the Danube, that occurred the gallant deed related most graphically, though modestly, by Marbot, its hero. It was important to the Emperor to know what force held the opposite bank ; but the night was stormy, and the broad and rapid river covered with trunks of trees and other floating matter. Marbot, though warned by the Emperor of the extreme danger of the passage, crossed in a boat with a sergeant and ten men, as yet undecorated, reached the opposite bank, and under cover of the night captured and brought back in safety three prisoners. It is gratifying to learn that Napoleon, highly pleased, decorated the soldiers, gave money and liberty to the prisoners, and rewarded the boatmen, who had been pressed on pain of death, with double the sum offered to them.

¹ It was at Ratisbon, after leading the assault, that Marbot and his party, losing their way in the crooked lanes of the place, were guided by a French milliner established there, to whom they behaved with a gallantry creditable even to Frenchmen. Here also it was that a young Parisian dandy, Lannes's youngest aide-de-camp, finding his flowing pantaloons rather in the way in war, cut them short with his sabre, and, to the great amusement of Lannes and the soldiers, fought on barelegged, though not exactly in the plight of Witherington.

Vienna capitulated on May 12, but the bridge was broken down, and the Archduke with a large army held the opposite bank, to cross to which was necessary before the contest could be resumed.

The Danube, from Linz, runs broad, deep, and strong, especially in the month of May, when the water is at its highest, and the stream most rapid, and most encumbered with floating timber. Above and below Vienna it widens out to a great breadth, and includes some scores of islands, among which the waters find their way by channels of very variable breadth and current. Two of these islands were selected ; but an attack upon one of them having failed, the choice fell upon Lobau, large enough to include the whole army. An arm of the river 700 or 800 yards broad, and including a small sandbank, divided it from the right or Vienna bank, while from the left bank it was separated by a stream of about 140 yards, or as broad as the Seine at Paris, and which, presenting a bold convexity to the bank, was favourable to the employment of artillery to protect the passage. Napoleon at once took possession of the island, and directed the construction of a pontoon bridge ; but being anxious to complete the campaign and return to Paris, his impetuosity led him into a serious error—the pontoons were insufficiently protected from the material brought down by the stream.

The bridge was completed on the night of the 19th, and the army began to cross unopposed. The Archduke awaited them, strongly posted in a half circle, with a force of 100,000 men and 200 pieces of artillery, and when about 35,000 had passed over opened his attack. Lannes and Masséna led the French, who fought heroically ; Bessières, who on that occasion was placed under the command of Lannes, charged the centre with a dense mass of cavalry which, exposed to a heavy fire, opened out as they advanced. Lannes thought the charge wanting in vigour, and sent Marbot, his aide-de-camp, to say to Bessières, “ I order him to charge *home* ” (“ Je lui ordonne de charger à fond ”). Marbot, feeling the rudeness of the order, tried, but in vain, to deliver it in private. Bessières was furious. “ Is it thus, sir, you speak to a Marshal of France ! I will have you punished for this impertinence.” The charge, however, was repeated with no lack of vigour. “ You see,” said Lannes, “ that my message took effect.” In the evening Bessières and Lannes had a violent altercation. Lannes quoted the Emperor's order. “ Yes,” said Bessières, “ the Emperor informed me that I was to obey your advice.” “ Advice, sir,” retorted Lannes, “ do you not know that in military matters orders, not advice, are given ? ” A challenge passed, and the quarrel was about to be settled on the spot,

when Masséna, their senior, scandalised at the idea of two Marshals fighting in the presence of the enemy, interfered and separated them. The Emperor took part with Lannes, and Bessières submitted so far as to ask Lannes where he wished the cavalry to be placed. The answer showed a great want of taste and temper. "I order you to place them in such and such a place, and there to await my orders." The two had been sworn enemies from the time when Lannes and Murat were rivals for the hand of Caroline Bonaparte, when Bessières had befriended Murat. The marshals were brave soldiers, but most of them were men of violent and unrestrained tempers, and, like their great master, apt to use very coarse language.

The battle ended with the day, but had the Archduke persevered it might have gone hard with the French, so great was his preponderance of numbers and artillery; but during the night reinforcements were passed over, and long before dawn, when the fight was resumed, the numbers and the artillery were nearly equal. The second day, like the first, was bloody in the extreme. The villages of Aspern and Essling, though held, were held with fearful loss. Soon after daybreak the Austrian centre was again attacked; this time by Lannes, who broke the line and penetrated as far as the enemy's headquarters, which were defended by the Archduke in person, a standard in his hand. At the critical moment, in mid career, Lannes was seen to halt and retreat, to the great relief of the enemy and to the astonishment of all. The bridge, which had once or twice been broken and hastily repaired, had finally given way, and Davout and the remainder of the army, with the ammunition, were left powerless on the right bank. The Austrians, aware of what had happened, redoubled their efforts. The French fought with the fury of despair. Aspern and Essling were four times and eight times lost and won; the French wounded, cut off from medical aid, lay untended where they fell; Lannes, not merely a brave soldier, but what was far more rare in that cluster of warriors, a fair general, the old and tried comrade of Napoleon, fell mortally wounded, the first of Napoleon's marshals who had so fallen. Masséna, short of ammunition, covered the retreat with the bayonet, without the loss of a single gun. To him was committed the charge of the island.

The killed and wounded at the battle were said to have reached 50,000 men. The experience of Austerlitz was not lost upon Austria, and the French had never been so stiffly opposed or sustained so severe a loss. Essling was claimed by both parties as a victory, and was certainly in some respects, like Eylau, a drawn battle. The retreat of the French, and the delay that followed,

materially tended to lessen the "prestige" of the Great Captain, and the failure of the bridge was against him as an engineer. It is now known that the disaster was the work of an Austrian officer, who from a boat directed the heavier floating masses into the channel, and finally cut adrift a large floating-mill, which carried everything before it.

The battle had lasted two days, and two more were spent in removing the wounded and disposing of the dead. The heavy loss, and his position upon an unbridged river, forced Napoleon to pause, and neither party could at once renew the contest.

While Napoleon awaited reinforcements from France, and the army of Eugène from Italy, he busied himself with immense though silent preparations for a second passage of the river. He converted the island of Lobau into an impregnable fortress capable of containing the whole army, which might possibly have been attacked from Linz in its rear. The execution of the works was committed to Masséna, but Napoleon planned and directed. As he said himself with truth: "Il n'est rien à la guerre que je ne puisse faire par moi-même." Powder, gun-carriages, cannon, he knew how to manufacture, to frame, to cast; he knew also how to construct a bridge, and his foresight had attached to the army a corps of 1,500 sailors. The new bridge, or rather bridges, for there were three laid parallel, rested upon piles, strong enough to resist any floating masses that might be brought against them. As an additional security there was laid across the river above the bridge the great iron chain, found in the arsenal, which had been used at the siege of Vienna by the Turks. The work was completed by the 20th of June, and the whole army was at once brought into the island, and preparations were secretly made for a number of floating bridges, so that the narrow stream might be crossed at once by any number of troops. The preparations were concealed by the broken and wooded character of the ground, and the enemy, thus misled as to the place of crossing, threw up works which proved useless, and the passage was effected at a point whence they could be turned. Six weeks were thus employed, during which the Archduke John, successful against Eugène, but recalled to the aid of the main army, retired upon Comorn and Raab, followed by the Italian army, which there gained a victory, and afterwards joined Napoleon to assist in the renewed attack.

By the 4th of July, all being ready, the passage was effected during a fearful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, but followed by a clear bright day. The troops passed under cover of a heavy cannonade, and the French attacked at daybreak on the 5th with

70,000 men, speedily increased to 180,000, with 530 guns, to meet 140,000 men and 400 guns. The battle took place on the plain of the Marchfeld, in front of the village of Wagram. Davout led the right, Masséna the left, but, disabled by a fall from his horse, he sat in an open carriage in the midst of the fight. Oudinot and Bernadotte led the centre, Marmont, with the cavalry, formed the reserve. The battle lasted till the evening, and was renewed on the following morning, Davout still on the right, Masséna and Bernadotte on the left, and Oudinot and Marmont in the centre. The Guard and heavy cavalry were now in the rear. The Austrian aim was to turn the French right, and intervene between it and the Danube, and the weight of their attack fell upon Davout, whose position was surrounded. "Tell him to hold firm," was the Emperor's message, "and the battle is won." Macdonald, who had long lain under the Emperor's displeasure, so distinguished himself that he received the rank of Marshal on the field of battle. This was also a tacit acknowledgment that he had saved Eugène in Italy. "Sire," said he to the Emperor, "henceforward I am with you for life and death." Bernadotte, dissatisfied with the share of praise allotted to the Saxons, addressed them in a gazette of his own, which gave great offence and caused his departure from the army.

Such was the battle of Wagram, one of the most severely contested of the French battles, in which they lost 27,000 and the Austrians 25,000 killed and wounded. The Austrians retired in good order, protected by their artillery. Fortunately for them Bessières and Lassalle, being wounded, were not in command of the cavalry. They finally reached Znain, when an armistice was signed, even Napoleon remarking that "enough blood had been shed." Negotiations for a peace followed. Austria was well aware of the intense jealousy of Russia on the subject of Poland, and anxious to lead Napoleon to add a part of Galicia to the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and so raise discord between the ill-yoked allies. But Napoleon was as superior to his adversaries in the cabinet as in the field. He proposed that part of Bohemia should be given to Saxony; but to escape from so inconvenient an arrangement, the proposal for the annexation of a part of Galicia to Warsaw was arranged to come from Austria, and was only assented to by Napoleon. At one time Napoleon had contemplated forcing the resignation of Francis, and the division of his empire into the kingdoms of Austria, Bohemia, and Hungary, but the battle of Talavera, and the knowledge that the failure of the expedition on the Scheldt was due rather to the bad generalship of the English than to ability of the defence, disposed him to modera-

tion, to which contributed the attempt of Staabs, and the international hatred which it betrayed; so that the Peace called of Vienna was speedily signed, and on terms less hard than had been expected. They were, however, severe, both as to territory surrendered and stipulations as to military force, besides a heavy payment in money. The cost of the war, as usual, was borne by the country in which it was waged, which also provided the heavy donations granted to the new Chevaliers, and to Masséna, Davout, and Berthier, created Prince of Wagram.

The population of Galicia had risen at the news of the French success, and on the retreat of the Archduke Ferdinand, called to the support of his brother Charles, Poniatowski got possession of Warsaw. In Tyrol the insurrection was put down by means that reflected little credit on the humanity of Napoleon; and as the copestone of his victories, from his camp at Vienna he confiscated the estates of the Church, the Pope's offence being that he declined to declare war against England, a friendly Power, or to ally himself with the intruding sovereigns of Italy and Naples. To the act of spoliation the Pope opposed a passive and dignified resistance, in great contrast to the behaviour of the temporal Sovereigns of the period; but the aggression, followed by the deportation and imprisonment of the Holy Father, an outrage to Catholic Christendom, passed almost unnoticed amid the reverberation of the cannon of Wagram.

Although Napoleon stigmatised the behaviour of Russia as "traîtresse conduite," and told Champagny he had ceased to believe in the Russian alliance, it was important that this should not be the opinion of the world. "Il lui importe davantage que cette erreur, dont il est désabusé, soit partagée par toute l'Europe," he wrote to Caulaincourt, on whom fell the disagreeable duty of presenting the treaty to Alexander. Napoleon had invited the Czar, either in person or by Roumaintzof, to assist at the preliminary negotiations, or, if he so pleased, to join in the signature of the treaty. To this Alexander returned a very vague reply, being in truth unwilling to commit himself to terms of which it was probable he would not approve. In consequence, and seeing that Russia had not fired a shot, nor in any way really assisted in the war, she was but little considered in the treaty. Alexander had expressly stipulated that no part of Galicia should be added to the Duchy of Warsaw, whereas Napoleon had taken possession of it in his own name; and on the pretension that the Polish aid had to be rewarded, and that the profession of the Russian Church was confined to the east of the river San, out of the two million souls in Austrian

Galicia he had allotted a million and a half to the Grand Duchy, and half a million only to Russia, or as Napoleon described it to a Russian officer, "Lemberg avec encore quelque chose." He remarked that things might have been better had Roumaintzof been present, but that he had done the best he could for Alexander's interests, though he could not neglect the claims of those who had served him well. The blow was severe, and the dissatisfaction was not confined to the Czar, but was loudly expressed by all classes in his capital. Napoleon, whose policy, always tortuous, now led him to conciliate Russia and so give to discontented France a prospect of a lasting peace, directed Caulaincourt, with the aid of Roumaintzof, to prepare a convention such as might satisfy Alexander with regard to Poland. Alexander certainly had not reaped much benefit from the alliance. Finland, taken from a kinsman, though a considerable, was scarcely a creditable gain; the semi-Polish territory on his frontier had been largely augmented; the Silesian fortresses and the great commercial cities of Hamburg and Dantzic were in the hands of the French; the lucrative commerce with England was suspended; and Napoleon was actually, in secret, suggesting to Austria to oppose the acquisition by Russia of the Danubian Provinces. The government of Russia has been defined as "a despotism tempered by *salons*." The encouragement recently given to the Poles had raised in the *salons* a feeling verging on madness. Their loyalty, as Alexander was well aware, had been in his father's time strained, for a less matter, to the breaking point. To ease this strain was important, and when Napoleon, who, at any rate till Spain was disposed of, did not wish to quarrel with Russia, proposed the anti-Polish Convention, it was at once gladly accepted. It provided that the kingdom of Poland should never be re-established; that the words "Poland" and "Polish" should not appear in public or private documents, and that the old Polish Orders should be suppressed. The Convention, intended by Napoleon to take the unofficial form of a letter, Alexander, taught by the past, insisted should be recorded as a regular treaty.

And now a new element was to be introduced into the negotiations, already sufficiently complex. Napoleon, on his return from Vienna, held at Fontainebleau a Court of Kings and Princes, his satellites, who came, with hatred in their hearts, to congratulate him on his victories over their brother Germans. Here also he received his brother Louis, who had incurred his severe displeasure by his conciliatory policy in Holland, and by his very moderate attempts to suppress the contraband trade with England. But the one subject

which, at that time, eclipsed all others in his mind was the consideration of his marriage, and of the divorce which must precede it. Josephine, a kind-hearted, though frivolous woman, had always been regarded with jealousy by the Imperial family, and especially by the sisters and Murat; and Corvisart—who, scandal said, had declined to assist in the substitution of a child—had recently given an opinion that there was not the slightest hope that Josephine could have issue. The idea of a divorce was not a new one. General Bonaparte had threatened it, for domestic reasons, on his return from Egypt. In 1805, when the marriage of Eugène with a Bavarian princess was on the “tapis,” the Austrian Minister had hinted that Napoleon himself might seek alliance with one of the old dynasties, and Josephine became aware that a divorce was possible. In 1808 the subject was revived by Fouché, who actually suggested it to the Empress, probably without instructions from Napoleon, but with the certainty that the step would be only nominally censured. On Napoleon’s arrival from Vienna it was taken up in earnest, and being decided upon, was accepted by Eugène and Hortense as inevitable, and so pressed upon their mother. At a family council, held December 15, 1809, Josephine gave a most heart-broken assent, and on the following day a decree of the Senate settled her future position and income. The civil marriage was thus easily disposed of, but the religious ceremony had been solemnised by Cardinal Fesch, under a general dispensation by the Pope, and was not so easily to be set aside. The Pope was a prisoner, and it was not to be supposed that he would grant to Napoleon what, some years before, he had refused, on principle, to his brother Jérôme. With a Russian bride the difficulty would not have arisen, but Napoleon, beginning to anticipate difficulties of another character in that quarter, felt it necessary to clear the way for an alliance with Austria, for which an ecclesiastical divorce was a necessary preliminary. Finally, on a declaration by Napoleon that he had never really consented to the marriage—that is to say, had deceived the Pope, the Cardinal, and Josephine—a commission of seven obsequious prelates pronounced the marriage void; a proceeding contrary to the practice of the Church of Rome, but accepted without scruple by the Imperial brother and father of the possible brides. Neither was the proposal for the new marriage delayed till the divorce was pronounced.

At Tilsit a marriage had been talked of between Jérôme Bonaparte and the Princess Catherine of Russia; and at Erfurt Talleyrand and Caulaincourt, under the direction of Napoleon, had mentioned to

Alexander the idea of a marriage between Napoleon and his younger sister. Alexander, then under the influence of Napoleon, himself brought the subject forward, and expressed his cordial approval, but added that his mother had the disposal of her daughters. Napoleon did not fully commit himself, but he considered that there existed what he called "un engagement de tacite honnêteté." He now, November 22, directed Caulaincourt to revive the subject, to announce the forward state of the divorce, and to ascertain whether Alexander's consent to the marriage could be counted upon. Also he was to report upon the personal and physical qualities of the Princess Anne so far as he could ascertain them. In the meantime Napoleon overpowered Prince Kourakin with attentions ; offered to assist the Czar with French shipbuilders, and to promote the issue of a Russian loan. At the rejoicings for the Peace he spoke publicly of how his great friend and ally had added Finland, Moldavia, and Wallachia to his vast empire. "France," said he, "feels no jealousy on this account ; so much so," he added, "that though I could easily have given the whole of Galicia to the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, I allotted to it but a small part, lest I should cause disquiet to my ally ;" and finally he offered assistance to Alexander, then rather worsted by the Turks. He evidently wished for the marriage, and nothing could exceed his complaisance. To Champagny, he said, "Répétez que nous sommes disposés à faire tout ce qu'on voudra," to the no small surprise of both Alexander and his Minister, who had never received so straightforward and unreserved a letter. Under cover of the atmosphere thus created was written the letter of November 22, though, before its despatch, came the insistence of Alexander that the anti-Polish Convention should take the form of a regular treaty ; and, though much annoyed that his secret views should be thus divined, Napoleon consented, but charged Caulaincourt to agree to enough to quiet Alexander and no more. That was to agree only that Poland should not be re-established ; a promise which did not prevent him, through Duroc, from giving encouragement to the Polish leaders then at Paris, and who in the event of a quarrel with Russia would be valuable auxiliaries.

Shortly afterwards Napoleon, becoming impatient, did not wait for the reply or the report, but, December 12, authorised Caulaincourt to make a formal demand for the hand of the Princess, and even, if all went well, to solemnise the marriage by procuration, as the divorce was on the point of being pronounced, but closing with the extraordinary demand for "une réponse catégorique dans le délai de deux jours." At the arrival of this letter the Czar was absent, and it did

not reach him till his return to St. Petersburg, December 28, when he repeated to Caulaincourt that, had the answer depended on him, he should accept then and there, but that he must have ten days in which to gain the consent of his mother, which Caulaincourt thought would be obtained.

Napoleon did not share this opinion, and as in his operations, both civil and military, he always took care to be provided with an alternative, in case the first plan should fail, so here he looked to Austria to provide that alternative, and he instructed Champagny to set on foot certain enquiries, and thus provide for the event of an unfavourable report upon the Princess or of a refusal. As early as November 21 Champagny had sounded the Austrian ambassador on the subject, which it appears had also been spoken of between Metternich and the French agent at Vienna; and before November 15 a conversation between Floret, the Austrian Secretary of Legation, and M. Sémonville, leaving no doubt as to the consent of the Austrian Court, had been reported to Maret, and by him communicated to Napoleon, so that there was a sure alternative. The family council, the consent of Josephine, and the decree of the Senate occurred on December 14–15, and were followed by a letter from Caulaincourt, who had not as yet received the despatch of December 12, but who was sending off the draft of the Convention to be ratified by Napoleon.

Late in January Napoleon held a council of the great officers of state, nominally to deliberate upon the proposed marriage. The Emperor, opening the proceedings, pointed out that four marriages were open to him—with a daughter of Russia, of Austria, or of Saxony, or with a native of France, which last he should prefer, but that for reasons of state it was inadmissible. There was no official report of what passed, but Louis Bonaparte and Le Brun are understood to have spoken for Saxony; Murat, Cambacérès, and Fouché for Russia; Talleyrand, Eugène, Fesch, Maret, Mollien, Berthier, and Fontanes for Austria. The Cardinal, as became a Prince of the Church, objected to Russia on ecclesiastical grounds, observing that “un tel mariage ne serait point dans nos mœurs,” a remark much quoted at the time, and which seems to have produced an effect. Lacuée, Minister of War, spoke of Austria as no longer a great Power. “No longer a great power?” said the Emperor; “on voit bien, monsieur, que vous n’étiez pas à Wagram;” but he expressed no opinion as to his choice. The Council again met on February 6, but it was only to hear that the Emperor had decided in favour of Austria.

Alexander’s absence, and the subsequent delays, retarded the answer so long that Napoleon suspected that the Czar was really

waiting "pour filer un refus" until the treaty should be signed, and thus his object gained without the sacrifice of his sister. But on this occasion the Corsican was more than a match for the Greek, and at his own weapons. He was, said Maret, "trop fier et trop fin" to be taken in, and decided to inflict instead of receiving the slight. Napoleon, therefore, did not wait for the reply, but on the breaking up of the Council on February 6, Prince Eugène delivered to Prince Schwartzenberg the formal proposal for the hand of the Archduchess Marie Louise, which was at once accepted, and the contract signed. The answer from St. Petersburg, despatched on February 4, was practically a refusal, since it postponed the marriage two years on the ground of age. It did not reach Paris until after the closing of the contract with Austria.

Having administered the slight, Napoleon, by no means wishing to break off the alliance, attempted by a skilful manipulation of dates, to show that he had not turned to Austria till after the Russian refusal; but Alexander "semblait convaincu qu'on avait traité des deux côtés à la fois," which was just what had really been done. Politically, no doubt, the Russian match would have been most advantageous to France, but socially, of which the Emperor thought much, Austria stood first. Russia was young among Sovereigns, and could only, as was remarked by Talleyrand, pretend to an equality on the ground that nobility and ancient lineage could be compensated by extent of territory. Napoleon was so accustomed to break down all barriers that stood in his way that even in such a matter as a marriage he could not be expected to be over-scrupulous, nor was he. Marriages between crowned heads were not in those days conducted with the observances, not to say the decencies, of private life, and a similar allowance must, it is to be presumed, be extended to those of revolutionary generals. This may be pleaded for the connection between General Bonaparte's marriage and his appointment to the command of the Army of Italy; but political necessity is a poor plea for his repudiation, after so many years, of the ecclesiastical marriage, on the ground that he never really consented to it. Here, too, the second wife was chosen, and the choice approved by her brother, before the divorce of the actual wife, or her knowledge that it was about to take place. The proposal to Austria also was made and accepted while that to Russia remained unanswered. Had the Russian answer been an acceptance it would have been awkward, and beyond the power even of the great statesman, so celebrated in that line, to explain away.

Napoleon's first step, after an attempt to show that the two pro-

posals were not concurrent, was to assure Alexander that the marriage would in no way affect his political or personal relations with Russia or its Emperor. In announcing the engagement with Austria he assumed that it was he who had declined the Russian alliance, much as he would have preferred it, on ecclesiastical grounds, and on that of the youth of the Princess, points which he had himself set aside. Alexander not only did not show any sense of the affront, but he sent a special envoy to be present at the marriage, of which he expressed high approval, and which was, he declared, a pledge of peace to Europe.

It has been said, and with a certain amount of truth, that neither the breaking off of the marriage nor the discourtesy that accompanied it were the cause of the subsequent war between France and Russia. But if they did not cause the war the marriage might very well have prevented it. No doubt the main cause was the encouragement given to the Poles, and the large Galician addition to the Grand Duchy of Warsaw ; but the marriage would probably have led to the signature of an anti-Polish treaty, which would have damped the ardour of the Poles, and to some extent have calmed down the strong feeling at St. Petersburg.

Either marriage might have been regarded as a pledge of peace to Europe, for Europe thirsted for peace, and had great reason to dread the renewal of war. Russia had enough on her hands on the Danube ; Austria and Prussia, Spain and Portugal, Germany and the States on the Rhine and on the Scheldt, were thoroughly exhausted. The treatment of the Pope by Napoleon was universally disapproved. France had borne an iron rule so long as it brought foreign wealth and military glory, but, persisted in, it had ruined her commerce, retarded her manufactures, and left her fields to be tilled imperfectly by women and children. She was, in her own expressive phrase, "saignée au blanc." Peace was the universal cry, and the olive branch might at this time have been well and honourably held out to Europe, and the internal improvements developed since the Peace of 1815 might have been advanced by many years.

The marriage, supported by a great majority of the Council, and pushed forward with more haste than dignity, was on the pattern of that of Louis XVI., and for that among many other reasons was never popular in France. It was, however, consummated with the usual extensive signs of rejoicing, and in due time the birth of a son was regarded as a pledge for the establishment of the Napoleonic dynasty.

And thus was closed the period, brief but pregnant with consequences important to all Europe, that connected the Conference of

Erfurt with the war with Austria and the second marriage of Napoleon. The events that followed, and occupied the years 1810-1812—the marriage, the renewed difficulties with Spain, the alienation of Sweden, the encouragement given to the Poles, and the gradual coolness and final breach with Russia, are chiefly known as having been succeeded by the campaign of Moscow. The war itself, aggressive, ill conducted, and deservedly fatal to Napoleon, has been fully described by many who, like Ségur, were sharers in its dangers, and who bear testimony not only to the courage but to the indomitable endurance of the French soldiers. The causes leading to the war, far more difficult of explication than the war itself, occupy the latter part of M. Vandal's second volume, and are unfolded and related there in a manner worthy of the earlier portion of his work, and calculated to sustain his reputation as in the foremost rank of the living historians of France.

SWANS AND SWAN-SONGS.

WITH poetry and myth and fable the swan is always a favourite among birds. The strange solitude that he loves, the snow-white plumage in contrast with the dark water, and the royal dignity of his bearing as he sails along, all combine to clothe him with mystery as well as beauty. Cygnus, the Swan, as Ovid tells, was King of the Ligurians, on the banks of the Po ; and there he wandered among the gloomy poplar trees, singing plaintive songs of sorrow for his cousin Phaethon, who had been hurled into the river while he rashly drove the horses of the Sun ; for the poplars were the sisters of the bright child of sunlight, burying him beneath their shade ; and the mourner's hymn murmured on while the white plumage covered his limbs, and the membraned claws grew upon his feet, and the long neck stretched out, and the swan sailed forward upon his lonely, melancholy course among the marshes and pools, afraid to rise into the sky from whence his friend had fallen.

Jupiter changed himself into a swan that he might fly into the arms of Leda, who would otherwise have none of him. "How near," says Falstaff, "the god drew to the complexion of a goose!" And we are familiar with Juno's pair of swans, who always "went coupled and inseparable." The chariot of Venus, too, was drawn by swans, and Horace calls them purple swans, of which we seem to hear nothing elsewhere ; though a legend of the American Indians tells of the red swan falling from the evening star and staining the waters of the Great Lake with her blood, shed by the wound of a magic arrow.

But the swan among animals, like the snow among things inanimate, is the accepted type of unspotted whiteness and graceful purity. "All his geese are swans," says the proverb of the optimist. When the satirical censor of Roman morals drew a caricature of the fulsome flatterer, he made him call the Ethiopian negro a swan. The black swan, on the other hand, is a proverb of rarity, or indeed of impossibility ; and the same satirist in his cynical vein likens a

wife who possesses beauty and virtue, together with wealth and ancient lineage, to such a bird :

Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.

Perhaps the black swan was unknown until Australia was found ; but it is one of the marvels of that strange land, and the Swan River was so called because the feature that most impressed its discoverers was the number of its black swans.

Swans for food, like peacocks, are still an occasional luxury ; but in the middle ages of England no great banquet was held to be duly served without the one bird or the other. So Chaucer's monk—

A fat swan loved he best of any roost.

By an old tradition at St. John's College, Cambridge, three or four cygnets are roasted for the Fellows' table on St. John's Day. Another survival is at Stratford-on-Avon, where a swan of Avon is always served at the annual civic banquet.

Moses, indeed, was thought to have forbidden the swan, from the days of St. Jerome's Vulgate down to those of Luther and King James's translators ; but the old Seventy translators of Alexandria understood him to mean the porphyrio or purple water-hen, and the Revisers of our own day have taken it to be the night-owl ; therefore we have no reason to suppose that the swan was ever reckoned among things unclean.

Sometimes it has appeared as a pet bird. There is a legend of a sister of Julius Cæsar, by name Germana, fleeing from Rome with the Prince of Tongres, when, as they were resting on the way, a servant aimed an arrow at a swan. The bird flew for refuge to the lady, who captured it and fed it from her hand, and made it her companion thenceforward. More historical is the favourite swan of St. Hugh of Lincoln, the fearless prelate who rebuked the sins of Henry II. and Cœur de Lion. As he walked by his palace-moat the bird would swim towards him ; he gave it food, and it put its neck into his sleeve to caress him ; it flew off to the fens at the breeding season, but always came back to its master. The country-folk believed that when their bishop was absent the coming of the swan always betokened his return. Ancient art commonly represents him with the bird at his side. Thus he is to be seen, among other saints and heroes, upon the steeple of St. Mary's at Oxford, with his face turned towards his cathedral city in the north.

A popular myth is the song of the swan when it is about to die:

*This pale faint swan
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.*

So spoke Prince Henry when Pembroke told him that his dying father, King John, was singing. And twenty centuries before Shakespeare's time, far back in the days of the old Attic drama, this was already a familiar fancy ; for Æschylus made the vengeful Clytæmnestra glory over her victim Cassandra :

Like a swan,
Chanted her last, her dying wail, she lies.

And in this nineteenth century the same fancy serves the poet's purpose still. The " Irish Melodies " tell the legend of Fionnuala, the daughter of King Lir, changed by her wicked stepmother into a swan and longing for the sound of the first mass-bell which is to liberate her from the thralldom :

When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep with wings in darkness furled ?
When shall heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world ?

The great Laureate, too, touching the fable with inimitable skill among his earliest work, passes it on with a new power to those who shall come after him :

The wild swan's death hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow : at first to the ear
The warble was low and full and clear ;
And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear ;
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold ;
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the sougning reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

The song of the swan's dying moments is the only one that it ever utters; at its first and its last effort; but it is always a melody of sweetness, beyond all that other birds can attain to.

So when Virgil, whose native Mantua was famous for its swans, would describe the future golden age of the world, he said that the owls should vie with the swans in song. When Horace wishes to pay the highest compliment to the genius of Pindar, he calls him the swan of Dirce ; and when he predicts his own poetic immortality he tells us that he feels the white plumage growing upon his arms and fingers, and the hard skin upon his legs, while he is changing into the white bird, to soar in the skies, half man, half swan, far above the Stygian waters. Following up the fancy, Ben Jonson gave Shakespeare his title of the Swan of Avon, and modern writers have made Virgil the Swan of Mantua, and Homer the Swan of Meander. And who shall venture to deny that there is music in the shrill trumpet-call of the whooper-swan when he tells the Icelander that the sun is about to rise again after the long months of his night of winter ?

If wild swans have become rare visitors among us they abound in other lands. In the creeks and marshes about the Crimea, and elsewhere along the shores of the Black Sea, the peasants gather up their quills as they drift ashore in vast numbers, and ply a thriving trade in them, as doubtless their forefathers have done for ages. The many swans of those coasts helped to supply Homer with his apt simile, when he described the busy eagerness of the Grecian hosts upon the plain of Troy. " Like the many tribes of feathered fowls, geese or cranes or long-necked swans, this side and that they fly, joying in the pride of their wings." And upon our own shores and up our streams the wild swan of former days has left the impress of his name. Swanage is a corruption of swan-wick, a wick or creek where wikings invaded the swans' solitude, and Swansea is the swans' isle. Three townships in Norfolk are called Swanton, and tell of swans upon the rivers and broads. Swanley and Swanmore, Swanscombe and Swanbourne, with many others, carry on the same tale.

But our English swan has long become a private possession, and one that in old times was highly prized. Great ecclesiastics, the prior of Spalding or the abbot of Peterborough, rivalled noble earls, Huntingdon or Leicester or Essex, in the goodly flocks which they maintained upon the marshy flats of the eastern districts. And in the West they were preserved with the same jealous care. Richard III., just before his brief reign closed at the Battle of Bosworth, directed a commission " to al maners Shireffes, Eschetours, Baillieffes, Constables, Swanneherdes, and all having the Rule of freshe Ryvers and Waters in Somerseshire, especially in the freshe Waters or Ryvers of Merkmore, Cotmore, etc., that the King hath geven al Swannes in

the said Waters late apperteynyng to the Marques Dorset and Sir Giles Dawbeney nowe in the Kinges handes by reason of their forfaictures, to my lord prive seale." The swan-marks scratched upon the bills, by which wealthy owners distinguished their birds, form a study almost as curious as that of heraldry. Several manuscript volumes, from the fourteenth century down to the seventeenth, are preserved in the British Museum, recording the marks of various owners of all ranks up to the King and Queen. The swan with two necks, which may be seen now and again on the sign of a riverside hostelry, is properly the swan with two nicks, the special mark of the Vintners' Company. The swans of the Duke of Suffolk were marked sometimes with one nick of crescent form, sometimes with five parallel lines set in a square like a gridiron; while the Duke of Clarence's had two parallel lines, and the Duke of Norfolk's had certain devices like keys. The King's swans were distinguished sometimes by a rudely-drawn crown, as the proper mark of royalty, sometimes by a pair of swords for the Duchy of Lancaster.

The swan-upping, when the swans were taken up (for so the term is explained) for the purpose of marking them, was an important annual ceremony. On the Thames, where the City Companies were the chief owners of the birds, the authorities went in their state barges up the river, beginning on the Monday after St. Peter's Day. But the annual holiday was not without its dangers to the swan-uppers, who armed themselves with swan-hooks to secure the strong birds and imprint their mark with safety.

Many a tale is told of their great strength. That the stroke of a swan's wing will break a man's arm, whether literally true or not, has become a proverb. Naturalists tell of a swan attacking a boat which was approaching her nest, and trying to fight her way on board until her wing was stripped bare to the very bone by a fierce stroke upon the gunwale. Another story says that a fox was swimming towards a nest of cygnets, when the mother-bird boldly faced him upon the water and fought until she killed him. Very forcible, therefore, is the simile with which Shakespeare describes the stubborn resistance of the Yorkists at Wakefield :

As I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

Reverting again to the realms of myth and fable, we note that birds seem to have found little favour with the old fanciers of the constellations. They could see the bear, greater and lesser, the lion and the bull, the ram and the he-goat, as well as the crab, the

scorpion, and the fishes. But if other birds were wanting, there was at least the swan, soaring in mid-heaven, and having its long neck and outspread wings, each tipped with a star of light. And indeed a fancy no less venerable has peopled the skies with many swans ; for, as Mr. Baring-Gould has pointed out in his popular "Myths of the Middle Ages," the Apsaras in the Vedic mythology of India are but personifications of the white fleecy clouds floating upon an azure sky like swans upon the blue waters of a lake. They become divine beings, gliding about amid the beauty of heaven, ready to unite themselves with those who have won the meed of heroes on the earth ; and many a pleasant fable tells of a swan-maiden descending among men and wedding herself with one who seeks her, until in some unwary moment he forgets his promise and reveals to another the divine origin of his bride, and the spell is broken. Then the white feathers clothe her form again, and the swan soars away, unable to give further solace to the heart of a frail and imperfect mortal.

Early in the eighth century a certain noble king was hunting in a forest, and being weary he rested beside a lake where a swan-maiden of surpassing beauty was bathing in the water. She could not flee, because he stole her golden necklace which she had laid upon the bank ; whereupon he claimed her as his bride, and she bore him seven sons, each of them wearing at his birth a golden necklet like that of their mother. But the father cast them out into the forest, and there six of the little boys were robbed of their chains, and became swans and fled away ; but the seventh and fairest was nurtured by a holy hermit, preserving the mystic chain. He grew up to be a knight of high renown, and in due course he entered the lists on behalf of a lady whose inheritance was threatened by a neighbouring noble. He won her cause for her, and became the husband of her only child, and the lord of her duchy. She is variously represented as Duchess of Bouillon, of Cleves, or of Brabant. She forgot his injunction that she must never inquire his name and origin ; and at once a swan, his brother, who had brought him to the castle in a little boat upon the river, reappeared with the boat and bore him away again. But a daughter was born in the meantime, and from her was descended the famous Godefroy de Bouillon, king of Jerusalem.

Such in brief is the popular mediæval legend of Helyas, Knight of the Swan. Another form of it is the tale of Lohengrin. He was the son of Percival, one of the Knights of the Holy Grail. The bell of the Temple of the Grail at Monsalvat rang mysteriously, telling that some sacred right was being invaded by an evil-doer, and as it fell to Lohengrin to obey the solemn call, a swan came in sight,

drawing a boat upon the river. Lohengrin confided himself to the guidance of the swan, believing that thus he would be brought to the unknown place where help was needed. He slept upon his shield, and awoke as the boat was drawn to shore. He landed ; the swan with its vessel left him ; and he found the lists opened for a conflict in which Friedrich von Telramund would assert his claims against the champion of Elsa, heiress of the Duchy of Brabant. As Wagner has adapted the story, Elsa with her brother Gottfried has been commended by their dying father to Frederick's care ; but one day the children wander in the forest, and Elsa returns alone, saying that her brother is lost. Her strange manner and faltering voice rouse Frederick's suspicions, and turning from her with loathing, he marries in her stead Ortrud, daughter of Radbod, Prince of the Frisians, who claims to be the next heiress of the duchy. Now he has publicly brought the charge before the King, Henry the Fowler, as he holds his court of justice under an oak-tree on the banks of the Scheldt. Elsa has been summoned before him, and after a dreamy silence she has declared that when she prayed to Heaven for aid she saw a vision of a knight in shining armour approaching her in the air ; and him she has called to be her champion now. In answer to her appeal Lohengrin has come in the skiff drawn by a swan with a golden chain. He offers to fight her quarrel, and asks her hand as his reward ; but it must be on one condition, that she will never ask his race and name. The promise is publicly given ; the two combatants meet in single fight, and Telramund falls, but Frederick spares his life. Ortrud the same night approaches Elsa as a suppliant, and while imploring her intercession for herself and Telramund, contrives to poison the maiden's mind with doubts. The next day, at the wedding, Ortrud openly mocks the nameless stranger :

Wer ist er, der ans Land geschwommen,
Gezogen von einem wilden Schwan ?

She is silenced ; the marriage-rites are ended ; but no sooner are the wedded pair alone than Elsa begins to plead for the forbidden knowledge. In spite of all his piteous appeals, she first begs and then demands to learn of Lohengrin his name and rank. Then the swan appears in the distance. The two must now come again before the King ; and Lohengrin sorrowfully announces that he must reveal the secret which his bride demands to know, and then he must depart. Nearer comes the swan,

Der Schwan ! Seht dort ihn wieder nahn !
Wehe ! er naht ! er naht, der Schwan !

The white dove of the Grail hovers over the skiff, and Lohengrin cannot delay. He gives to Elsa his golden horn, his sword, and his ring, that she may give them to her brother if he shall return. Then stepping into the skiff he loosens the swan's golden chain, and the bird sinks, but in its place the lost Gottfried rises ; and while Elsa falls lifeless in her brother's arms, the dove draws the skiff away and Lohengrin is gone.

The story of Lohengrin, says Mr. Baring-Gould, is a mixture of the Keltic romance of the Sangreal with the German legend of Helias, and Helias is but a form of Ala or Ealadh, the Keltic word for a swan.

The greatest compliment that the old genealogists could pay to an illustrious family was to deduce its descent from this mythical hero ; and there is an Icelandic Saga which carries the tale back a further step, and tells that Helias himself was a son of Julius Cæsar.

We may presume that the myth arose from the memory of some Wiking of the North bearing the name of Sweyn, or the Swan, and appearing in his war-ship adorned with a swan for its figure-head. Perhaps, like the descendant of Cygnus in the *Æneid*, he was one

Whose helm confessed the lineage of the man,
And bore with wings displayed a silver swan.

But coming to the region of history, we find that at the time of the Norman Conquest Adam Fitz-Swanne, or Fitz-Sweyn, was a wealthy noble of Danish birth in the North of England, bearing the White Swan as a cognisance in accordance with his name. His descendants were the Magnavilles, Earls of Essex, who inherited the famous device ; and from them it passed on to the Bohuns, for Henry de Bohun, first Earl of Hereford, one of the guardians of the Magna Charta, married Maud Fitz-Piers, the heiress of the Magnavilles.

The letter of the commonalty of England to Pope Boniface respecting the King's rights in Scotland, in 1301, was signed and sealed by a hundred and four knights and barons, among whom was Humphrey de Bohun, fourth Earl of Hereford, and his seal displays a swan with a shield suspended from its back. His sister, Alice, married Roger, heir of the great Norman house of Tonj. Their line had long been famous in warfare, for a former Roger de Toesny had led a party of marauders into Spain to escape from the uncongenial peace in which Richard the Good was reigning in Normandy ; and Ralf de Toesny had been a companion of Duke William, whom his master had sent to climb a tree beside the Seine,

and grimly joke the hosts of Henry of France with the call to rise and bury their brothers, who had just been slain at Mortemer. Robert, the son of Roger and Alice, was the last baron of Toni, and accompanied King Edward at the siege of Carlaverock in 1300. He was conspicuous with surcoat and ailettes, shield and banner, all of white, in contrast with the crimson maunche, or sleeve, which distinguished the Tonis.

Blanche cote et blanches ailettes,
Escu blanc et baniere blanche
Portoit o la vermeille manche
Robert de Tony, ki bien signe
Ke il est Chevaler a Cigne.

He claimed to be the Knight of the Swan; and his seal upon the barons' letter has the maunche of Toni surrounded by a border of swans and lions, with a legend *Chevaler au Cin*; for a bend between six lions had been the shield of Bohun, as the swan had been their badge or ensign.

When the House of Toni in its turn passed away, Alice, the sister and heiress of the Swan-Knight who figured at Carlaverock, married Guy of Warwick—not the famous hero of the Guy's Cliff legend who slew the Dun Cow and the Green Dragon and the Saracen Giant, but Guy de Beauchamp, the hero of Falkirk, "the black hound of Arden" of Gaveston's insults, and one of the four earls by whom Gaveston was beheaded at Blacklow Hill. Earl Thomas, the son of Guy, a warrior of Crecy and Poitiers, assumed the Swan of the Tonis for his crest, as his son Richard, the next earl, the conqueror of Owen Glendwr, assumed their red maunche upon his shield. Afterwards Anne, the grandchild of Earl Richard and heiress of his honours, brought the earldom to her husband, Richard Nevil, the Kingmaker; and he in turn adopted the Swan of his predecessors, which appears upon his seal rising as a crest out of a coronet. The same crest is still borne by the family of Greville, upon whom the earldom of Warwick was bestowed by George II., while two swans serve also as the supporters of their shield. And again, the Bear of the Beauchamps and the Swan of the Tonis are the two supporters of Earl Beauchamp's shield.

The badge of the Bohuns passed on also to the Courtenays; in 1325 Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devon, married Margaret Bohun, daughter of Humphrey, fourth Earl of Hereford, and Elizabeth his wife, a daughter of Edward I. Their swan, collared and chained and holding a feather in its beak, supports the shield of Sir William Courtenay on his monument at Powderham, where

died in 1485 ; collared, but unchained, it adorns the façade of the great Cistercian Abbey at Ford, as a memorial of their benefactions to the house ; collared and chained and with outspread wings it appears among numerous badges on a fireplace erected by Bishop Peter Courtenay in the episcopal palace at Exeter.

With another Humphrey, the seventh Earl of Hereford, great-grandson of King Edward I., the male line of the house of Bohun came to an end ; but he left as his co-heiresses two daughters who became the wives of princes. The elder was Eleanor, who was married to Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, the youngest son of Edward III. This lady seems to have been an enthusiast for the swan badge of her ancestry. Her seal bears the device of a boat floating on the water, carrying an angel who holds an heraldic tablet with two swans combined with the shields of Magnaville and Woodstock and Bohun ; while two swans, collared and chained, occupy the prow and the stern of the vessel. The duchess, together with her husband, founded a college at Pleshy in Essex, near to the old castle of the Magnavilles, and their swan is the prominent device upon the seals of their college. Among her personal possessions, also, which the duchess bequeathed in her will, was a Psalter, the clasps of which were enamelled with white swans. To her daughter Johanna she gave two beds, one of cloth of gold of Cyprus ornamented with swans and letters Y ; another of white "tertaryn" with lions and swans. A legacy to her son Humphrey was two volumes, one "a book of vices and virtues," and the other a history in French verse of the Chivaler a Cigne. Her will was made in 1399, and in the same year she died, two years after the murder of her husband at Calais, her widowhood having been spent in the convent of Barking. A superb brass, still to be seen in the chapel of St. Edmund in Westminster Abbey, shows that her friends were careful to deck her grave with her favourite symbol. The swan, sometimes in its simplicity, sometimes with wings expanded, sometimes also collared with a ducal coronet and chained, appears over and over again upon the monument. It is constantly repeated between the words of the inscription around the border ; it stands in the central pediment of the elaborate canopy ; it forms a crocket in the tabernacle-work ; and lastly, as an old print shows, it was displayed upon a shield which has now been lost.

The duke himself also favoured the device ; for on one of his seals he appears on horseback with a background diapered with swans and ostrich feathers, and on another his shield hangs on the trunk of a tree, for "Woodstock," with two swans before it ; and

when he would make a costly present to St. Albans Abbey he gave a brooch of gold bearing a swan with expanded wings and enriched with sapphires and pearls. John Gower, the poet, wrote laudatory verses in the duke's memory, bestowing upon him repeatedly the title of "The Swan":

Flent centum mille quia Cignus periit ille,

regarding him, we may presume, as the representative of the famous knight of old.

His daughter, Anne, became the wife of Edmund, Earl of Stafford; and from that marriage the swan of Bohun has been handed down to the present representatives of the House of Stafford, who use it both as a crest and as one of the supporters of their shield. Earl Edmund and Anne of Gloucester had a son, to whom they gave the name of Humphrey, which five of his Bohun ancestors, the Earls of Hereford, had borne. He was created Duke of Buckingham in 1441, and the town which gave the title to his dukedom still bears upon its borough-seal the swan with wings expanded, its neck collared with a ducal coronet and chained. Duke Edward, the great-grandson of Duke Humphrey Stafford, attended King Henry VIII. at his meeting with the Emperor Maximilian at Terouenne, before the defeat of the French in the Battle of the Spurs; and the chronicler describes his dress of purple satin decked with antelopes and swans of gold bullion, and the trappings of his charger resplendent with the same devices. The duke, who eventually incurred the king's displeasure, and died upon the scaffold on Tower Hill in 1521, claimed to be a lineal descendant of the famous Helias. The British Museum possesses a copy, supposed to be unique, of the romance of the "Knight of the Swan," translated by his order. Many a quaint woodcut embellishes the volume; the quaintest of all, perhaps, being that which represents the development of the six babies into swans when the collars with which they were born were taken off them.

Mary, the second daughter and co-heiress of the last of the Bohuns, was married to Henry of Bolingbroke, Earl of Derby, the son of John of Gaunt and afterwards King Henry IV. He, therefore, like his brother-in-law the Duke of Gloucester, adopted the swan of his wife's ancestors. A costly collar of Sss, probably the livery of his father, was made for him in his youth, the Sss being in the form of feathers, with mottoes upon them; and depending from it was a *tourette* or circle enclosing the figure of a swan. Being created Duke of Hereford, as representing the old Bohun earldom, he fought a duel at Coventry with Thomas Mowbray, Duke of

Norfolk, and entered the lists mounted (says Holinshed) "on a white courser, barded with greene and blew velvet, imbrodered sumptuously with swans and antelops of goldsmith's worke," like those which decorated his kinsman the Duke of Buckingham more than a century afterwards. Becoming king, he granted the use of the swan-badge to his son, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., who used it on his seal in a form which has special interest to lovers of heraldic lore. It is cited as the earliest instance of royal "supporters" to the shield of arms, for on either side of the shield stands the swan, collared and chained, and holding in its beak an ostrich feather. Henry V. seems also to have favoured the antelopes and swans of his father; for he rests in a tomb behind the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor at Westminster, beneath a chantry-chapel which his will had directed to be made; and a crown surmounted by antelopes and swans is in the centre of the ceiling over him, while the cornice outside is adorned with the same animals chained to fire-beacons. Probably Henry VI. used the swan-emblem also, for it appears on the seal of his son, Prince Edward.

A statute had been passed in the beginning of Henry IV.'s reign to regulate the use of such signs and badges by the king and nobles; and among other enactments it provided that Monseigneur the Prince might give his honourable livery of the Swan to the lords and gentlemen of his household. One who received it was the poet Gower. He had perhaps been an esquire in the service of the Duke of Gloucester, whom, as we have seen, he lauded as the Swan. Certainly, he was attached afterwards to the household of Henry Bolingbroke, and on his monument at St. Mary Overy, now St. Saviour's, at Southwark, he wears around his neck the collar of Sss with the same peculiar pendant of a swan within a circlet which embellished the collar of the Prince.

The custom of giving the badge to followers and retainers was already old when the King and Parliament undertook to regulate it. Hugh of Cressingham was a warrior-priest of Edward I.'s reign, who led the English army against Wallace and fell at Stirling, and his seal bears the figure of an angry swan with wings expanded; for he was a native of Cressingham in Norfolk, one of the manors of the House of Toni, by whom, no doubt, he was brought forward for military service. Sir Ivo Fitzwaryn was a companion of Thomas of Woodstock at the siege of Nantes in 1380; and in the brass upon his grave at Wantage his head rested on a helmet having for its crest a swimming swan between two ostrich feathers. John Peryent was pennon-bearer to King Richard II., and afterwards an

esquire in the court of Henry IV. and Henry V., to which Joan his wife was also attached ; and on their monument at Digswell he appears with one of the Lancastrian badges, a panther, at his feet, while the lady has a hedgehog, perhaps some family ensign, and the chained swan of Lancaster is emblazoned on the broad collar of her mantle.

As the sign of a tavern, both by roadside and by riverside, the swan is to be met with everywhere. The natural fitness of things may often have suggested it along our rivers ; but elsewhere the swan, like the peacock, was often chosen as a compliment to one or other of the noble families who bore it as a crest or cognisance. Swan Inns are said to have multiplied after the marriage of Anne of Cleves with Henry VIII., for she was descended from the ancient duchy which was one of the claimants of the Swan-Knight ; and a tower at Cleves, surmounted by a swan of stone and called the Swan Tower, commemorates the arrival and departure of Helias in his swan-boat on the Rhine.

Of course there is the Swan at Stafford, for William the Conqueror appointed Robert de Toni governor of the castle, and from then till now, as we have seen, the lords of Stafford have clung jealously to their ancient ensign. Perhaps the same influences created the Swan at Wolverhampton also. Then there is the Swan at Hastings, always playing a prominent part in the history of the town ; for it was the place of assembly for all important gatherings in the district, whether the bishop's visitation or the courts-leet of the neighbouring landowners ; and eighty years ago, when the stage-coach had not yet superseded the mediæval vans of the south coast, this was the principal hostelry between Dover and Brighton. Perhaps the sign in this case is a recognition of privileges conferred upon the town as the first of the Cinque Ports by the Plantagenets, just as another of their badges, the crescent moon enfolding a star, adorns the seal of the Cinque Ports, and is figured also upon the seals of the subsidiary ports of Hastings at Rye and Winchelsea.

Very notable, too, is the old Swan Inn among the many mediæval relics in the little Suffolk town of Clare. There the ancient sign is still to be seen above the entrance, in the form of an elongated wooden corbel, nearly ten feet in length, and standing more than two feet forward from the wall. Less than a century ago, before the old house-front was modernised, it formed the support of a projecting window. Then for a time it was cast aside, until a passing antiquary noted its historic value, and it was reinstated as a sign and newly painted and gilded. The White Swan, of life-size

collared with the golden coronet and chained, with outstretched neck and tail and spreading wings, stands between two trees. Beside one of them, to which the chain is fastened, there is the crescent and star. At each end of the corbel is a shield ; the one bearing the three lions of England and the three lilies of France with a distinctive label ; the other bearing the arms of Mortimer quartering those of William de Burgh, Earl of Ulster. The latter shield is explained by the fact that Elizabeth, the only child and heiress of De Burgh, was married to Lionel, the first Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III. ; and their only child, Philippa, was married to Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March ; whence this appears to be the shield of one of their descendants. The other, if its white label has not been altered, is the shield of a Prince of Wales. Now a second Edmund Mortimer, grandson of the former, succeeded to his earldom and estates at six years of age in 1398 ; and Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V., was appointed guardian of his person and estates, thus becoming virtually the lord of Clare. He was the same prince upon whose seal we have already seen the swan-emblem with the bird collared and chained. To him, therefore, the badge and the one shield are evidently to be assigned ; and the other shield is that of his youthful ward. So the lucky preservation of this venerable sign has saved the house from becoming merely another Swan Inn among the many.

Among the curious customs of chivalry in the days of the Plantagenets was one which seems to connect itself with the swan as a military ensign, and yet seems to look further back as if it had its roots in the old superstitions of their Norse forefathers. A knight would invoke the swan as he would invoke his God, in vowing the performance of some great feat of arms. Sometimes he would make a similar vow before the peacock. But the swan seems to have been the favourite, and it looks as if the more novel peacock were merely a substitute which fancy might suggest, just as sometimes both birds would be set aside and the invocation would be to the ladies. When Edward I. was about to make his last expedition against Scotland in 1306, a State banquet was served on the Feast of Pentecost in the palace at Westminster, at which the King conferred the dignity of knighthood upon the Prince of Wales, and the Prince proceeded to the abbey-church to bestow the same honour upon two hundred companions. During the banquet two swans in nets of gold were set upon the table by the minstrels, and the King swore before God and the swans that he would never return till he had taken vengeance upon Bruce for the slaughter of Comyn ; a vow which had not been

broken when he expired at Burgh-on-the-Sands. Prince Edward vowed in the same manner that he would not stay two nights in one place till he had arrived in Scotland to carry out his father's resolve. The Earls of Warren and Arundel, and the rest of the newly-created knights, were invited to make similar vows before the swans.

It was probably with reference to the same custom that Edward III., on the occasion of some Christmas sports at Oxford, had a surcoat and shield wrought with the strange motto :

Hay, Hay, the wythe swan,
By Godes soule I am thy man.

And swans at the same time adorned the trappings of his horse.

Edward the Black Prince adopted as a device swans with ladies' heads, together with his better-known badge of the plume of ostrich feathers. He possessed large and costly chamber-hangings of black tapestry, with a border of red, upon which both these symbols were embroidered ; and in his will, dated at Westminster the day before his death, he bequeathed one such set of hangings to Canterbury Cathedral, to be used for the high altar and certain other altars, and around his own tomb, and the rest to serve for hangings along the choir above the stalls on all chief festivals. To his son Richard also he bequeathed a hanging of worsted embroidered with mermen of the sea, and its border of red and black embroidered with swans with ladies' heads and ostrich plumes. The lady-headed swans also, without the ostrich plumes, adorned the border of a similar gift bestowed upon his widow, a hanging of red worsted with eagles and griffins. It may be that in the Black Prince's zoology the mermen and the griffins were as much living realities as the eagles and the ostriches ; but at least he was careful that his swans, which he favoured most of all, should not be reckoned among the vulgar herd of terrestrial fauna. His "cignes ove testez de dames" are but one of the many links which connect the snowy plumage of the bird, whether in picture or in poetry, with ideal beings of a loftier nature. So in classical art a white-robed figure, with large wings as of a swan, represented Victory. In Christian art the same figure represents an angel, one of the "principalities and powers" of heaven. It is the human form decked with the spotless clothing of a swan, and the idea takes its origin from the primitive Aryan myth. Thus, when Dante wanted a fitting description of an angel, it was a being with outspread wings like those of a swan :

Con l' ale aperte che parean di cigno.

There is long life in myths, and fables are easy to fabricate. Quite lately some ingenious inventor published a description of a present that was to be given by the Queen of England to her granddaughter on the occasion of her marriage with the Prince of Roumania. It was to be a pleasure-barge, shaped as a swan, with its body containing a cabin to hold ten persons, and an imposing prow, eighteen feet in height, formed by its neck and head, so ingeniously devised that when in motion it would have the appearance of a colossal swan swimming on the water. A contradiction "on the highest authority" speedily followed. But—*se non è vero è ben trovato*—the story serves to remind us that the ensign of the unknown swan-knight from the North, handed on from Magnavilles and Bohuns through the royal descendants of the House of Plantagenet, still extends, as we trust, its beneficent influence for promoting advancement and preserving tranquillity as well among Eastern as among Western peoples.

JOHN EDWARD FIELD.

DIOCLETIAN'S PALACE AT SPALATO

ABOUT the middle of the last century a spirited young Scotch architect, Robert Adam, found himself at Rome studying for his profession. In some modest, sensible observations he tells us the reflections that occurred to him when surveying the ruins of the Eternal City, and how they suggested to him an ambitious scheme. He was struck by the fact that scarce any Roman or Grecian monuments remain to us but public buildings, temples, amphitheatres, and baths, which alone had the grandeur and solidity that could defy time and violence. "The private but splendid edifices in which the citizens of Rome and Athens resided have all perished. The more accurate accounts of Vitruvius and Pliny convince us that the most admired efforts of modern architecture are far inferior to these superb works, either in grandeur or elegance. There is not any misfortune which an architect could more lament than the destruction of these buildings." A reflection eminently judicious and really original, as a basis for architectural effect and reform.

"This thought," he goes on, "often occurred to me during my residence in Italy, nor could I help considering my knowledge of architecture as imperfect, unless I should be able to add the observation of a private edifice of the ancients to my study of their public works." The question was, Where were such opportunities of study to be found?

As he wandered among the Roman monuments he was particularly struck with the great Baths, the work of the Emperor Diocletian. Their system of decoration left a deep impression, and, with that of Raphael's *Stanze* in the Vatican, was to supply him with many ideas which he later utilised when adorning interiors at home. It occurred to him that this great prince, who had a sort of passion for architecture, which had prompted him to erect many grand and expensive structures at Rome, Nicomedia, Milan, Palmyra, and other places, had also built himself a monumental palace in Dalmatia,

which was scarcely known and still less visited. Here was what he sought. He had seen in the accounts of former travellers that the palace was in fair preservation, though it had never been "observed with any accuracy." He was convinced from the specimens he had examined of the Emperor's work that his taste was superior to that of his own times, and that he must have formed a school of artists whose labours would well repay examination. After due inquiry, and weighing all the advantages and objections, our young architect determined to carry out his scheme, and visit these interesting remains.

He made his preparations carefully. He induced Clérisseau, a French architect and antiquary—the same, I presume, who wrote a fine, richly illustrated folio on French antiquities—to accompany him. He also engaged two draughtsmen, of whose skill and accuracy he had long experience.

On July 11, 1757, the party set sail from Venice, and after a ten days' voyage, on July 22, reached the coast of Dalmatia. He describes, simply enough but enthusiastically, the sight that greeted the travellers as they sailed into the bay. "The city of Spalato, though of no great extent, is so happily situated that it appears, when viewed from the sea, not only picturesque but magnificent. As we entered a grand bay and sailed slowly towards the harbour, the marine wall and long arcades of the palace, one of the ancient temples, and other parts of the building which was the object of our voyage, presented themselves to our view, and flattered me, from this first prospect, that my labour in visiting it would be amply rewarded." This it was certainly destined to be, for his many works all more or less reflect the gracefully poetic tone of the ruined *façade* that was now opening before him.

Nor can we feel any surprise that he was thus affected. As our eyes fall on the fine print, Bartolozzi's work, which portrays the scene, we can call up that morning, and the delighted surprise with which the traveller welcomed the enchanting view. There was the forgotten city—the long, elegant colonnade overhanging the waters, destined, in smaller shape, to reappear on the banks of the Thames; there was the graceful campanile beside the hexagonal Temple of Jupiter; the ancient houses incrusting into the walls. Over all was a tranquil, even forlorn tone of solitude and abandonment. It seemed a picture from a dream, full of romance; and the semi-barbaric figures of the natives in their effective dress—half Greek, half Turkish—added a picturesque element to the scene. Mr. Jackson, the latest visitor, gives an interesting picture of the im-

pression left on the stranger as he first beholds the astonishing pile :

Even in its present state, ruined, defaced, and overgrown with the mean accretions of fifteen centuries, its vast proportions and solid construction excite our astonishment. The principal buildings are within the walls, and nearly the whole of the exterior walls themselves remain standing. The two temples are turned into churches, the peristyle forms the town square or piazza, the outer walls still fence the older town, and three of the four gates still exist, and form the ordinary entrances. The Brazen Gate has indeed disappeared, and a mean modern doorway has taken its place ; but the Golden, or North, Gate still remains, with its bracketed colonnettes and arcadings ; and the Iron, or West, Gate, capped with a coquettish mediæval campanile, still admits from the Borgo to the precincts of the older town.

The arrival of the strangers, who began almost at once their examination, excited the surprise and curiosity of the inhabitants. They began at once to make their drawings ; but the suspicious Venetian governor fancied they were surveying and measuring the fortifications, and a peremptory order was conveyed to them forbidding further attempts of the kind. They had been promised a formal permit from the authorities at Venice, but it had not arrived. This was an unlucky interruption. A sort of Caledonian providence here took care of our travellers : for it chanced that a brother Scot, General Graeme, commander-in-chief of the Venetian forces, chanced to be in his place, and “interposed in my behalf with the humanity and zeal natural to a polite man,” says Adam. No doubt he acted on the oft-quoted doctrine that “bluid is thicker than water.” His efforts were seconded by Count Mariovich, an antiquary of the place, and the prohibition was withdrawn. The Governor, however, still suspicious, “detailed an officer,” who was directed not to lose sight of them. The shrewd Adam applied himself with redoubled zeal to get his work done, for, as he said naturally enough, “the fear of a second interruption added to my industry ; and, by unwearied application during five weeks, we completed, with an accuracy that afforded me great satisfaction, those parts of our work which it was necessary to execute on the spot.” Indeed, after he had been there some time his zeal prompted him to dig in various quarters, and, he says, “very probably I might have made some useful discoveries, had not the repeated alarms and complaints of the inhabitants prevailed on the Governor to send me the most positive orders to desist. I was therefore obliged, though with regret, to obey, and hastened to finish what remained uncompleted above-ground.” We may admire this honest enthusiasm, and may speculate, too, on the wonder of the natives at the proceedings

of the persevering Englishmen. Considering the shortness of the time, the result was really wonderful, for we have a vast tome of beautiful drawings, with abundance of measurements, plans, surveys, as the result. Nearly one hundred drawings, plans, restorations, &c., were made.

That visit took place nigh on a hundred and forty years ago. Attractive as the place is, it seems strange that so few travellers and tourists have followed the example of Robert Adam. The latest was that accomplished architect, Mr. Jackson, who has given a pleasing account of his visit, and showed such interest in the remains that he was selected to design a new campanile for the cathedral in an adjoining city. Lady Strangford and Sir Gardner Wilkinson have also recorded their impressions of the place. Before Adam, however, we can trace but few visits to the interesting ruins, save perhaps that of the Abbé Fortis. A sort of mystery, indeed, as though it were some enchanted palace, seemed to hang over it. The charm was the living interest given to the old ruins, among which the natives lived and flourished, and pursued their avocations.

Nothing seems to me more interesting than a place which exhibits the traces of a general mixture of successive races who have struggled with or displaced each other. It is reading history in the most dramatic fashion, for you see before you at every turn the scenic parti-coloured evidences of the contest for survival. It is thus with the interesting little city of Arras, where we pass by Spanish arcades, the Flemish hoods and ornaments, all blended with the French tokens of the present holders. Here are the memorials of the Turks, Venetians, and native Dalmatians. All travellers have been struck by the traces they encounter at every turn of the old, most picturesque Venetian rule. The winged lion shows itself here and there, as do the steeples, windows, and stone balconies of that period. Another romantic element is the presence of the Jews, who, forty years ago, still wore the turban and gown, and suggested Shylock to Sir Gardner Wilkinson. They are of the line of the Spanish Jews expelled in 1493, and for long compelled to live here in a Ghetto. The palace, however, was fortunate in its treatment. There are many famous old structures which have disappeared, owing to the inhabitants helping themselves to the stones until they have gradually destroyed the whole. The Turks were great offenders in this way. But Spalato was favoured, owing to its being encompassed by walls. The inhabitants were glad to avail themselves of the old existing walls as aids to their own buildings. In some places they built on the old foundations, and Adam noted that the "modern works are so intermingled with

the ancient as to be scarcely distinguishable." There is something effective in a house being built into the columns and arches of some temple wall. The whole became so incrustated together that the safety of the old work was assured.

Diocletian came to the throne A.D. 284. He abdicated A.D. 304, and died 313, having spent his last years at his sea-shore palace. He could not have made a better choice for a sea-side resort. It was, indeed, as Adam says, "a most elegant place of retirement ; and the beauty of the situation, no less than the circumstance of its being his native country, seems to have determined him to fix his residence there." This great potentate, who has been lauded for his simplicity and liberality of views, was, as we know, a bitter persecutor of the Christians, and he chose the neighbouring city of Salona as the scenes for his most unrelenting massacres. In the eighth century the natives of this unhappy city were driven from their homes, which were destroyed by a savage tribe, and fled to Spalato, when they took possession of the palace. In the fifteenth century it fell under the power of the Venetians, who for centuries had struggled with the Hungarians for its possession, and with the Venetians it remained until the wars of the Revolution. I could imagine nothing more stirring or interesting than a full account of the vicissitudes of this fascinating place.

The four great towers at the corners of the wall are all still standing intact : but the gates are battered and defaced nearly into oblivion—the Porta Aurea the least so. The *façade* of the great portico and the noble arcade of columns round the central court still stand nearly in perfection, but so built in and disfigured that it is long, very long, before the eye can search it all out and keep it in a separated whole, distinct from the modern walls, balconies, green-shuttered windows and doors with which it has been overlaid. The circular vestibule and the fine quadrangular hall are still visible, but in ruins, whilst the noble open gallery has almost entirely disappeared. The arches have been filled up, most of the columns have been taken away, probably by the Venetians when they robbed the Porta Aurea. Modern doors and windows are pierced at every few feet, and numbers of houses are built up in front of it. Still, in spite of all this disfigurement, there is much left that is very interesting.

The want of good water was, however, a serious drawback, but this was supplied after the usual magnificent fashion of the Romans. There may still be seen the imposing arches of the great aqueduct which brought the water from Salona, with the conduit pipe itself. Among the modern improvements, it is actually proposed to repair the old aqueduct, adding a mile or so of arches that are lacking.

The palace, which is on so vast a scale, excited the admiration of contemporaries and others who lived close to the time, and the Emperor Constantinus Porphyrogenitus, who had seen most of the ancient monuments, declared that no description could give an idea of its magnificence. It is some 600 feet square, enclosed within walls, and contains a space of nine and a half acres. It has, or had originally, its four gates, one in the centre of each wall, which form the extremities of two long streets that cross each other in the centre. There are great towers at each corner. The accommodation had need to be large, for it contained not only apartments for the Emperor and his immense retinue, but vast open spaces for exercise. There were barracks for the Prætorian guards, and two imposing temples. It indistinctly suggests the design left by Inigo Jones for his great palace at Whitehall—of which only a fragment, the Banqueting Hall, was attempted.

Our travellers in the course of their surveys were able with perfect ease to trace out the exact outlines and divisions of the different quarters, some of which had to be followed into the private houses and gardens of private houses. Mr. Jackson found many a beautiful fragment incorporated with the homely modern walls.

“Everything is vast and overwhelming,” he says, “and it is with a feeling of awe that one passes under the huge arch stones of the gate.” Two great streets, each about 40 feet wide, intersected each other in the centre. These were entered by four gates, or gate-houses, pierced in the colonnades that enclosed the palace. Great towers rose at the corners. Of these gates, one was called the *Porta Aurea*, or Golden Gate, another the *Porta Aenea*, or Brazen Gate. The *Porta Aurea* was of a striking pattern—a small doorway in a richly-treated *façade*, which was set-off with columned niches and lunette windows, a pattern that was often reproduced by the architect in his more showy works.

Adam, in his great work on the ruins of the Palace of Diocletian, describes in a very interesting and by no means speculative fashion the arrangement of the great chambers and enclosures. Entering by one of the gates, there is first met the *Crypto Porticus*, the colonnade which ran all round, a beautiful and even magnificent feature. There were some fifty columns in each of the four portions; towards the sea there were open arches, which must have formed a most original and enchanting promenade nearly 600 feet long. The others were enclosed, and were presumed to be set off with pictures and statuary. From this we pass to what was called the atrium, or hall, where the images and memorials of ancestors are. From the

atrium we enter the vestibulum, a sort of domed rotunda with a porch in front. After the vestibule came the peristyle, a really beautiful feature, flanked on each side by an arched colonnade, and terminated by a sort of portico with an arched cornice. This appears to have been a sort of public place. The old columns were of rich marbles, the cipollino and rose-tinted granite being conspicuous. A flight of some five-and-twenty steps still leads, as it has done since the days of Diocletian, up to the ancient temple. Standing in the old peristyle, with the blackened and defaced Corinthian colonnade on each side, the portico of the domed vestibule in front, and the two ancient temples on either hand, it is not too much to say that so much of Roman handiwork surrounds one that the later buildings seem mere excrescences upon it, and in this respect no other inhabited relic of the old Roman Empire can be compared with Spalato. The most astonishing and perhaps picturesque feature of the whole was the combination of the old and the new, which were blended in happy harmony. The old walls still encompassed the place, and to this hour do so. But within the circuit of what had been one man's house, a city has been compressed. The refugee inhabitants had to make the most of this space. The large halls were divided into several houses each, the open squares were covered with buildings. The modern erections have a sort of scenic effect in the midst of much barbaric grandeur. There are suggestions everywhere of the old Venetian and even Romanist splendours. Outside the town can be seen an outline of a solid tower, reared on the debatable ground between Christian and Paynim, a coign of vantage against the rapacious Turks. The place abounds in charming fragments of Venetian architecture. Some of the palaces of the old nobility have really fine windows, and many a courtyard, of which a glimpse is caught in passing, is rich with graceful arcades and staircases. The colonnades of the peristyle have been built up into private houses, with windows, doors, and balconies between the columns, and among them are two or three chapels, which are picturesque enough. The restorers, who were very busy at the time of Mr. Jackson's visit, are eager to level all these houses and open out the colonnades. But, as Mr. Jackson points out, the whole fabric is so shattered that the removal of the houses would bring all down together. "It is much to be desired," says Mr. Jackson, "that the piazza may be left as it is : fascinating as the idea may be to restore the peristyle to its original appearance, most persons of sensibility would rather have the ancient work, mixed up as it is with the accretions of later ages,

than a renovated copy, however faithful." Persons of sensibility will cordially agree with him, and it is to be lamented that this wholesome principle has been so neglected in our own country.

The Temple of Jupiter is a fine structure, octagonal in shape outside, almost circular within, having a dome and a series of sunken arches between columns that support a richly carved cornice. The effect is truly striking and original. I have mentioned the grace with which the campanile—a modern structure of the sixteenth century, but harmonising well—rises above the clustered houses. There is something strange in this union of what is Christian and Pagan. Within it is a large circular hall, domed, a rich cornice running round, supported on columns. This is now used as the cathedral: very imposing it is. The tribe of restorers and maimers have been at their ill-omened work, and Mr. Jackson, on his visit, found the whole of the cornice and the capitals removed, to be replaced by new and sharply cut ones. Yet the old work was not much decayed—not so much as to interfere with its supporting power. Nothing can supply the harmony of the moulded details.

The elegant mediæval campanile, with its five storeys and beautiful open arches, is said to date from, or at least was begun in, the thirteenth century. It is supposed to be in a "shaky" way, and Mr. Jackson points out substantial reasons for its state—being built without foundations, weakened by staircases in the wall. Still, to have lasted from the thirteenth century is to have done pretty well. Apart from its Roman origin, the interior of the cathedral is most attractive from its rich and elegant adornments of the Renaissance period, and he found it astonishingly dirty—the walls as black as those of a London church. "I was anxious," says Lady Strangford, "to see a great black marble sphinx, brought from Egypt—as were also the columns placed near the entrance—where it had stood undisturbed since Adam's visit over a hundred years before. Its calm dignity and repose contrast curiously with the two lively, *snapping*, snarling lions of St. Mark, which lie close to their venerable cousin." She had heard that there was yet another sphinx in the city, which she was anxious to see, but was assured by one of the *savants*, Dr. Illich, that there was no such thing. He, however, made inquiries, and it was certainly amusing, as she says, to find him arriving the following morning to tell her that, after some inquiries, he had discovered it in the courtyard of a private house, where it had lain for centuries much damaged. In every direction there were reminders of this kind.

The cathedral struck her as much resembling "the exquisite little

temple at Baalbec—indeed, almost identically the same.” The proportions are beautiful, the capital and friezes and other ornamentation rich. There are strange sculptures of cupids and wild beasts.

The temple to Æsculapius is much smaller, and is rather a sort of chapel. It was almost perfect at the time of the visit, and was used as the baptistery. It is curious that it did not strike Adam as being almost a replica of the familiar Maison Carrée at Nismes, one of the most elegant types we have, and truly refined in form.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

THE BURIED ELEPHANTS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

TOWARDS the end of July in 1816 the Russian vessel *Rurick*, commanded by Lieutenant Kotzebue, was passing through Behring's Straits. The *Rurick* had been specially equipped by Count Romanzoff at his own expense, and had been provided with everything necessary to insure the success of an exploring expedition. Her commander was a tried sailor ; her surgeon, Dr. Eschschoitz, was a man of great ability ; and the poet and naturalist Chamisso was also on board.

The *Rurick*, though frequently beset by fogs, passed Behring's Straits safely, and on the 1st of August entered a great sea-sound, which extended for two hundred miles into the Arctic lands of North America.

Kotzebue and his companions were the first Europeans who had visited these regions, and they gazed on the newly-discovered lands with the greatest interest and delight. As they sailed up the broad sea-sound towards the east they saw that the land to the south was a vast plain, which was perfectly flat, and extended as far as the eye could reach. This boundless plain had not a rock or tree to break the monotony of its surface, but it was brilliantly green with grass and moss, and bright with beautiful flowers. A placid river wound through the verdant expanse, and lakes and swamps appeared on its broad surface, while in the distance were snow-clad mountains. On the northern shores the hills were higher, but they were only gently-rolling uplands.

At length the *Rurick* cast anchor near a large island, which was green with moss and on which willow bushes were growing, which were the only trees seen in the neighbourhood. This island Kotzebue named Chamisso Island, and the bay around he called Eschschoitz Bay, in honour of the *Rurick's* doctor. On the east coast of this bay there were cliffs 120 feet high, and above them a boundless plain covered with moss—which rendered its aspect brilliantly green—stretched away to the horizon. On the 8th of August a striking

discovery was made. On that day Dr. Eschscholtz found a long line of cliffs of ice, the tops of which were covered with moss and grass. When this strange place was examined it was found that the ice-cliffs were 80 feet high, and that their sloping fronts were furrowed by streams of water derived from the melting of the ice, and which ran into the sea at the foot of the cliffs. The top of these ice-cliffs was covered by a thin layer of moss only a foot thick, but on this verdant carpet flowers and small bushes were vigorously growing. The most wonderful thing, however, connected with these cliffs of ice was that between the thin layer of moss at the top of the cliffs and the great masses of ice below was a bed of clay, less than a foot thick, *and in this clay were the bones and teeth of many animals.* Among these were especially the tusks and teeth of the Mammoth, the great fur-clad elephant of the northern regions, with which the Russians were well acquainted, owing to the abundance of its remains in Siberia. At the spot where these bones were discovered in the ice-cliffs at Eschscholtz Bay, Kotzebue and his companions noticed a smell like burnt horn, which perplexed them greatly, and which they describe in the following words : “ We could not assign any reason for the strong smell like burnt horn which we perceived at this place.”¹ This strange discovery of elephants' bones in cliffs of ice, and in a desolate region where the reindeer is the only animal found in the present day, naturally excited much interest, and fresh light was soon to be cast upon it.

Before proceeding further let us describe the elephant, the bones and tusks of which were found by Kotzebue in such an extraordinary situation.

This elephant was of a species which became extinct long ago, and differed considerably from any elephant now living. Its name is the Mammoth, and it was confined to the northern regions of the globe. The Mammoth (or *Elephas primigenius*) was much larger than any existing elephant, and was also more clumsy and bulky. Its hair was of three different kinds. First came a thick crisp wool of a clear fawn colour ; then a longer kind of hair ten inches in length ; and last of all thick bristly hair of a reddish-brown colour, which was often nearly two feet in length. In addition to this great red-hairy covering, the Mammoth had a long flowing mane which reached from the head to the tail. The tusks of the Mammoth were not straight like the present elephant's, but were in the form of huge circles, the points of the tusks curving so far backwards that they almost touched the animal's forehead. The ends of

¹ *Kotzebue's Voyage*, vol. i. p. 220.

the ears of the Mammoth were also covered with tufts of long hair, and another great bunch of hair covered the end of its tail. Such was the Mammoth, the great hairy elephant of the North, the remains of which Kotzebue discovered in the ice-cliffs at Eschschoitz Bay, in the desolate regions of Arctic America.

In 1824 Captain (afterwards Sir John) Franklin set out to descend the Mackenzie River in North America, and to examine the shores of the Arctic Ocean to the west of the mouth of that river. In order to assist Franklin, H.M.S. *Blossom*, a frigate of 16 guns, commanded by Captain Beechey, was ordered to pass through Behring's Straits, and to wait for Franklin's arrival in Kotzebue Sound. Thus an opportunity would be afforded for examining scientifically the ice-cliffs discovered by Kotzebue, and for bringing home some of the elephants' tusks and bones which were embedded in them. Beechey vividly describes his approach to Behring's Straits, and the eagerness of all on board to examine this wonderful passage between Asia and America. It was towards the end of July, in 1826, that the *Blossom* approached Behring's Straits. The night was beautiful, and perfectly calm and serene. The sky was cloudless, and the midnight sun—which was hardly more than its own diameter above the horizon—shone brightly over the waters. The sea was smooth, the wind was fair, and the sea-birds in flocks hovered around the vessel. As they sailed through the Straits they enjoyed a wonderful prospect, for they were able to see both continents—Asia on the left, and America on the right. They entered Kotzebue Sound on July 22, and beheld the great moss-covered plains and swamps stretching away in endless monotony; and at last the *Blossom* anchored in Eschschoitz Bay.

An exploring party soon set out to examine Kotzebue's ice-cliffs, and a most thorough examination of them was made by the English naval officers. Beechey and his companions found that these cliffs extended for several miles along the shores of the bay, and that they were 90 feet high; but they were decreasing in height, for the ice had melted much since Kotzebue's visit. Beechey and his party also came to the conclusion that the cliffs were not formed of *pure ice*, as Kotzebue had stated, but that they consisted of frozen mud and gravel, with *an external casing of ice*; and they further discovered similar cliffs of frozen mud all round the shores of Kotzebue Sound. The bones and tusks of the Mammoth, buffalo, deer, and horse were found in the ice-cliffs, and particularly beneath them. At the foot of the cliffs the *débris* which had fallen from them had formed a shoal, in which many tusks of elephants and musk-oxen were

discovered. Like Kotzebue and his party, Beechey noticed the *strong smell* which proceeded from decaying animal remains, of which Mr. Collie—who accompanied Captain Beechey—says: “A very strong odour, like that of heated bones, was exhaled wherever the fossils abounded.”¹ Beechey also found Mammoths’ bones in other places on the shore of Kotzebue Sound, and perceived the strong smell at some spots where no tusks or teeth of elephants or of any other animals could be discovered. The officers of the *Blossom* observed a large river flowing into Kotzebue Sound from the south-west, which they named the Buckland, in honour of that eminent geologist. They proceeded up it for a long distance, until they met with pine trees scattered here and there and musk-oxen¹ began to show themselves, although none had been seen at Eschscholtz Bay. The hostility of the Eskimo, however, soon forced the explorers to return.

The result of Beechey’s exploration was, that Kotzebue’s statement of the bones of the Mammoth being found in the ice-cliffs was fully confirmed; but Beechey stated that these cliffs were not formed of *pure ice*, but of frozen mud and gravel, and that the ice formed only a thick external coating, a few feet deep, over the face of the cliffs.

In 1848 H.M.S. *Herald*, commanded by Captain Kellet, entered Kotzebue Sound to assist in the search for Sir John Franklin. The vessel had on board many scientific officers, who gave a most interesting account of the strange regions around Eschscholtz Bay. From Norton Sound right up to Point Barrow the whole country was a vast level moorland, green with mosses and lichens and plentifully adorned with brightly coloured flowers. The alder and willow formed low bushes, and at Wainwright Inlet, a boundless plain, without tree or shrub, and covered with mosses and lichens, appeared in sight, and extended to the horizon. Great bogs and swamps were visible on this dreary expanse, and reindeer, bears, and wolves were wandering over its desolate surface, the only animals to be seen in this solitary wilderness. The ice-cliffs at Eschscholtz Bay were thoroughly examined by the officers of the *Herald*, and the results of their investigations were very striking. The cliffs were found to extend along the southern shores of the bay for a distance of seven miles, and to be from forty to ninety feet high. They were formed of three distinct strata. On the top was a thin layer of decayed vegetable soil, from two to five feet thick, and formed by the decay of mosses, lichens, and willow bushes. Then came a layer of clay, sand, and gravel, from two to twenty feet thick,

¹ *Narrative of Beechey's Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 599.

full of bones, teeth, and even *hair* of animals. In this bed of earth the tusks of elephants (Mammoths) abounded, no fewer than *eight* being brought away; the longest of these, though broken, was 11 feet 6 inches in length, and weighed 243 pounds. The other bones discovered at this place belonged to the musk-ox, buffalo, horse, and deer. Like all the other explorers who had visited the spot, the officers of the *Herald* observed the *strong smell* at the place where the bones were discovered, which they also noticed at other places on the shores of Eschschoitz Bay, and which, doubtless, proceeded from decaying animal remains. The position of the bones in the ice-cliffs is admirably described by Dr. Goodridge of the *Herald*, who says that "a Mammoth tusk having been noticed protruding from the ground, was traced downwards by digging to the depth of eight feet, and the skull, *with a quantity of hair and wool*, was found lying on a thin bed, of gravel, beneath which was solid transparent ice. Enveloping the bones there was a bed of stiff clay, several feet in thickness, and mixed with them a small quantity of sticks and vegetable matter. A strong, pungent, unpleasant odour, like that of a newly-opened grave in one of the crowded burial-places of London, was felt on digging out the bones, and the same kind of smell, in a less degree, was perceptible in various other places where the cliffs had fallen." ¹

Below the bed of sand and gravel containing the remains of elephants and other animals, the officers of the *Herald* found that the cliffs consisted of *pure ice*, from twenty to fifty feet in height. The ice was solid, but was yearly decreasing in thickness, and on its melting, the peat and gravel fell down, causing icy rubble, but the bottom was pure ice, and this was quite solid at the bottom of the cliff. Thus Kotzebue's statement was confirmed, and the opinion of Beechey—that the ice was a mere coating over the sand and gravel—was shown to be erroneous. It followed also that the climate of Eschschoitz Bay must have for some time been growing warmer, in order to account for the continual decay of the ice-cliffs. At the mouth of the Buckland, cliffs of ice were also discovered, but no bones were found in them. A third scientific examination had, therefore, fully confirmed the announcement of the discovery of elephants' bones in the Arctic regions, and had demonstrated that in former times—not very long ago, speaking geologically—the climate of the frozen regions of the North was much warmer than it is at present, and that in that period enormous herds of animals lived and flourished in what is now a desolate wilderness.

¹ *Zoology of the 'Herald,'* p. 7.

More than this, recent investigations have brought to light the fact that, scattered all over Alaska, in its central forests and in its southern uplands, bones and tusks of Mammoths are found in great numbers. Sir H. Howorth mentions that some time ago a skeleton of a Mammoth was found near the sources of the Yukon,¹ and Dr. Dall refers to the finding of fossil ivory in Alaska, from the Mammoth (and perhaps also from the Mastodon), in the following words :

“Fossil ivory is not uncommon in many parts of the valleys of the Yukon and the Kuskoquim. It is usually found on the surface, not buried as in Siberia ; and all that I have seen has been so much injured by the weather that it was of little commercial value. It is usually blackened, split, and so fragile as to break readily in pieces. A lake near Nushagak, the Inglutalik River, and the Kotto River, are noted localities for this ivory.”²

The ice-cliffs in Kotzebue Sound were examined by Dr. Dall in 1880, and by Mr. Nelson in 1881, and the bones of Mammoths were again found in them by these explorers. On the banks of the lower and middle Yukon also Mammoths' bones have been found in great abundance, and they have also been met with along the course of the Porcupine River. It is also singular to note that the remains of the Mammoth have been discovered in the desolate islands of St. George and St. Paul, which belong to the Pribilof group, and in the island of Unalaska a tooth of a Mammoth was lately brought to light.

Let us now sum up the results of these discoveries. All round the flat shores of Kotzebue Sound there are bones of Mammoths and traces of their remains, and in addition to the tusks and teeth of these great elephants, there are found in the same region abundant remains of buffaloes, wild horses, musk-oxen, and deer ; we may, therefore, conclude that the frozen soil in this portion of the Arctic regions is full of the remains of these animals, which all perished at the same period, and which no longer live in this region of the frozen North. How the tusks, teeth, and bones of the elephants got into the ice-cliffs at Eschscholtz Bay we do not decide, and doubtless if the other ice-cliffs in this dreary region were thoroughly explored they would also be found to be full of Mammoths' remains, for the strong smell which has been found to come from these cliffs, in many places where no elephants' bones have been discovered, shows that decaying animal matter is present in them in great quantities. More than this, the whole region of Arctic America, from Kotzebue Sound as

¹ *The Mammoth and the Flood*, p. 302.

² *Alaska and its Resources*, p. 479.

far north as Point Barrow, abounds in elephants' bones. This part of Alaska is a vast flat moorland covered with moss, and without a tree or even a bush, and the soil only a few feet below the surface is permanently frozen. On these great plains, long ago, where now only a few reindeer and arctic foxes occasionally appear, there flourished in olden times a hardy vegetation, and vast herds of elephants, buffaloes, and musk-oxen wandered to and fro, which in some inexplicable manner were all swept away by an extraordinary catastrophe, accompanied by a change of climate equally remarkable.

Let us now turn to Siberia, and we shall find that precisely similar phenomena are presented in that wonderful country.

Siberia may be said to consist of two great zones or regions which, roughly speaking, divide the country into two divisions. As we proceed from the south towards the north, and leave the steppes behind us, we enter the great forest region. This extends from the Urals to Kamtschatka, and reaches north as far as the Arctic Circle, whilst in the valleys the forests extend still further to the north. Beyond the great belt of forests comes the region of the *Tundras*, which are bare moss-covered plains without bush or tree, and which extend in dreary monotony to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Now, the remains of the Mammoth and rhinoceros are found in *both* regions, but they chiefly abound in the great moss-covered plains of the *Tundras*. When the Russians entered Siberia they heard from the natives strange stories about gigantic animals which lived underground, and which came up during the night. The Chinese also related how great beasts lived in Siberia in hidden caverns and holes in the depths of the earth, and that now and then they became visible. These strange stories had a basis of fact in them, for they were founded on the undoubted truth that from time to time *perfect bodies* of the Mammoth and rhinoceros had been discovered in the frozen soil of Siberia.

Isbrant Ides, who traversed the Chinese Empire in 1692, relates some extraordinary circumstances connected with these discoveries, and after speaking of the annual inundations of the Siberian rivers, he says: "The masses of earth deposited by these inundations remain on the banks, and becoming dry, we find in the middle of them the teeth of the Mammoth, and sometimes even the Mammoth entire. A traveller who lived with me in China, and who employed a whole year in seeking for their teeth, assured me that he once found in a piece of frozen earth the head of one of these animals, with the flesh decomposed, with the tusks attached to the muzzle like those of elephants, and that he and his companions had great

trouble in extracting them, as well as in separating some of the bones of the head, and among others that of the neck, which was still stained with blood ; that having, finally, searched further into the same mass of earth, he found there a frozen foot of monstrous size, which he carried to the city of Tragan. The foot was, from what the traveller told me, of the circumference of a large man about the middle of the body."

The people of the country have various opinions about these animals. The idolaters, like the Yakoutas, the Tunguses, and the Ostiaks, say that the Mammoths lived in spacious caverns which they never left ; that they could wander here and there in these caverns ; but that since they lived in these places the floors of the caverns have been raised, and afterwards sunk so as to form now a profound precipice ; they are also convinced that a Mammoth dies the instant he sees the light, and they maintain that it is thus those have perished which are found on the banks of the rivers near their dens, from which those individuals inconsiderately strayed. The old Russians of Siberia believe that the Mammoths are only elephants, though the teeth found be a little more curved and thicker in the jaw than in that animal. "Before the deluge," they say, "the country was warmer, and the elephants which basked in the waters, and were afterwards interred in the mud, more numerous. The climate became very cold after this catastrophe ; the mud froze, and with it the bodies of these elephants, which the frozen earth preserved uncorrupted till the time when the thaw revealed them."

These remarks doubtless made little impression at the time ; but they were soon to receive a complete confirmation. In the middle of last century the Russians were very active in exploring the northern coasts of Siberia, and among those who then voyaged along the dreary coasts, none were more active than two brothers named Laptew, who from 1738 to 1745 voyaged to and fro from the mouth of the Yenesei on the west, to the country of the Tchoutchis on the east. Whilst making their voyages the Laptews were told by the native Siberians that the bones, and even *the bodies* of huge Mammoths, were being continually found on the shores of the frozen ocean, and some of these bodies were even *covered with hair*, and were in a perfect state of preservation. None of these discoveries, however, had as yet been examined by competent naturalists, but this needful verification was soon to take place.

In the winter of 1771, some native Siberians (Yakuts) were hunting on the banks of the river Vilui, which falls into the Lena, nearly two hundred miles north of Yakutsk. The country on the

banks of the Vilui is mountainous, and the hills are covered with dense forests full of bears and wolves. The Yakuts, whilst hunting near the Vilui, were amazed at finding the body of a huge animal, half buried in the frozen sand, near a low gravelly hill on the banks of the river. The animal was a rhinoceros, and the carcass was lying on its right side in the sand, and was in a good state of preservation. The flesh was perfectly preserved, and was covered with skin which resembled tanned leather, and even the *eyelids* had escaped decay. Strange to say, the body bore upon it stiff bunches of hair as stiff as bristles, so that the animal might be called the *hairy* rhinoceros. The horns were gone, but traces of them could be discovered. When a Russian official reached the spot the body had considerably decayed, and the flesh (like the remains at Eschscholtz Bay) exhaled a strong pungent odour. The soil near the Vilui is of an extraordinary character, for it is perpetually frozen at a depth of a few feet below the surface, and the rays of the sun in the brief summer never thaw the ground, in the most exposed situations, beyond a depth of two yards. The body of the rhinoceros had consequently been preserved from decay, by the frozen soil by which it was surrounded. In 1772, fortunately for science, the celebrated naturalist Pallas was at Irkutsk, and thoroughly examined some of these remains. He was struck with their excellent preservation, and with the amount of hair which still remained on some of the limbs. Concerning the last feature, he writes: "We have never, so far as I know, observed so much hair on any rhinoceros which has been brought to Europe in our times, as appears to have been presented by the head and feet we have described." Some remains of this rhinoceros are now to be seen in the Zoological Museum at St. Petersburg.

In 1787 we hear of another similar discovery. The river Alaseya rises in hills west of the Kolyma, and after pursuing a winding course through swamps and moss-covered plains, falls into the Arctic Ocean at a point some distance to the east of the mouth of the Lena. Now, in 1787 the river washed away a portion of its bank, and disclosed the body of an enormous Mammoth, which was *standing upright*. It was as perfectly preserved as when it was entombed, as it was still covered with skin, and in some places with hair. Now, it has been argued by some that the Mammoths did not *live* in northern Siberia, but that they had their abode in the more genial regions far to the south, and that their bodies were carried down by the great Siberian rivers for hundreds of miles, until they reached the shores of the Arctic Ocean. This cannot have been the case with reference to the

elephant (Mammoth) found on the banks of the Alaseya, for this river is of comparatively short length and does not rise in the warm southern regions. It has its source in the intensely cold portion of north-eastern Siberia, and is but some five or six hundred miles in length, while its basin in its upper part is quite shut in by high wooded hills. It is certain, then, that the Mammoth found near the Alaseya could not have been washed from far-off southern regions, but must have lived where the Siberians discovered its body; and this conclusion is made still more certain by the fact that the body, when discovered, was not lying on either of its sides, but was *standing upright*.

The next discovery of a Mammoth's body to which I shall refer is still more interesting, and was fortunately examined by a competent naturalist.

In 1799 the Tungusian chief, Ossip Schumakoff, while hunting for Mammoths' bones in the dreary wastes near the mouth of the Lena, saw the body of a monstrous animal *standing upright* in an icy cliff, and he immediately recognised the animal as a Mammoth. It was several years, however, before the ice was sufficiently thawed for the body to be reached, but at last the front of the cliff melted, and the carcass of the huge fur-clad elephant fell on a bank of sand. Schumakoff, who had often returned to the spot, then cut off the tusks, and left the body to be a feast for the bears and wolves. In 1806, a Scotch naturalist named Adams was at Yakutsk, and hearing of the discovery he hurried to the place; he was, however, too late. Wolves and bears had devoured nearly all the flesh, so that little more than the skeleton of the Mammoth remained. Still, he succeeded in collecting many pounds weight of hair, and he detached a portion of the hide which was covered with thick fur; he also observed that the animal was furnished with a long mane. The description given by Adams of the Mammoth, and of the place where its body was found, is so interesting that I will quote his own words. He says: "The place where I found the Mammoth is about sixty paces distant from the shore, and nearly one hundred paces from the escarpment of the ice from which it had fallen. This escarpment occupies exactly the middle between the two points of the peninsula, and is two miles long; and in the place where the Mammoth was found this rock has a perpendicular elevation of thirty or forty toises. Its substance is a clear, pure ice; it inclines towards the sea; its top is covered with a layer of moss and friable earth fourteen inches in thickness. During the heat of the month of July a part of this crust is melted, but the rest remains frozen. Curiosity induced me to ascend two other hills at some distance from the sea; they were of the same

substance, and less covered with moss. In various places were seen enormous pieces of wood of all kinds produced in Siberia ; and also Mammoths' horns in great abundance appeared between the hollows of the rocks ; they were all of astonishing freshness. The escarpment of ice was from thirty-five to forty toises high ; and according to the report of the Tungusians, the animal was, when they first saw it, seven toises below the surface of the ice." This account, it will be noticed, calls to mind the ice-cliffs in Kotzebue Bay. Adams saw cliffs of pure ice, covered with moss, containing Mammoths' tusks and remains, and he observed drift-wood on the icy shores : these were the very phenomena observed by Kotzebue when examining the ice-cliffs at Eschscholtz Bay. Adams brought away nearly all the bones of the Mammoth, as well as portions of its hide and hair, and the skeleton is now in the Zoological Museum at St. Petersburg.

After the discovery of the Mammoth, which was examined by Adams, many more bodies were found, and the finding of the carcasses of these great hairy elephants has gone on in Siberia down to the present day. Near the river Tas, in northern Siberia, another body was found by the Samoides in 1839, which was discovered buried in frozen gravel, and retained its flesh and thick red hair. In fact, it seems quite certain that all northern Siberia is one great graveyard of Mammoths, and that these gigantic elephants are buried in the icy soil in vast numbers, and also that their bodies are still covered with flesh, skin, and thick hair.¹

But the most interesting account of the finding of a Mammoth's body is that which is given by a German engineer in the Russian service, called Benkendorf. It appears that in the summer of 1846 Benkendorf was surveying, in a steam-launch, the river Indigirka, which falls into the Arctic Ocean some distance to the east of the mouth of the Lena. The country was flooded, and the Indigirka, swollen by the melting snows, foamed furiously along and tore up its banks in all directions. While examining the flooded country, and standing on the flat moss-covered banks of the river, Benkendorf and his companions saw a huge black mass floating amidst the rushing waters, which they speedily recognised as the body of a Mammoth. They made the carcase fast with ropes and chains, and next morning they succeeded in bringing the body to the bank ; the appearance it then presented shall be described in Benkendorf's own words,² who,

¹ Sir H. Howorth gives a most interesting list of these discoveries in his valuable work entitled *The Mammoth and the Flood*, chapter iv.

² I quote from an article by Professor Boyd Dawkins on *The Range of the Mammoth*, in the *Popular Science Review* for 1868.

after telling how the gigantic elephant's body was brought to land, proceeds as follows: "Picture to yourself an elephant with the body covered with thick fur, about thirteen feet in height and fifteen in length, with tusks eight feet long, thick, and curving outward at their ends, a stout trunk of six feet in length, colossal limbs of one and a half feet in thickness, and a tail naked up to the end, which was covered with thick tufty hair. The animal was fat and well grown; death had overtaken him in the fulness of his powers. His parchment-like, large, naked ears lay fearfully turned up over the head; about the shoulders and the back he had stiff hair about a foot in length, like a mane. The long outer hair was deep brown, and coarsely rooted. The top of the head looked so wild, and so penetrated with pitch, that it resembled the rind of an old oak tree. On the sides it was cleaner, and under the outer hair there appeared everywhere a wool, very soft, warm, and thick, and of a fallow-brown colour. The giant was well protected against the cold. The whole appearance of the animal was fearfully strange and wild. It had not the shape of our present elephants. As compared with our Indian elephants, its head was rough, the brain-case low and narrow, but the trunk and mouth were much larger. The teeth were very powerful. Our elephant is an awkward animal, but compared with this Mammoth, it is as an Arabian steed to a coarse, ugly, dray-horse. I could not divest myself of a feeling of fear as I approached the head; the broken, widely-opened eyes gave the animal an appearance of life, as though it might move in a moment and destroy us with a roar." Most unfortunately the banks of the river were being rapidly undermined by the rushing flood, and so a sudden rush of water almost swallowed up the party, and swept away the body of the Mammoth, which was never seen again.

Such are some of the principal discoveries of Mammoths' bodies in Siberia, and they probably form but a very small number compared with those finds which have occurred, and are constantly taking place, without being reported. For we must bear in mind that the bodies of the Mammoths are found in desolate wildernesses, into which Europeans rarely penetrate, and in which wandering tribes of native Siberians are the only human beings. These Siberians also are often very disinclined to report discoveries of Mammoths, because it might bring the Russian traders into the districts, or might lead to their being compelled by Europeans to assist in bringing the carcasses of the great elephants to the nearest Russian settlement. Hence we may safely conclude that every year bodies are being found, and no report whatever is given of the discoveries. In fact, it is now quite

certain that the whole of the north of Siberia, from the Kara Sea to Behring's Straits, is one vast graveyard of elephants, and that in the frozen soil of these desolate plains the bodies of these great animals are buried in vast numbers.

More than this, the bones, tusks, and teeth of the Mammoth are found in enormous quantities scattered over the ground and buried in the soil of northern Siberia. So numerous are these relics on the plains along the shores of the Arctic Ocean, that the native Siberians are busy all through the brief summer collecting Mammoths' tusks and teeth, which they sell to the Russian traders. Bodies of the Mammoths are only occasionally discovered, but their tusks and teeth can be found in countless numbers. Still more extraordinary is the fact that in the Arctic Ocean, to the north of Siberia, there are desolate islands covered with ice nearly all through the year, which are *literally packed* with bones of elephants, rhinoceroses, and buffaloes! These islands lie in the Polar Sea, north of the mouth of the Lena, and are known as the New Siberian Islands, while others nearer the shore are called the Liakoff Islands, after their discoverer. The quantity of fossil ivory that has been taken away from these islands is most extraordinary. In 1821 a supply amounting to 20,000 pounds was obtained from the New Siberian Islands, and for scores of years ivory hunters have enriched themselves at these wonderful islands, whilst the supply seems to be practically exhaustless, and even the *sea* appears to contain in its bed an unlimited supply of ivory.¹

Northern Siberia is at present an icy wilderness, in which the summer lasts little more than two months. The ground is permanently frozen at a depth of only five or six feet beneath the surface, and this perpetually frozen soil extends downwards to an unknown depth. The only vegetation found in the great plains of northern Siberia is composed of mosses, lichens, and a few feeble flowers, so that the reindeer, arctic fox, and bear alone can exist in these icy regions, which have well been called "The grave of Nature." Common sense says that the Mammoths could never have lived in northern Siberia when that country possessed its present icy climate, for these great elephants could then have obtained no food. At a former period, then, this dreary region must have enjoyed a temperate climate, and when forests overspread the Siberian plains which reach to the Arctic Ocean, the Mammoth, rhinoceros, and buffalo wandered over them in vast numbers. How were these great animals de-

¹ The New Siberian and Liakoff Islands were thoroughly explored by Baron Toll and Professor Bunge in 1886.

stroyed? We do not know. Perhaps a tremendous flood rolled over the country and buried the Mammoths in vast sheets of mud, gravel, and sand. Then the climate must have changed. The soil must have frozen, and thus the bodies of these gigantic elephants were entombed in a vast icy graveyard.

Be this as it may, the Mammoth is gone for ever. Tartars declare that it is still seen at break of day, in the uncertain light of early morning, on the banks of lakes, but that when observed it instantly plunges into the water and disappears: Cossacks report that in their wanderings in solitary wildernesses they have seen it alive, and have traced it to its hidden lair. And even some men of science imagine that it may still be living in the unexplored solitudes of Alaska. But these are all idle fancies. The Mammoth has passed away. Long ages ago its doom came suddenly upon it, and the mighty fur-clad giant, which wandered over all the northern regions of the globe, and which had its special home in Siberia, is now a relic of a former world, and a mystery to men of science.

D. GATH WHITLEY.

AMONG THE FISHERMEN.

RUN out from Yarmouth on this bright summer morning. Away from the sluggish Yare, crowded with some of the finest fishing smacks in the world, away over the sea-water discoloured by the sands, out into the open till the flat shore fades and the heaving billows toss all around !

Onward we rush for hours, curvetting over the rolling waters, and then in the dim light of evening, or it may be in the dawn of the next day, we sight the glint of white wings on the horizon. Larger they grow and ever larger ; nearer and nearer they approach, and then, behold ! we are among a fleet of vessels cruising hither and thither, but each at a respectful distance from its fellow.

“What cheer, oh ?”

“All well.”

Deftly we are steered into the line of ships ; over goes a huge beam with a monstrous big net attached, and we find ourselves cruising in the line with the rest. We have joined one of the North Sea fishing fleets, and we are now part and parcel of it.

There are many of these fleets—perhaps a score—cruising in the North Sea and employing about 20,000 men. They hail from the north-east coasts of Britain—from Lowestoft, Yarmouth, Grimsby, Hull, and so on ; and each boat of the fleet cruises for eight weeks at a time, all the year round. Then it returns home for a week’s change ; and after the seven days ashore its fishermen set forth again to join their neighbours toiling on the deep. In all weathers they may be found afloat—when the sunlight sparkles brightly on the curling wave, or when sleet and snow swirl down in bitter cold.

They are deep-sea fishermen, and cruise, some of them, 250 miles or so away from home. Each fleet has its name, “Short Blue,” “Red Cross,” “Durrant’s,” “Elwood’s,” &c. They fish by trawl-nets, that is, huge bags of net enclosing a large quantity of water, and kept open by a big beam, varying from 36 to 50 feet long, which is trawled or dragged astern by the boat as it cruises. A man of great experience—known as the Admiral—has charge of each fleet, and signals when to dip trawls and when to draw them.

The trawl-nets are heaved up usually twice in the twenty-four hours, and toilsome, arduous work it is—toilsome though the ubiquitous steam-power is now being used to assist in the labour. No joke is it to be aroused from a snug sleep in the cabin below to haul in the trawl when the huge waves are thundering down on the stout little vessel, and she trembles in every limb ; no joke, when the bitter wind, or the blinding rain, or baffling snow lashes the face, to tramp round at the capstan, to drag up the trawl, or even if steam be used to haul it from the sea. And there are the wet nets to be coiled up by lantern light in the pitchy dark, and the fish to be sorted and prepared for packing and carriage home.

Then there is the placing of the boxes of fish on board the carriers. The fleets are regularly visited by steamers, and sometimes by fast sailing boats, to collect and carry home the fish that has been caught. The men pack the fish in boxes and ferry them to the carriers in small boats. And a difficult and dangerous performance it is to swing the boxes on board. Low in the stern though the carriers may be, yet the heaving sea tosses them up and down like cockle-shells, and often raises their rail high above the little boats below, which, in their turn, are danced about hither and thither, high and low, now in danger of being smashed against the carrier's side, and now suddenly swung far away.

To heave boxes aboard in seas like this requires strength and dexterity indeed. Here stands a stout athlete of a man poised on the thwart of a boat, and holding aloft a big box of fish. Crash ! the boat bumps against the iron side of the carrier. Swing ! the box has gone, but the next second another wave has washed the boat away, and she is see-sawing and leaping at her rope some distance off. Had he not swung the box aboard at that very second, he would have toppled over with his heavy burden, down into the boat itself, or overboard into the seething sea, or, at the very best, he would have lost his chance and had to nurse his heavy box until another favourable moment ; as it is, he is heaving at another trunk and preparing to swing it aboard at the smallest opportunity.

This sort of thing is going on round a large part of the carrier. The small craft are flocking near like a covey of birds. They have cast their ropes aboard and are fastened tight, but the heaving sea causes them to jump and strain and see-saw at their ropes in the shadow of the rolling hull.

Boarding the fish lasts for an hour or more, and sometimes 1,500 or 1,600 boxes are put on the carrier. Then, when the boats are all cast off, full speed ahead is the word, and away steams the vessel for

Billingsgate, or other ports such as Yarmouth or Hull, at ten and a half miles an hour.

The fishing fleet may be 300 miles from Billingsgate, but the carriers are pretty punctual. They know where the various fleets are to be found, and they appear amongst the smacks with admirable regularity. Should they come at night, a hissing flight of rockets betokens their presence. Then the fleet begins to cluster round from all sides, yet keeping a safe distance, and soon the small boats will pass between. Strong, stout boats they are, almost half as broad as they are long; strong, and stout too, are the smacks themselves, and strong and stout the carriers.

They all need their strength for steady, regular work on the wild North Sea. For if it has its delightful days of summer it has its madly rough weather of winter. The huge waves come crashing along, smashing and swamping everything within their power.

The steam carriers are of somewhat unusual shape—that is, the bow runs up very high, but the bulwark slopes sharply down to the stern. Thus they can cut through mountainous waves and yet keep their decks fairly dry, while their powerful engines send their hull steadily along in heavy weather.

The coming of the carrier is a great event of the day in the deep-sea fisher's life, but the hauling of the trawl is another. Even the most seasoned veteran shows some interest in this, to see what fish is in the great net. Then there are the meals, and, of course, fish forms a chief article of diet. No persons can get fresher fish than the smacksmen, an advantage which perhaps they do not fully appreciate.

So the time wears along, marked by heavy bursts of toilsome work, some hours of leisure, and spells of sleep. Day follows day, until at length the two months have passed, and the smack returns for her week at home.

Steam trawlers are making their appearance on the fishing-grounds. They are usually specially built vessels of about 100 tons; they can steam well and are fashioned on lines fit for the rough weather they have to encounter.

Such a vessel will probably have a trawl-beam of elm nearly 60 feet long. To each end is fixed an iron foot or runner, like the runner of a sledge, which, resting on the bottom of the sea, raises the beam a yard or so above the ground. The top of the net's mouth is fastened to the beam, the lower being weighted to drag it down, and keep it gaping open. Its length is about 60 feet, but it gradually narrows to the end called the bag, where the

meshes are closer. Near the mouth the meshes are about two inches in size.

To work this huge and heavy net a steam winch and wire hawsers are used. As it sweeps along at a depth of sometimes nearly 200 feet, its weight through the water lowers the steamer's speed to about half its usual rate, and causes the vessel to roll horribly—to a landsman—from side to side. And so she swings along, rolling from port to starboard, gathering up a rich gleaning from the sea.

And sometimes the catch is a very good one. As the steam winch gets to work, and presently the huge beam comes up, and the "bag" of the net floats on the uneven surface of the water, it is seen full of a phosphorescent heap. With a right goodwill it is drawn aboard, and when it is unfastened the fish fall on deck knee-deep about the lucky men. Imagine standing literally knee-deep in fish, glittering and gleaming and slimy, in the pale starlight.

There is a monster halibut, perhaps 300 lbs. in weight, some big cod, a dog-fish, skate, herring, flat fish in number, and haddock galore. Haddock, perhaps, are the greatest in quantity, then cod or flat-fish of various sizes; but whatever they are, all the varieties are sorted into the boxes, and back goes the trawl-net into the sea.

Once upon a time floating grog-shops, called *cöpers*, used to cruise among the fleets, and cause incalculable mischief. They hailed from foreign ports, Dutch, German, or Belgian, and sold an utterly vile and abominable liquor called aniseed brandy, which used to inflame even the strong North Sea fishermen to madness. Further, when money ran low, as it is apt to do when wasted in drink, fish and gear belonging to the boat were stolen at times, and exchanged for the vicious stuff. And when, after an orgie on the *cöper*, the men were returning drunken to their smack, some of them have gone to the bottom through their inability to manage their craft properly; worse still, it is said that some men became so maddened that, after raging like demons, they have sprung overboard and sunk like lead in the watery depths.

But in 1882 the practical Mission to the Deep-Sea Fishermen was started, having as one of its chief objects opposition to the *cöper*. It sold tobacco as the *cöpers* did, but much cheaper; it has supplied good and readable literature instead of the vile stuff offered by the floating grog-shops; it has attended to the injuries and sores of the fishermen. The Mission vessels, nearly a dozen in number, are floating churches, libraries, and dispensaries, and three of them are well-

equipped hospitals for the treatment of serious injuries, such as the breakages of limbs. In a few years the *cöpers* were nearly all driven off the sea by the spirited and cheerful opposition.

Herring fishing is the crown or flower of the smacksmen's year. Literally, miles of nets are used in the industry. The "harrin"—as the men call them—swim in shoals, and trawl-nets are not used. The boat slips out from harbour, with her nets duly coiled, and shoots away to meet the shoals. Overhead float the gulls, sharp-eyed and ready to pounce when the herring swing in sight.

Presently, over goes a buoy, made of sheepskin and puffed out with air; the net is attached to the buoy, and as the boat flies onward, the net with corks to float it, stretches over the sea. To the other end of the net leads are fastened, which sink it in the water. Then, when the long net is out, the men wait.

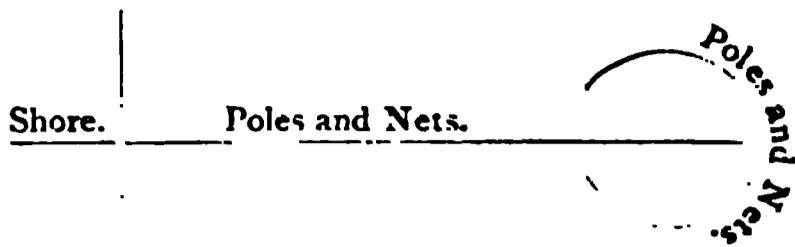
Look! a bright gleam flashes on the water. It floats onward toward the buoyed-up line, and the men gaze with eager interest; will it sway still further onward to where the deadly net hangs, ready to clasp the silvery "harrin" in a last embrace? Yes, the shoal is coming this way! One buoy bobs under, then another, and then the whole line of corks plunges beneath the waves. The fishers begin to move. First, one buoy is hauled in, and then the width of netting is seen thickly studded with the silvery fish. They tried to swim their way onward, but the meshes caught their gills, and they are prisoners, held fast.

Heavy work is this, the hauling in of the huge net—perhaps three thousand yards of it—filled with weeds and sea rubbish, as well as fish. The hold is soon loaded with a glittering mass, and as the boat becomes piled with her cargo she heaves but heavily to the roll of the sea. She is becoming too full, and the skipper must spread his sails for home.

Herring are surface or floating fish. Like pilchards and mackerel they are found not far from the surface of the sea, though even a splash from some outside body will send them diving downward. Other denizens of the deep, called bottom fish, are found, as the name implies, not far from the bottom of the sea. These fish, which are principally haddock, cod, plaice, soles, and turbot, are caught by the trawl-nets or by line.

On some parts of our coasts nets are spread for surface fish near the shore. The tide runs far out, and leaves the sands or mud-flats nearly dry. A line of poles is fastened in the sand, leading out to sea, and with nets hung between; at the end of the

line an almost complete circle of other poles is placed, with openings near the end of the first line, thus :



The fish come in with the tide, which runs far in over the sand, and finding the barrier of net-joined poles, they turn out to sea, and, the fisher hopes, find themselves embraced in the circle and entangled in his snares.

Fishing goes on more or less all round our coasts ; but the Doggerbank, in the North Sea, is perhaps the chief cruising ground. It is a lofty table-land under the water, some 20,000 square miles in extent, and is divided into several districts. These have different names, such as the North-west Flat, the South-west Flat, the Weli Bank, Great Fisher's Bank, and Silver Pits. Out of the last-named masses of soles have been taken.

Indeed, the whole North Sea is full of fish. Its floor is very undulating, now rising into hills, now descending into valleys. The fish retire into the hollows in the winter, and here the trawl-net sweeps them up. Cod and ling, and some others, are sometimes caught by line. The bait are whelks or mussels, herring or lamprey. A cod-line extends for miles, and is studded with hooks placed at certain intervals, but perhaps only one-tenth of them take fish. When caught, the cod is kept alive, if possible, for a live cod is worth double the price of dead ones. For this purpose there is usually a well on board the smacks, where the cod can be placed, and in large fishing ports they are placed in perforated trunks in the dock water.

These are the three chief methods of fishing around Britain : the seine or drift-net is for the herring ; the trawl for the bottom fish ; and the lines also for cod, ling, and others. The seine is sometimes shot from the shore ; that is, the single long net, having a line of cork above and a weighted line below, is let down from a rowing-boat, which sweeps round in a semicircle near the beach. Being thus let down, the net is afterwards drawn ashore by end-ropes, and the men quickly hurry to the fateful spot, where, as the end draws near, the silvery fish leap and sparkle in the sunshine.

Moored nets are sometimes used in estuaries, while crabs and lobsters find their way into lobster-pots—cages made of wickerwork, which afford an easy way down, but a very difficult way up.

The fishing-boats differ somewhat in different parts, being the results of experience as to the requirements of the various seas and shores.

The South Devon trawler, for instance, is built to suit the choppy Channel waves as well as the calm bays. The Brixham boat is very massive ; she looks clumsy above water, but beneath, her shape is nearly as fine as a racing yacht; her bows are keen and sharp, ready to cut through any water, her sides and bulwarks stout enough to stand any strain. The nastiest of Channel waters may leap and thunder against her sides in vain ; as a rule she stands firm, buoyant and staunch, when even the liners have hard work among the steep and foaming green seas. Dark coloured the hulls, dark coloured the sails, a Brixham fleet swings away out to sea in most picturesque fashion ; the sails lean over till the rim of the boat seems like enough to ship water, but she keeps dry, and skims along at a headlong rate.

Penzance, again, sends forth luggers, high picturesque craft, with two masts, and with stem full-bowed. Their sails are four-sided, and spread from a yard hung obliquely from the mast. Some Scotch boats are shaped like a mackerel, tapering toward both ends ; a large lug sail set on the one mast well forward carries her along at a splendid speed, if the wind be at all favourable, while the freedom from rigging of the middle part gives openness and room for stowing away very heavy loads. But she could not be worked so easily in the choppy cross seas of the Channel as a Brixham trawler, which costs about £1,200, or even £1,600 when ready for her work.

The East Coast smacks are among the finest small vessels in the world. They are built for strength, and they are built also for deft and dexterous handling amid a rare welter of wind and water. They have two masts and half a dozen sails. In shape, too, they are something like the Brixham trawlers, though, perhaps, somewhat less massive, and of lighter draught. The East Coast smacks are usually of some 100 tons register, while away down to the South-West few are over half that size.

Some years ago there was another fishery employing many men. This was the hunt of the whale. Vessels for this purpose used to hail from Hull, from Peterhead and from Dundee. They carried several strong boats armed with harpoons and ropes, and the men would row from the ship up to a whale in one of these boats. When sufficiently near, a harpoon with an immense length of line attached was vigorously thrown at the whale, and then, like a salmon which is hooked, away he would go.

Reappearing after a lapse of twenty minutes or so, the unfortunate

monster was lanced and harpooned again and again, until amid mighty struggles it died. Sometimes a boatload of men was overturned by the lashings of its enormous tail. The whale was, of course, valuable for its fat, which made oil, and for the whalebone it yielded.

But whale-fishing is not what it was. At first sight there is not much connection between the freedom of the leviathans of the ocean and the garish gas and white electric light of our streets. But the use of these illuminants, and the discoveries of other materials for lubricating machinery than whale oil, have largely reduced the hunting of these monsters of the sea. They may gambol as they list, for there is not now such a demand for their blubber or their bone.

At one time the British whaling fleet numbered over 150 vessels; now they are under a score. It was also a fluctuating business, and that caused capitalists to be shy of embarking their money in these ventures. But steam has penetrated to even this branch of industry—possibly to endeavour to revive it, or, if we may be forgiven the pun, to put more “steam” and go into it. Yet with the advantages of steam-whalers, and even vessels passing the winter in Greenland, the fishery does not pay—a matter-of-fact test to which most things have to submit in this practical workaday world.

So it looks as though whaling is doomed, especially as much oil is now obtained from seals, whose skins are also of commercial value. The sperm-whale fishery in the South Seas is chiefly in the hands of our American kinsmen.

Yet if whale-hunting is declining, food fisheries are increasing—at all events in value. Statistics which have been collected under Government since 1885 point to a steady rise. The money value at the port of landing may be estimated at seven millions sterling yearly—figures which are far beyond those of Norway, Holland, France, or even of our Canadian brethren; while in England and Wales alone it has been estimated that there are over 8,000 boats and more than 43,000 men and boys employed in the industry.

F. M. HOLMES.

A BUFFALO RUN AT ONE TREE CREEK.

UNBROKEN plain, rolling as far as the eye can reach in an endless succession of hill and hollow, scantily covered with short grass—not making a smooth sward like an English lawn, nor yet dotted with myriads of flowers as the prairies are popularly supposed to be, but short, coarse wire-grass, growing in little tufts, between which the hard thirsty clay soil shows plainly, baked by the hot sun of July and August to a dirty yellow colour, shaded in basins where it is less parched with a faint tinge of green. On a knoll, beside one of the larger hollows, still containing a little water, was pitched a survey camp, consisting of four tents and a dozen Red River carts, and over all the bright August sun shone with the clearness and brilliancy of early autumn. More than the usual Sunday content pervaded everything; even the horses, standing knee-deep in the grass bordering the pond (called “slough” in the parlance of the West), seemed lazier and more drowsy than usual, enjoying the warm fresh air and their well-earned rest. In one of the tents, whose door flaps were thrown wide, two men were lounging, one on a camp-stretcher, and the other on a tumbled pile of blankets and buffalo robes. The small folding table bore an assortment of tin plates and cups containing the remnants of what we dignified by the title of lunch, a meal consisting of cold bacon, bread, apple-jack, and the ubiquitous tea that is the mainstay of a Canadian woodsman’s or plainsman’s life; and the floor of the tent was littered with numbers of letters and papers. Yesterday had brought the mail courier, and the morning and previous night had been spent in revelling in the unusual luxury of a good square read, all the more relished as fully two months had passed without a word from the outside world or a sight of any face other than those of the ten men of the party.

Colton lay back among his blankets puffing a short pipe contentedly and reading over and over again two letters, but giving most of his attention to the one in feminine characters, his cheerful English

face fairly beaming with pleasure and happiness, not unnoticed by the other man, who, with his hands behind his head, was gazing idly out of the tent door, his face not at all a reflection of Colton's. There was a stir among the horses, the clink of a bell, and my old bronco came into the field of view and stirred my thoughts a bit.

"Confound your luck, whatever it is," I said. "Let's take a ride round towards the next camp-ground, look up water, and see if we can't pick up an antelope. What do you say to that for a change?"

"I am with you like a shot, my boy," said Colton, the spirit of the sportsman awakening at once. He bundled the letters into a pocket; I called to one of the men, and swiftly making our preparations by exchanging camp-slippers for boots and spurs, we instructed the cook to keep dinner for us, and in a few minutes were swinging at an easy trot towards the north-west.

A Canadian born, and having lived under canvas for years, I preferred to follow the custom of the country; while Colton, a Briton of Britons, held firmly to the opinion that everything English was necessarily the best. Our outfit and get-up differed therefore in many things. My horse was an old sorrel bronco, thoroughly tried and steady under fire, accustomed to the crack of the rifle, with as keen zest in an antelope hunt as his rider; in fact, Old Hal always seemed to think, for the first mile, that he could easily catch an antelope, though by the time he had chased *cabri* that distance he was generally convinced that he was outpaced, and showed a willingness to stop. Colton, who had a weakness for doing a little of everything, had bought a young and partly-broken horse, a "buck-skin," at Cypress, and was taking some pains to finish its education himself, so that it fell far short of being the complete animal that Hal was. He wore irreproachable cord breeches, riding boots and spurs, shooting jacket and cloth cap, and rode an English saddle with iron stirrups; while I was rigged out in a patched pair of corduroys, leather leggings, walking boots and Mexican spurs, and my choice was a Californian saddle with box stirrups and *tapaderos*. Curiously enough, our taste in weapons was directly reversed, for while Colton had an affection for the American favourite, a repeating Winchester, and fairly bristled with cartridges carried in a belt around his waist, my choice is even to this day one of Holland's single expresses, with 120 grains of powder behind a .45 calibre bullet, the rifle stuck through a sling on the horn of the saddle, and a dozen loads in a pouch at my waist.

For some little time after leaving camp there was no sound but that of the horses' hoofs crushing the crisp dry grass as they lazily

jogged over it, until when a mile or two had been passed we began to look out for antelope, riding on the tops of the highest rolls in the plain and searching the field with a double glass, an article almost indispensable in this sport, as the American prong-horn is a very small animal in comparison with his African cousins, and his colour so closely resembles the parched surface on which he lives that keen sight is required to distinguish him from a tuft of grass or large thistle. Some miles out, ourselves undiscovered, we saw a fine buck, and while trying to circumvent him I found that Colton was dividing the honours of an attack of "ague" with his bronco. As our heads rose over the line of a hill, the *cabri* appeared about five hundred yards distant in a curious basin-shaped depression in the prairie, of which the ridge in front of us formed the circular rim. One look showed that our horses could get no nearer, so we accordingly picketed them in the hollow in which we were sheltered, and I, by virtue of age and experience, directed the attack.

"Our only chance," I said, "is to keep along the outside of this ridge and sheltered by it, and work round towards him in the hope that the ridge may bring us near enough for a shot, or be cut by a crossing valley, or that he may feed nearer. He doesn't look as if my old white hat would humbug *him*. If you follow round to the right I will go this way. They have almost no sense of smell, and depend on sight for protection."

"All right," said Colton, with a sort of hysterical quiver in his voice, his fingers gripping the rifle till they showed white under the red sunburn, and we separated; but before I had gone more than a hundred yards the sheltering ridge failed me, through the hollow I walked in rising up and flattening out to its level. Hunters' etiquette decreed that I must not encroach on my comrade's ground, and therefore, being out of the hunt myself, I sat down to watch his movements, and very amusing they were. Stooping almost double, and stepping as softly as if approaching a camp of hostile Indians, with his rifle in readiness for instant use, he stole cautiously down the hollow, even breathing with care, but unluckily with his cap of black and white tweed held well above the crest of the hill; and in the same direction the unsuspecting buck fed slowly, so that the whole result turned on which first sighted the other. Nearer and nearer they approached, and I, seeing that he must be directly opposite the game and well within two hundred yards, beckoned frantically to him to look up and take his shot. But Colton had apparently fixed a point to be reached before showing himself, and the cloth cap moved slowly on to within the buck's line of sight; the next moment

he was staring at it. Up and down went his graceful head in the movement of excited curiosity peculiar to him, and then followed a swift run that brought him within sixty yards of Colton. A steady stare at the crouching man, a frightened wheel, and he was off like the wind, while Colton, having gained his distance, crawled cautiously up the hill for his long-wished-for shot. An anxious look—nothing. Still higher—nothing. Then at my derisive yell of “Ah, tenderfoot!” he searched the hollow and stood upright to find master *cabri* at least half a mile away, wondering, as I suggested, “what that idiot was after.” Colton took my chaff and ill-temper, for there was some of the latter, very good-naturedly, and acknowledged that he had been so excited that he had looked nowhere but straight ahead, keeping as he fancied well under cover.

A further trot brought us in among numberless ravines and gullies to what is known as Dead Lodge Cañon, on the Red Deer River, and a weird and dismal place it is. How it got its name or why, I know not; but Indian nomenclature, seldom at fault, is here singularly appropriate. The great river, working for ages of geologic time, has cut its channel several hundred feet below the level of the plain, and tears fiercely down its course at the bottom; the vertical banks showing the many-coloured rocks, ironstones, and clays that compose the walls are destitute of all signs of life or vegetation, and for miles on either side scarce a blade of grass brightens the hideous desolation. Broken and scored by branching cañons, it is difficult to realise that water alone has wrought the curious and ghostly effects that make the place in the minds of the Indians the abode of Maché Manitou and his attendant demons.

“Confound the dismal hole! it has given me the creeps,” said Colton, as we threaded our way back to the plain. “And yet, I ought to feel cheerful if any fellow should. You remember that I told you I had come out here because I had had a row with my father. Well, that was only part of it and I may as well tell you the whole now. The fact was that I was engaged to the sister of an old school chum, but my governor, influenced, I believe, by the manager of his works, refused to sanction it, and as I was, while in England, entirely dependent on him, I lost my temper and came out here, as many another idiot has done, to make my fortune. I need not tell you that I have not made it. I tried working for a Canadian farmer, with the vague idea that it would be like the life of an English gentleman farmer; but the few months I could stand of hard work, hard living, poor pay, and no prospects, and, worst of all, coarse and rough society, taught me the vast difference. Then I

met you ; and though I have enjoyed the summer and seen a bit of country, I am no nearer independence than I was at home. So you can fancy that I ought to be happy when I say that my governor has found out that after all he is my governor, overlooked it all, and written to say that he will not only give me a sort of junior partnership, but has even spoken to—er—er—er——”

“The inexpressible she?” I broke in with a laugh.

“Yes ; and I’ve heard from her as well ; so, in short, I’ll sail for England as soon as you take the party in at the close of the survey ; and—er—er—that’s her likeness,” he concluded rather lamely, handing over the photo of a sweet-faced English girl. He was again glowing with happiness, and I fear there was some envy in my thoughts as I congratulated him. Fortune seemed so confoundedly partial : here was a fellow after a year of mild roughing it coming in for all sorts of good luck, while I had taken wind and storm, summer’s heat and insect pests and winter’s cold and misery, year after year with no prospect of better luck. And yet one could not be really envious of Colton, a fellow in whom there was no guile, though not an Israelite by a good deal, and thoroughly on the square ; and besides, we were after antelope, and envy and the blue devils cannot exist through an afternoon’s hunt.

We were now well out on the plains again, and as Maché Manitou does not frighten antelope, I was not astonished at seeing a couple in the rolling country to the south-west of the cañon, across a valley, and a couple of miles away. They were fine bucks and whilst through a glass I studied a line of approach, I heard a hoarse whisper from Colton of : “I say, chief, what are those things? Look ! look !”

“Buffalo ! by the original great horn spoon,” and a thrill ran through me as in single file, walking slowly down a slope in the valley, appeared a small band of eleven of them. They were all bulls ; even at so great a distance that could be easily decided. The cows are clad in a curly or wavy coat that is almost a fleece and they alone supply the robes for our sleighs and carioles ; while the coat of the bulls is very long and shaggy over the hump and shoulder, but short and smooth over quarters and ribs, the animals thus appearing tremendously heavy in the forehead, and quite different from their ladies.

Colton was shivering again with excitement ; even the prospect of a comfortable income and bride *in futuro* paled before the present delight of a buffalo run ; and truly, next to the ecstasy of striking a heavy salmon on light tackle, there is no pleasure to equal the first sight of big game. Off saddle, and cinch up the horses, and

then, keeping among the depressions and coulées of the valley, we rode gently toward the band, now walking in single file down a buffalo trail, now scattering to feed. Riding by balance with a long stirrup I could not get my broad-soled boots fairly into the stirrups, but as I had determined that that little bull's tongue should go into camp behind my saddle I turned up the *tapaderos*, or stiff leather covers, and thrust my toes well home under them, so well home, indeed, that I could not without difficulty extricate them, and if Old Hal went down I was a "gone coon."

"Now Colton, old chap," I said, as we drew nearer, "we will trot or walk up as closely as possible, and then put the spurs in. Try to separate one from the rest. Bulls won't run very fast for the first mile, as they don't take fright and get up steam as the cows do. So push your *cayuse* at first go off. He may be a bit shy but after he gets warmed up he'll run all right. Above all things, if you strike a badger earth let his head go; the faintest touch of the reins crossing one of the knolls honeycombed by badger-holes and you'll be down, horse and man. If you let his head go he'll get you through all right, but a touch of the bit will bring you to grief—mind that. We must charge in among and scatter them out if possible, and then stick to one till he drops. After you kill, get up on the nearest knoll and look out for me. I'll do the same for you; and now—*adelante*." Keeping to leeward to avoid all risk of discovery, for we must lose no chances, though bos bison doesn't worry himself overmuch about the scent of enemies, being too big and strong to dread the puny coyote or cowardly prairie wolf, we trotted gently through the shallow valley of One Tree Creek, now and again catching glimpses of the broad backs of our game in the rolls of the plain beyond. Old Hal had known that the tightening of his cinch meant work of some kind, and now, with his sharp ears pricked forward and his fine nostrils sniffing the almost-forgotten scent, was holding his head high for a look. The buckskin's senses, too, were awakened, all drowsiness had vanished, the careless jog was gone, and one could feel that the strong muscles were tautened by excitement as the swift trot carried us forward. Nearer and nearer we swung, keeping well down in the hollows and steering by the sun, while the unsuspecting bulls scatter and gather. A glimpse of them among the hills, and I can feel the delicious thrill yet. Another glimpse, and Old Hal has seen and caught the fever. I look round at Colton, whose eyes are burning with excitement, and softly pull the rifle out of the sling. Two hundred yards, and still undiscovered. "At the next hill, boy!" in a hoarse whisper, as I feel my heart fairly jumping

and the good horse strains at the bit. "Keep cool"—though I am shivering myself. A hundred yards to the last shelter—fifty—a dozen—"VAMOS!" and with the wild, glorious delirium at its height, we clear the rise and rush furiously upon the quarry. One bull, leading the others by a dozen yards, kept on towards the right, and after him Colton reined the buckskin, answering with a wave of his hand and rifle to my yell "*Adios*," for there was no sign of buck ague or nervousness about him now; he sat in his saddle as if he had grown there, while the pony's fidgety trot had given place to a splendid rushing gallop, as they disappeared towards the north, and the first crack of the Winchester echoed through the hollows. The remainder of the herd wheeled sharply and struck westward in a startled, lumbering canter, going much faster than they appeared to do; and with my eyes on the nearly black hide of the coveted youngster, I followed in hot pursuit. No need for a guiding bit for that small head; the reins lie untouched on the graceful neck now stretched forward in a swift gallop, as the gallant horse, with the fire of many a former hunt in his veins, swept over hill and hollow well up on the right flank of the snorting band, and the thunder of hoofs on the hard soil rattled through the air. My little friend could run much faster than his elder brothers, and had so well sheltered himself among their huge carcasses that the one or two shots I fired showed no result, until a sudden turn of the herd to the left exposed him in front of them, and my snap-shot taking effect on his horn, down he came with a stumble. A swing in the saddle, a pressure on the left stirrup, and Hal shot into the gap; and I gave a sigh of relief at the feeling that I had him all to myself, as now, thoroughly frightened, he sped at redoubled pace over the rough and hilly prairie to escape. But he was not mine yet; he would run up the long slopes of the hills and then wheel and charge furiously down the more abrupt descents, and as Hal had to slacken his speed at downward slopes, at each turn the bull gained a few yards on the now tiring horse and seemed untouched by the bullets I snapped at him. How the little brute did run! Over hill and dale we tore at furious speed, now scattering the gravel on a knoll, now brushing through the long grass of a coulée, and over the rough ground the bull increased his distance at every stride. A small plateau of a hundred yards in extent gave me the opportunity I sought; a word to Hal is answered by a splendid rush that reduces that forty yards to twenty, the eye flashes clear along back- and fore-sights as buffalo and horse rise in their stride, and clearly through the rattle of hoofs as I pull the trigger comes back the pat of the striking ball that

proclaims a successful shot. Abandoning his hitherto successful tactics, he now ran down a long gentle slope towards the creek—the spurs unused till this moment were plied, the plucky horse responded, and we raced up alongside feeling that he was ours at last. I leaned out of the saddle holding the rifle within a few feet of the buffalo's shoulder; my finger was in the act of pressing the trigger when down he fell. Hal, convinced that it was only another ruse, attempted to stop dead, and in consequence I was thrown nearly out of the saddle—in fact, only saving myself by a frantic clutch at the mane, Hal, luckily for me, standing like a rock whilst I twisted my boots out of the stirrups and dismounted from the now panting bronco. I could hardly believe my eyes; there lay the bull stone dead. My last bullet had struck him on the quarter and, as I afterwards found, passed through his heart and lodged in his left shoulder; and yet he had run fully three hundred yards with apparently undiminished speed before he fell. But he was mine at last. Offsaddling and giving Hal a rub over with a bunch of grass, I walked up the nearest hill and swept the plain for a sight of Colton; but the horizon was unbroken save for the solitary tree that gave the creek its name, and a search with the glass for some moments showing no moving object, I concluded that Colton had finished his hunt, and that his game, like mine, having fallen in a hollow I must look him up. So I cut out the usual trophies of tongue and heart, saddled, gave a glance to mark the surroundings in order to recognise the spot, and pushed the good horse as nearly as I could guess in the direction of the spot where we had separated, this happening to be towards the One Tree. Passing through the lumpy country over which my chase had led me I crossed the creek valley, searching the field with my glass, and Old Hal, guided by either scent or instinct and beginning to recover his spirits and strength, struck an almost direct line north-eastward at a gentle trot. Thoroughly satisfied with my luck, and encouraging and patting brave Old Hal, I mused over the last few hours from the sight of the first antelope to that moment. Every thrill of hope and doubt was lived over and re-enjoyed—the long approach with nerves strung as we drew nearer; the delightful rush with horse and man in perfect sympathy; the few moments of anxiety until I had singled out my game; the gradual dawning fear that Hal was outpaced after each missed shot; and then the last glorious charge down the long hollow, with the flush of victory as we closed upon him; and lastly, the satisfaction and astonishment that he was actually dead from that not easy snap shot. And Colton—good old Colton, lucky beggar—an assured income, a pretty wife, and a successful run after one of

the last few buffalo on the plains. I rose sharply over a ridge in the prairie. Standing sullenly in the nearest hollow is the large bull, and the start he gives at my appearance tells that his shoulder is broken. I send a bullet through his heart as I pass him, putting the noble brute out of his pain and swing rapidly on to where the little buckskin stands with down-drooped head and no response to Hal's greeting whinny—his foreleg is broken. But what is that among the grass tufts beyond?—a shattered rifle-stock ; and here too lies the plucky English lad. The comely face I had last seen glowing with health, pleasure, and excitement is now cold and still, turned up to the afternoon sky, its wholesome colour changed to a dull livid ashen hue, while a small spot of crimson stains his under lip. His first buffalo hunt had been his last ; keenly intent on his game, he had crossed a knoll riddled with badger-holes, the young horse had come down beneath him, and Colton, turning over once, had broken his neck and died without pain. The shadows of the lonely One Tree lengthen and shorten as the seasons pass over the desolate prairie ; a rude wooden headboard marks his grave, and near by lie the bleaching bones of his horse and the buffalo. Thus ends his day of hope and happiness ; truly "against ill chances men are seldom sad.'

L. R. ORD.

CURIOSITIES OF PEARLS.

THAT one of the most highly-valued of precious gems should owe its origin to a distemper in the creature that produces it is no less strange than true. A grain of sand has insinuated itself between the soft mantle of the oyster and the shell, and to get rid of the annoyance the animal throws over it some of the calcareous secretion which it has power to exude, adding thereto in proportion to the amount of inconvenience it continues to feel. The result of these successive layers of "mother-of-pearl" upon the foreign substance, which gradually assumes a spherical shape, is the rare and beautiful gem known to us as the pearl of commerce.

The pearl is, in fact, nothing more than a pellet, varying in size, composed of the same shining, hard, calcareous matter, called nacre or mother-of-pearl, which lines the shells of many molluscs, especially those of the oyster and mussel tribes. They are found sticking fast to the lining whence they spring, or distinct in the bodies of the animals which produce them, lying loose in the substance of the creature itself, commonly in its thickest and most fleshy part. In either case the cause of the production of the pearl is some irritating influence upon the oyster itself. There are many kinds of shells, not only bivalves, but spiral shells also, in which pearls occur; indeed, it would seem that all polished nacreous shells are capable of producing them, though the oyster family excels in the art. Only three kinds of pearl-producing bivalves are, however, commonly sought after by the pearl-fishers. One of these is a kind of mussel now very rare, but whether more plentiful formerly than at present is not known; they are principally found in the north end of the Red Sea and on the Egyptian side, and near an ancient port called Myos Hermos, to the northward of Cossair. The second kind of shell is called "pinna." It is broad and semicircular at the top, decreasing gradually until it turns sharp at the lower end, where the hinge is. The outside is rough and figured, of a beautiful red colour, and sometimes three feet long, and extremely brittle; the inside lined with the richly ornamental mother-of-pearl. The third kind

of pearl-shell is the only one which can be said to bear any resemblance to the oyster, though even this is evidently of a different genus. The colours of pearls differ according to the shells in which they are found. The first kind often produce those of a fine shape and excellent lustre, but seldom of that very fine colour which enhances their price. The second kind produce pearls having the reddish cast of the inner shell of the "pinna" itself, which seems to confirm the opinion of Réaumur that the pearls are formed from the glutinous fluid which makes the first rudiments of the shell. An eminent authority on the subject has given it as his opinion that the pearl found in this shell is the "penim" or "peninim" of Scripture, and that this name is derived from its redness. The English translation of the Scripture, erroneous and inaccurate in many things more material, transforms this "peninim" into rubies, without any other foundation than identity of colour. The Greeks, however, have translated it literally "pina" or "pinna," and the shell they call "pinnicus"; while many places are named in the writings of Strabo, Theophrastus, Elian, and Ptolemy as being famous for this kind of pearl. The third sort of shell produces pearls of extreme whiteness, called "darra" or "dora" in Arabic, which seems to be a general term applied to all kinds of pearls in Scripture, whereas the "peninim" is one in particular. But though the character of this pearl lies in its exceptional whiteness, there are from all accounts several shades or differences in it, the best having the appearance of a solution of alum, limpid, milky-like, and even with a certain almost imperceptible cast of a fiery colour. The size of the pearl varies according to the time it has been in process of manufacture, and according to the extent of its irritating cause. Climate, also, has no doubt something to do with it, as the largest and finest specimens are found in warm-water districts, while the mussels and oysters of colder waters, like those of Great Britain, do not seem to be capable of yielding very large, though they afford many small, pearls.

It has also been observed that some of the most beautiful pearls are produced in those places of the sea where fresh water falls—such as, for example, those obtained southward of Suakim in the Red Sea, where there is abundance of fresh water, and in the island of Foosht. The modest mussel, in fact, which abounds in many fresh-water rivers, and certain other bivalves (scientifically called anodons, because they "have no posterior teeth at the hinge"), often contain very fine pearls. During the last century pearls worth £10,000 were taken from mussels in the river Tay, and the pearl fishery of Scotland, where the people seek the pearl animals in the slime

of rivers, at the present day affords employment to many hundreds of persons, and yields a profit of several thousands a year.

The value of pearls has been in all ages commensurate with their beauty. In the East, especially, they have been greatly admired, and enormous sums of money have been paid for them. Pliny observes that pearls are the most valuable and excellent of all precious stones ; and from our Saviour's comparing the Kingdom of Heaven to a pearl, it is evident they must have been held in very high estimation at that time. It is said that Julius Cæsar gave a pearl to the mother of Marcus Brutus that was valued at £48,417 10s. of our present money ; and Cleopatra dissolved one worth £250,000 in vinegar, which she drank at a supper with Marc Antony. From time immemorial there have been fisheries of pearl in the Persian Gulf and Red Sea, and in the bays of Ceylon ; and when Columbus arrived in the Gulf of Paria, on his first voyage to America, he was astonished to find the precious gems abounding there in unparalleled quantities. His men landed, and saw the Indian women adorned with splendid pearls round their arms as well as round their necks ; but their possessors seem to have been perfectly ignorant of the true value of the gems, as it is recorded that an Indian woman gave one of the sailors four rows of her pearls merely in exchange for a broken earthenware plate. The Spanish king forbade anyone to go within fifty leagues of the place where such riches were found without the royal permission, and took possession of the fisheries for himself ; but so cruelly did the Spaniards behave to the natives, making them perforce dive for them, and brutally ill-treating them when they were unsuccessful in pearl-finding, that "one morning at dawn the Indians assailed the Spaniards, made a sanguinary slaughter of them, and, with dancing and leaping, ate them, both monks and laymen."

The islands of Cubagua and Margarita were the principal seats of the pearl fishery, which was also carried on extensively in the Gulf of Paria itself, on the coast of Cumana.

The deep-water fishery—that is to say, the fishery in about twelve fathoms—is conducted now pretty much as it was in Columbus's time. Men accustomed from their infancy to an amphibious sort of life, and trained to be expert divers, are engaged at the work, and go down naked into the sea in order to pick up the marvellous pearl-breeders which lie at the bottom. They may bring up a prize or a blank, but down they go time after time, spending their lives in the occupation, and finding a reward either in wages or in a co-partnership in the lottery upon which they are engaged.

In Ceylon, the pearl-fishers go out in company in their boats. Each boat carries twenty men, of whom ten are rowers and ten divers. The divers take turn and turn about at plunging, and remain under water for a minute and a half or two minutes. Some of them are said to be able to stay down as long as five minutes, but this power is exceptional, and only to be acquired by long practice. Trained to the work from childhood, the divers go down, with the greatest intrepidity, to a depth of from four to ten fathoms. To assist them in their descent they use a large stone of red granite, having the smaller end bored so as to admit a rope, which is rove through it. When about to dive, the diver seizes this rope with the toes of his right foot, and with the left foot secures a network bag for his oysters. He then takes hold of another rope with his hands and is let down from the boat to his diving-ground, the stone helping to sink him. When at the bottom he casts himself loose from the stone, picks up his oysters, and when ready to return jerks the rope by which he was let down, and he is then hauled up, leaving the stone to be recovered by its own rope. The chief danger the divers have to encounter, after the preliminary physical difficulties attendant upon diving and working at so great a depth have been got over, is from ground-sharks. The divers in the Persian Gulf are wont to resort to magic and to religious enchantments in the hope of guarding against these horrible creatures; but as an additional and more effectual precaution they are armed with a short stick, pointed at either end, which they thrust into the shark's mouth, they themselves getting away while the monster is engaged in fretting over his uncomfortable meal. A story is related of one diver who, having explored a rock on which he expected to find oysters, was about to return to the surface of the water, when, casting his eyes upwards, he saw a huge ground-shark lying in wait for him, and cutting off his retreat. Terrified at the sight, and unable to get out of range, he was beginning to give himself up for lost when a happy thought occurred to him. He took his sharpened stake, which was too small to stop the jaws of the shark, and going to a sandy nook of the rock began to stir up the mud, and to make such "a dust in the water" as to effectually obscure the enemy's vision. Having continued this till he was forced to quit for want of breath, he swam off hastily in another direction, and arrived at the surface exhausted but in safety. At the top he was rescued by the boat in attendance, practically none the worse for his alarming experience. Some of the divers are armed with a long knife, which they use not only as a defence against marine assailants but for the purpose of detaching

tenacious oysters, many of which, especially those of the strong "byssus," or moorings, adhere to the rock with a grip requiring great strength to overcome it. The diver having been pulled into the boat with his net full of oysters and mussels, the booty is taken on shore, and as soon as the vessel is unloaded the spoil (in Ceylon and the East Indies) is divided among the people to whom the proceeds belong, and eventually placed in holes dug in the ground to the depth of about two feet, or in small square hollow places, cleared and fenced round for the purpose, each person having his own separate division. As soon as the shell-fish have passed through a state of putrefaction and have become dry, they are easily opened, without the slightest danger of injuring the pearls, as might be the case if they were forced open when fresh, and the oyster or mussel is minutely examined for the precious gems. After cleaning and drying the pearls they are passed through a kind of sieve, according to their sizes ; the smallest are then sold as seed-pearls, and the rest put up to auction and sold to the highest bidder. The small or seed pearls, also called ounce pearls, from their being sold by the ounce and not by tale, are vastly the most numerous and common. As they increase in size their numbers proportionately decrease, which is one reason of their great price. We have Scotch pearls frequently as big as a little tare, some as big as a large pea, and a few are occasionally found of the size of a horse-bean, although the last-named are usually of a bad shape, and of little value in proportion to their weight.

There are two seasons for pearl-fishing : the first is in March and April, and the last in August and September ; and the more rain that falls in the year the more plentiful are the fisheries.

In "A General View of the Writings of Linnæus," by Richard Pulteney, M.D., p. 42, it is said that Linnæus made a remarkable discovery relating to the generation of pearls in the river pearl-mussel, a shell-fish, scientifically known as *Mya margaritifera*, found in several rivers of Great Britain and Ireland ; that this fish will bear removal remarkably well ; and that in some places they form reservoirs for the purpose of keeping it and taking out the pearl, which, in a certain period, will be renewed again. The discovery, however, concerned principally a method which Linnæus found of putting the bivalves into a state of producing pearls at his pleasure, though the final effect did not take place for several years ; but that in five or six years after the operation the pearl would have acquired the size of a "vetch." Dr. Pulteney regrets that we are unacquainted with the means by which Linnæus accomplished this extraordinary operation, which must have been considered of great

importance, since it is recorded that the author was rewarded with a magnificent premium from the States of the kingdom on that account.

In Saxony the trade in fresh-water pearls dates from the year 1610; a code of regulations exists in connection with it. The mussels and other "anodons" are deposited in beds prepared for them, and examined every five years by means of special instruments. The yield varies from two to ten pearls from each, and with extra care and attention in the cultivation there is no doubt that the production would be increased.

The Swedish Government established some beds on a similar principle, from which very satisfactory results were also obtained. The mussels, however, are gradually disappearing from many European rivers where pearls formerly were found in large numbers, chiefly owing to the fact that the streams have been transformed into torrents by the rush of water from mountains and high hills, the rivers being thus rendered uninhabitable for the molluscs as well as for many kinds of fish. It is interesting to know that quite recently a distinguished scientist has discovered what he believes to be a practical method of procuring the manufacture of pearls through artifice. Should at any time the pearl market of the world be seriously menaced by the threatened exhaustion of the fisheries, human ingenuity is to step in and supply the demand. The process adopted is simply to bore holes in the shells of the pearl-oyster with a gimlet, introducing through these perforations little balls of glass and stopping the holes hermetically with corks. After four weeks' time the balls of glass are found to be covered with a thin layer of pearl. In six months the layer has become of a sufficient thickness to be permanent, and the size of the jewel thus manufactured is in proportion to the period allowed to elapse. Of course, this has its limitation, inasmuch as the mollusc will not deposit nacre or mother-of-pearl indefinitely, its only object being to protect itself from irritation by the intruder. The expert quoted is of opinion that pearls can be made of various colours to order by selection.

The clever Chinese have several ingenious methods for making the pearl-yielders' habit of covering foreign substances with mother-of-pearl useful as well as profitable. They open the shells of certain "anodons" and keep them open by means of small wooden wedges; they then carefully insert into the membranes of the oyster small figures of Buddha, and other objects of glass, wood, stone, or metal, afterwards withdrawing the wedges and putting the bivalve back into the bed. The little creatures not being in any way hurt by the process, soon cover the object with layers of the mother-of-pearl, and in

the course of a few months the secretion is so considerable as to amply remunerate those whose labour has been expended upon it. Valuable commercial articles are, in fact, frequently produced in this way, and prove a regular source of income to many of the wily Chinamen engaged in the work. The mother-of-pearl manufactory is brought to the greatest perfection at Jerusalem. The most beautiful shell of this kind is that of the "peninim," already mentioned; but it is too brittle to be employed in any large pieces of workmanship, whence the kind named "dora" is most usually employed; and great quantities of this are daily brought from the Red Sea to Jerusalem. Of these, all the fine works—the crucifixes, the wafer-boxes, and the beads—are made, which are sent to the Spanish dominions in the New World, and produce a return incomparably greater than the staple of the greatest manufactory in the Old.

The material of which the oyster makes its pearl being so plentiful and cheap, induced an ingenious American not long ago to apply for a patent for making real pearls by artificial means absolutely. If you take the shell of a pearl-oyster and scrape or grind off the outer coat, you find a sheet of about one-eighth of an inch in thickness of the precise substance which the mollusc deposits around any foreign body which gets caught under its mantle. Why not, says this experimentalist, take this sheet of nacre, dissolve it in acid, and then re-deposit the pearl in layers around a shot or a pea suspended in the solution, thus copying, as it were, the processes of Nature itself? The idea seems to open vast possibilities, for in this way pearls of any size or shape might be procured at the fancy of the operator. There would be no difficulty in turning them out as large as billiard balls, or as footballs even, for the matter of that. The trouble is that concretions thus obtained are mere lumps of carbonate of lime entirely lacking the iridescence which in the pearl is due to structure. This little difficulty has always stood in the way of the successful imitation of the oyster's production; but this latest inventor claims that he has entirely overcome it, so as to be able not only to manufacture pearls, but also to coat articles with the material, just as spoons and forks are coated with silver. Whether the claim will or will not be made good, of course remains to be proved.

There is, however, another method of making artificial pearls in such a manner as to be with difficulty distinguished from the best Oriental by the cleverest expert. The ingredient used for this purpose was long kept a secret; but it is now discovered to be a fine silver-like substance found upon the under side of the scales of the blay or bleak fish. The scales, taken off in the usual manner, are

washed and rubbed with clear water, and the several liquors suffered to settle ; the water being then poured off, the pearly matter remains at the bottom, of the consistence of oil, called by the French "essence d'orient." A little of this is dropped into a hollow bead of bluish glass, and shaken about so as to line the internal substance ; after which the cavity is filled up with wax, to give solidity and weight. Pearls made in this way are, in fact, distinguished only from the natural by their having fewer blemishes. A pearl to be perfect must be perfectly round or drop-shaped, have a perfectly pure white colour, be slightly transparent, free from specks, spots, or blemishes, and possess the peculiar lustre characteristic of the gem. A pearl of one grain weight satisfying the above conditions is worth from 2s. to 2s. 6d., while their value increases with their weight, and a pearl of thirty grains would be worth from £80 to £100. Round pearls above this weight are of such rare occurrence that they command exceptional prices.

An extraordinary treasure, illustrating the successful manner in which these precious gems can sometimes be produced by the "strategical process," was lately shown by the Smithsonian Institute. This was a pearl the size of a pigeon's egg, of an exquisite rose colour, and the receptacle containing it was the original fresh-water mussel in which it had been formed. The nucleus of this wonderful stone was nothing more nor less than an oval lump of bee's-wax, which had been placed and left for a few years between the valves of the mollusc, which had at once proceeded to coat it with the pink nacre it secreted for lining its shell. The mussel was kept in an aquarium while engaged in its lengthy task. It belonged to a species common in American rivers, and it is suggested that the result of the experiment opens to everybody the possibility of establishing a small pearl factory for himself by keeping a tank full of tame mussels and humbugging them into making "great pink pearls" for him. Only, the intending experimentalist is cautioned against avarice ; the "nucleus" must be introduced well under the mantle of the creature, or it will not irritate sufficiently ; and, above all, it must not be too large. A great surface takes a long time to cover.

Very little is known of the natural history of the pearl-fish. Piscatorial authorities inform us that the bivalves are invariably found sticking upright in the mud by one extremity ; the mussel by one end, the "pinna" by the small sharp point, and the third by the hinge or square part which projects from the round. It is also stated that fresh-water anadons live apparently uninjured under extraordinary circumstances ; one lived for eight months wrapped up in dry wool,

and it has even been proved possible to freeze and thaw them without hindering their powers of reproduction.

Black pearls used to be held as of small value, comparatively speaking. At the present day a perfect black specimen commands a much higher price than the finest pink or white pearls. They were first made fashionable by the Empress Eugénie, wife of Napoleon III., who possessed a famous necklace of them which fetched £4,000 at an auction after the overthrow of the Imperial dynasty. This did not include the single great pearl forming the snap, which was purchased by the Marquis of Bute for £1,000. Mexico, Tahiti, Fiji, and the kingdom of Madura, to the east of Malabar, supply the markets of the world with the best black pearls. One of the most curious pearls, from many points of view, was that which the traveller Tavernier sold to the ruler of Persia two hundred years ago for £100,000. It is still in the possession of the Shah of Persia, and is now supposed to be worth at least £135,000. The Persian monarch has a square glass case amongst his bizarre collection of jewellery containing a vast heap of most magnificent pearls, four or five inches deep, into which one can plunge the hand, and spill them in cascades and handfuls.

The Iman of Muscat possesses a pearl weighing twelve and a half carats, through which you can see the daylight; it is worth about £33,000. The one owned by Princess Yousouppoff is unique for beauty. It was sold by Georgibus of Calais, in 1620, to Philip IV. of Spain for 80,000 ducats; its present value is about £36,000. The Pope, on his accession, became the owner for the time being of a pearl, left by one of his predecessors upon the throne of the Vatican, which cannot be of less value than £20,000. The Empress Frederick has a necklace composed of thirty-two pearls, the total value of which has been estimated at £35,000. Her mother, Queen Victoria, has a necklace of pink pearls worth £16,000. That of the Baroness Gustave de Rothschild, made up of five rows of these precious stones, is valued at £40,000, while that of the Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild is even more costly still. Both these ladies have given orders to their jewellers to bring to them any "pearls of great price" which may come into their hands in the way of business; the gems are usually purchased by one or other of these ladies and added to her necklace. Good judges are doubtful whether to award the palm to either of the above two or to that of the Empress of Russia, which has seven rows of pure white pearls valued at something like 80,000 roubles, but the stones of which are perhaps

less beautiful to the eye. The one belonging to the Grand Duchess Marie has six rows, and is said to have cost £36,000.

Mademoiselle Dosne, a sister of M. Thiers, has a necklace of several rows, which has taken her thirty years to collect and has cost her upwards of £15,000. The Empress of Austria possesses some of the most beautiful black pearls it is possible to find; her casket and that of the Czarina of Russia are, in fact, the most famous in the world for pearls of this colour.

Madame Leonide Leblanc sold her necklace of pearls a year or two ago for nearly £80,000, but in consequence of certain matters which were whispered about at the time she bought it back. The stones in it graduate in size, and are exceedingly beautiful in shape and lustre.

The most extraordinary pearl in the world is known as the "Southern Cross." It consists of a group of nine pearls, naturally grown together in so regular a manner as to form an almost perfect Latin cross. Seven of them compose the shaft, which measures an inch and a half in length, while the two arms of the cross are formed by one pearl on each side. All the pearls are of fine lustre. This astonishing freak was discovered by a man named Clark, while pearl-fishing in Western Australia. He regarded it as a miracle, and, entertaining a superstitious dread of it, he buried it. In 1874 it was, however, dug up again, and since then it has changed hands many times. Its value is said to be £10,000. How it chanced that these pearls were grouped together in so curious a way no one has as yet been able to satisfactorily explain. It has been suggested that a fragment of serrated seaweed may have got into the shell of the oyster, and that the succession of teeth along the margin of the front may have caused the deposition of mother-of-pearl at regular intervals, so as to form a string of pearls in a straight line. The cross was found in the shell of the mollusc, just as it was taken from its native element.

That Professor Huxley was not far from the mark when he once remarked that "an oyster was a far more complicated piece of machinery than the finest Swiss watch," none of our readers after this, we feel sure, will be inclined to doubt.

HERBERT JAMES GIBBINS

A HAUNT OF BIRDS.

OF all prescriptions, what is known as a "Constitutional" is, to some people, the most disagreeable. A walk of a certain length, to be taken once a day, ill accords with a vacant mind. An object, however trivial, an interest in one's surroundings, however slight, will change a penance into a pleasure. Birds are about all the year, and one need not lack inducement to go out, or matter for observation and thought by the way, so long as they are there.

The lark drops on the ploughed field, and straightway becomes invisible. Gaze ever so intently, and you cannot make him out. This may seem a slight thing, but slight things are often wonderfully suggestive. It means that the colours of the bird blend so exactly with those of the soil on which he habitually rests as to conceal him from the eyes, not only of his friends, but what is of very much greater importance also, of his enemies. But for some such adaptation he would have been picked up long ago. Retreating into the leafless hawthorn, the hedge warbler is immediately lost in the shaded light, and becomes confused with the dark stems. Peer in, and you will see nothing but a network of branches, although he sits within a few inches, quiet and undisturbed in the consciousness of safety. He, too, is protectively coloured. These hints give the key which lays bare the inner workings of nature.

Men-children never lose their passion for bird-nesting—not with a view of robbing, or even disturbing, the builders, but to get a peep once a year into fairyland. These nests are hard to find. Not because they are deeply hidden away in brake or wood copse, or placed high out of reach among the topmost branches of beech or elm, as because they imitate so exactly the things round about. The anxiety of the birds tells plainly enough that they are not far away, and yet the eye may wander over the spot again and again without detecting them. That which we mistook for a bunch of last year's withered leaves was the nest of the chiff-chaff, with the aperture on the far side. That clump of lichen in the fork of the fir tree, so

closely resembling the lichen-covered bark, is the nest of the chaffinch, the daintiest sample of natural architecture.

That birds foresaw these risks from the first, and consciously adopted such devices, were to credit them with a more than human prescience ; that they learned from bitter experience to be more careful where they placed, and how they concealed their nests, is an outworn idea. The more generally accepted interpretation is that individuals were born who unconsciously harmonised their fabric with the surroundings ; that the nest of such would have a better chance of escaping, and the nestlings of handing down the peculiarity to future generations.

There are few more careless builders than the blackbird and the song thrush. By preference they place their nests in a low furze or broom bush, or sapling fir tree, where the passing boy is sure to see and can easily reach them. But every year a few build on the ground, always a safer place than a bush, or higher up among the branches of the full-grown tree, where they are more difficult to get at. The not improbable result will be that the bush-building blackbirds and thrushes will be exterminated ; and those which, if they do not build more cunning nests, manage to place them in more cunning or inaccessible places, will be left to carry on the race.

The female is generally more soberly coloured than the male, so that during the period of incubation, when she is almost constantly in the nest and an easy prey to any enemy, she may have a maximum chance of escaping observation. Again, the explanation seems to be that bright-coloured females—if there were such in the past—were observed, and removed, while the less obtrusive brooders were left to continue their labours and carry on the species. When male and female are equally brightly coloured, it is generally safe to assume that the situation of the nest places the sitting bird beyond the risk of observation. Such is the case, for instance, with the kingfisher, and also with the various tits.

When the bird leaves the nest, the eggs are found to be more or less protectively coloured. White, which is probably the primitive colour, is not common, for the simple reason that in an exposed nest it would be easily seen. White eggs, therefore, or those only slightly shaded and spotted, are usually placed in holes, or perfectly concealed by the shape of the nest. Instance the swift, the sand-martin, the owls, the various tits, and the swallow. Colour has invariably a mission of concealment, so that those who are accustomed to see eggs in the nest can tell why they are thus spotted and shaded. The eggs of sea-birds are distinguished by a ground colour of sand

with gravel stains. The reason is obvious. Indeed, many of the sea-birds themselves have bluish backs and white breasts, so that when riding on the water they are comparatively safe. Some, like the puffin and storm petrel, lay white eggs, but the exceptions only prove the rule, as they place their nests in holes. The eggs of the guillemot have bright patches of colour against a white background, and vary so much among themselves that one might almost guess the truth, that they are balanced on some narrow ledge of precipitous rock beyond the reach of many of the powers of destruction.

The young birds when hatched, and so long as they remain in the nest, are still protectively coloured like the mother, and not bright like the father. When they keep their mouths shut and lie quiet, as they often do, they are not unlikely to be overlooked.

Such are a few of the more familiar examples of the main device by which the weaker creatures are enabled to live on and multiply, in the midst of their more powerful enemies, examples neither more nor less significant than a thousand others which present themselves on every side.

The same simple method may be used to interpret a much wider range of facts. And here we may be permitted to lend the wings of imagination to the sober deductions from observation. Pleasantly tired of bird-nesting, stuck all over with furze needles, and dusted with broom pollen, we lie down on a grassy slope to take a more general look around. The background is a steep bank covered with undergrowth and shaded by trees. Immediately behind, the lade gurgles through the sluice to flow on between tall rows of meadow sweet to the mill, a quarter of a mile further down. In front is an oblong of moist pasture land, where the cuckoo-flower still lingers, shut in between the lade and the natural bed of the stream. Here are the conditions for wood birds, stream birds, and meadow birds, and representatives of all these are within sight and hearing.

The first to put in an appearance is a grey wagtail, which comes from over the sluice, spans the meadow in two great graceful curves, and lights on a miniature sand-bank formed by an eddy when the stream is in spate. Scarcely wetting his dainty feet, he picks up the water-larvæ exposed by the lowness of the stream, or brought within reach by the tiny wavelets which advance and retreat ever so little.

Then, with a straight flight, or one which only varies with the bends of the channel, the water-ousel comes steadily up from the direction of the mill, and lights on a stone in the very centre of the stream. He builds a domed nest, of which there must be several about in the perpendicular bank, or in a hole in the loose masonry

of some bridge. Being thus sufficiently concealed, the eggs are white. No enemy sees them, so as to give an advantage to some stray individual which may lay eggs with a dash of protective colour in them.

But what about the bird himself? He is somewhat difficult to classify. As he stands there, bobbing in his spasmodic fashion, probably because he eyes an intruder, he suggests certain affinities to the wren and even to the robin. In general appearance, however, he most resembles the thrushes, among whom we shall tentatively include him. He seems to prefer a rapid running stream such as this, although sometimes found beside stiller and larger waters like the Tweed. Whereas the kingfisher, who sometimes favours us with a visit, drops down on the surface, plunging perhaps overhead, but never remaining beneath for above a second or two, the water-ousel turns up his tail, disappears for a considerable interval, and emerges it may be a few yards down the stream. All this is going on now. What happens below water it were hard to say, as only in very favourable circumstances is it possible to have him under observation. But probably he descends head downward, propelling himself by his wings until he touches the bottom, when he takes hold of some stone or other object with his grasping feet. Certainly it can only be by a very considerable and sustained effort that he keeps his position down there.

There is nothing in the anatomy of the animal to suggest a water-bird. All the resemblances are superficial, and imply a recent adoption of his present habits. He has every appearance of a land bird which, late in life, has taken to the water. Probably at one time he was as dainty as that water-wagtail, and merely stood bobbing on the brink. But finding indications that food was plentiful all the year round, and competition was absent, by degrees he ventured further in. And one day, standing on a boulder like a timid bather, he tried his first plunge. And the effort to get to the bottom, and the need to hold on, and the food he found there, all tended to bring about these surface changes which make of him a clumsy, though interesting aquatic bird.

A chaffinch has just risen from the grass, where he has been varying his usual hard diet with a caterpillar, to the lower branch of an ash tree. And now he darts out to secure an insect which is dancing in the air. Most birds are in the habit of doing this occasionally. Across the stream a spotted flycatcher has been at work ever since we came, darting out in this manner every few minutes, and returning to the same spot on the paling. The flights of the chaffinch are

wide compared with those of this master of the art ; but then it is the latter's way of getting a living. Probably he was awkward enough to begin with, until he found that the place was without a tenant, and the art worth cultivating.

The surface of the lade behind us shows a number of rings, which expand, die away, and are renewed again. These are not due to the current, which rather helps to blot them out, but are caused by the trout rising to the insects on the surface. Skimming along within a foot or two of the water are the swallows, which seem to enter into competition with the trout, dipping their wings in their efforts to seize the prize which the other has almost reached.

Further down there, on the mill-pond, the fun as we passed was still faster and more furious. The whole surface was broken with rings, which melted into one another ; the air was alive with swallows, which crossed and recrossed in a mazy flight. The cause of the excitement is for the most part invisible to an eye less keen than that of the feeders. But the numbers must be legion to account for all this activity. Only a few come within the limits of human vision. Here and there a stone fly floats on the current, to be sucked down in the centre of one of these rings ; or a spinner rises and falls above the surface, until his dance is put a stop to by a flash of wings. Far overhead, above the region of the swallows, the swifts, which arrived only yesterday, are similarly employed and equally busy. Plainly the range of insect life extends far up into the atmosphere.

Imagination can picture the day when the primitive swallow first took possession of this vast unoccupied field of air ; when it caught two insects in succession without lighting ; then four, eight, a score, a hundred ; until at length it almost ceased to light at all, except on the edge of the nest, so that its legs became weak, and lived mainly in the air, so that its wings grew long and crescent-shaped, and its tail forked. It caught its food as it sped along at lightning pace, and, to make the capture more certain, its gape became wide and deeply cut.

In much the same way the night-jar found an unoccupied kingdom in the twilight, when the great army of moths come out, and all the rest of the insect-loving birds are asleep. Cunning night-jar ! The wonder is not that you have become what you are, but rather that you have been left so long in a possession shared, only by your strange rival, the bat. The world is big enough for both, and the longer you keep the secret between you the better. For

this moth-catching, the same deeply-cut gape is needed as in the case of the swallows.

Various other birds appear, each of which has its little tale to tell. The lark rises from the meadow, and ascends straight up to heaven's gate. His cousin, the titlark, mounts the height of the tree-top, and sails down in a side-long course, singing as he goes. The martin issues from his long tunnel in the sandy bank, and approaches with his jerky flight to join the swallows on the lade. Each form has its own share in this little world of tree, and furze, and stream, and meadow, shut in between the bank behind and the low ridge in front ; its own peculiar haunts and habits. This place was not found out by the present tenants, these habits were not acquired in a day. They are of distant origin, and of slow growth.

The yellowhammer prefers the bare paling for his simple lay, and the turf dyke or grassy bank for his nest. The chaffinch sings and builds within the leafing trees. The greenfinch sits beside the chaffinch, but nests in the bushes underneath. The willow-wren still occupies the same branch on ash or elm, but chooses for its nest a still lowlier site in the grass at the foot of the bush. The air for the swallow, the tree for the chaffinch, the paling for the yite, the bush for the whitethroat, the meadow for the lark, the rush for the sedge-warbler, the boulder in the middle of the stream for the water-ousel.

Therefore a scene so contracted that one could cast a stone from horizon to horizon, little more than a hollow ploughed out at one time by that self-same stream, contains so many different forms, and is so full of interest and delight for all who care for those things.

J. H. CRAWFORD

TABLE TALK.

INFANT MARRIAGES.

THAT infant marriages have been contracted in the case of children of royal descent is generally known. It is one of the innumerable traditions of royalty that nuptial arrangements strengthen alliances and so fortify kingdoms. The idea is, of course, preposterous, and has been shown conclusively to be false a score times. With no country are our domestic relations closer than with Russia. This fact does nothing to bind together the peoples. It did not stop the Crimean War, nor would it prevent the two nations clutching each other by the throat so soon as their interests apparently conflicted or any subject of heart-burning or contention arose between them. Lies, however, which meet with general reception are more potent than unrecognised truths. Those born, accordingly, into the purple of empire recognise the fact that their lives are in a sense their country's, and that state interests are paramount in the question of their marriage. So few persons comparatively are influenced by these conditions, that so long as child marriages were confined to royal houses, it was not worth while dealing with the subject. Not even when the custom of contracting infants was for financial reasons adopted by the wealthy and titled classes did it possess general interest. The joyless and loveless unions which have been recorded seldom achieved the purpose for which they were made. On the other hand, society showed itself indulgent to the aberrations of those who, entangled in unblest nuptials, sought and found distraction or enjoyment in unlicensed unions.

NOT CONFINED TO THE UPPER CLASS.

WITHIN recent years, however, the discovery has been made that, so far from being confined, as had been supposed, to royal or aristocratic houses, infant marriages were in the sixteenth century common in some parts of England among all classes.

Some ten years ago Mr. J. P. Earwaker, a well-known antiquary, drew attention to the records concerning such unions which are preserved in the Chester Diocesan Registry. A collection of depositions in trials in the Bishop's Court, Chester, concerning child marriages, divorces, troth plights, adulteries, affiliations, and other similar matters has now been edited for the Early English Text Society by Dr. Furnivall, and constitutes very startling and suggestive reading.

The volume thus made up is, with characteristic humour (?), dedicated to "The Antiquaries of Chester, in the hope that they will at once hang one of their number, to encourage the rest forthwith to print all the depositions and other valuable material in the Diocesan Library at Chester, which they have so long and so culpably left in MS. only." The preface—or, as Dr. Furnivall elects to call it, forewords—is disfigured by personal and controversial matter, such as the Doctor cannot, for the life of him, leave out; but the substance of the work forms a mine of curious and valuable information concerning social life in England under the Tudors. Dr. Furnivall's zeal in regard to works of this class is wholly disinterested and highly to be commended, and I cannot but hope that other registers will be studied with equally satisfactory results.

MARRIAGES OF CHILDREN IN ARMS.

CHILD marriages are known to have been contracted so early as the age of two to three years, when, of course, the consenting parties (!) are unable even to speak, and have to be carried to church and held up in the arms of relatives or servants. No recollection of the ceremony in some cases prevails, and the boy-husband or girl-wife knows only by hearsay in latter years of the important step that has been taken. In the case of John Somerford, who at the age of fifteen years and upwards seeks to divorce his wife Jane Brerton, otherwise Somerford—Elizabeth Parkinson, of the parish of Asbury, gives evidence that "soon after the said John Somerford was born" he was sent to his nurse. By her he was "nourished a twelf moneth," and after that "the said John was send for homme to his Parentes, and there continued two yeres and a half." The children were then "married together and dwellid together at Brerton the space of x yeres." It is interesting, but not at all surprising, to find that these early nuptials were frequently ruptured or unfulfilled when the parties came to years of discretion. Jane Brerton, or Somerford, thus declares "that she would neuer have the

said John, and the said John is of the same mynd also." Margaret Osboston (born Hothersall), of the age of six or seven, was married to Alexander Osboston. Robert Harrison bears witness that at "the same tyme, *videlicet* at the said marriage, the said Margaret was about the age of vj or vij yeres, as it semed to this deponent, bie reason she was partlie borne in armes and partlie led to Lowe-church, where they were Married bie Sir Thomas French, then Curate there, and after the said Marriage, the said Alexander went to Cuerdon, to his grandmother's, where he dwellid during her lief; and the said Margaret at Hothersall with her father where she dwelt still yet, and hath done sins. And further, he saies, that the said Alexander, after and before he came to thage of xiiij yeres did euer disagre and dissent from the said Marriage; and bie open wordes declared that he wold neuer have the said Margaret to his wief. And also he saies they neuer dwellid together; neither by any other meanes ratified the said mariage."

UNSATISFACTORY RESULTS OF EARLY MARRIAGE.

I N most cases the bride and bridegroom were taken home by their respective parents. In some instances, indeed, they went respectively into domestic service. At times, however, other formalities of marriage were complied with or travestied. John Andrewe, who at the age of about ten was married to Elene Dampart, declares that "the first night they were married they lay both in one bed, but ij of her sisters lay betwene hym and her." Being asked if since he came of age he had ever fancied her, he plaintively, if ungallantly, declared, "No, neither sins nor afore, nor neuer in his hart toke her for his wief; for, at the tyme of their mariage they knew not what they did, or els this respondent wold neuer have had her." Elizabeth Budge deposed that after her marriage with John Budge, aged 11 or 12, the said John would eat no meat at supper. "And whan hit was bed tyme, the said John did wepe to go home with his father, he beyng at that tyme at her brother's house. Yet neuertheles, bie his father's intreating and bie the perswasion of the priest, the said John did comme to bed to the Respondent far in the night, and there lay still, till in the morninge, in suche sort as this deponent might take unkindness with hym, for he lay with his backe toward her all night."

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THE BRONZE AXE.

BY ANNIE ARMITT.

I.

THE FINDING OF THE AXE.

A MONG the neolithic men who inhabited Britain there was one richer than all the rest. He had a bronze axe. He had become possessed of this in a curious manner. One morning, as he dropped through the trap-door of his dwelling into the little canoe moored beneath it, he heard a cry of greeting not unlike the weird sound made by the brown owl. It came shivering across the grey and sunless waters of the lake where he dwelt with his kind. The lake was near the sea-shore ; a low belt of hillocky ground separated it from the marshy land over which the highest tides sometimes flowed. There were several islets in the lake, and on one of them a girl stood, with her hand held to her mouth. It was she who had uttered the cry.

The young man knew who she was. He had befriended her in former days, and afterwards, in spite of a vast difference in their education and social positions, a desultory intercourse had been kept up between the two.

The girl belonged, in fact, to an inferior race. She was a remnant of the river-drift man, of the palæolithic creatures who dwelt in caves among wild beasts, and were in turn devourers and devoured of their unpleasant neighbours. Her name was something like Gwlnythdr. It contained no vowels, pure vowel sounds having been considered effeminate by her forefathers ; their introduction into the language, even by babies learning to speak, had been strenuously resisted.

Linagrat, the young man whom she had hailed, was a very different person. He did not crouch in holes in the earth for protection, or pile branches over him when he could not find a hole handy ; he dwelt in a wooden house constructed on piles ; he possessed rude specimens of pottery, and very elaborate implements of stone. Nor did he, like Gwllythdr and her relatives, dress exclusively in the skins of beasts and a few plaited rushes. He had garments of a rude texture—the wool of sheep, separated from the hide, cleaned and dressed, and afterwards twisted, knotted, and plaited, rather than spun and woven together. He could prepare leather, and he understood the elements of agriculture. He possessed domestic cattle, which were driven nightly along a wooden way to their shelter over the water. He grew a few seed plants in an enclosure on the part of the shore nearest his dwelling. He was, in fact, a man of many possessions, and of advanced knowledge. Nevertheless, he had not as yet seen a bronze axe.

He pushed his canoe towards the girl, and when he reached her she stepped upon it, balancing herself upon the narrow space behind him. The boat was merely a tree trunk, rudely shaped, and hollowed out. It was not intended to hold two, but the girl was light and nimble. She had swum to the island where he found her, and could easily swim again. Her habits were amphibious ; she would as soon wade in shallow water as walk on dry land ; sooner, perhaps, because, in the channels she frequented, she could duck out of sight whenever she wished to escape observation. Her language was very little different from that of Linagrat, but she was sparing of it. She pointed to the east and nodded, " A strange thing. Come and see."

He went where her gestures indicated, until he reached the eastern shore of the mere. There the girl leaped lightly on the ground, and began to walk seaward without giving further information. Linagrat heaved his canoe to his shoulder and followed her. He was sure that she had a reason for what she did.

Presently the two came to a salt-water channel that meandered through half-flooded land to the sea. The tide had been high that night ; drifted weeds lay in brown lines on the scanty marsh grasses. The man and the girl took to the water again and went down the channel. Here was an island higher than the rest, covered with low-growing, wind-distorted vegetation. It was an island that possessed a rock, and under the rock was a hole drier than the surrounding soil. There Gwllythdr had of late chosen to make her home.

She landed here now, and crossed the space to the opposite

shore. Arrived there, she stood still and gazed ; and truly there was a wonderful thing to gaze at. In a small boat made of skins, a boat such as she had never seen before, lay a dead man. His skin was fair, his hair was long and yellow ; a moustache of the same colour covered his upper lip. He wore a garment woven of divers colours, bright to the eye, smooth and soft to the fingers. A strange weapon lay in the boat beside him.

Now Gwlnythdr had never seen a fair-haired man before, nor had Linagrat. She had never seen a man so tall, for he was seven feet high. Both she and her companion were small and dark. She had, in fact, come across the first Celt whom an untoward fate had drifted to the shore of Britain. He was dead now ; he could not tell them where he had started from, nor how the storm or his own error had brought him here. He lay there, rigid and still, in the boat that had certainly not been built for this voyage ; and in his right hand he still grasped a bronze axe.

“What is he?” said the girl, the murmurings of new awe and new suggestion awaking within her. “Is there, then, another country, and men more good to look upon than we are? I knew of beasts, and of men—but this !” It was impossible for her to express the stirring thought within her.

“He is dead ; he can tell us nothing,” said Linagrat.

He stooped and undid the clasp of the dead man’s fingers about the handle of the weapon. He knew its shape well enough ; but of what was it made? He turned it round, felt its edge, and then, with a strange excitement, quite unlike the girl’s, he tried it on the stem of a stunted willow.

“It cuts !” he said. “It is not stone, nor flint, nor bone. It is sharper than one, finer than the other, harder than the third. Now I can begin my new house !”

His swarthy cheek flushed, his dark eye burned. He looked at the girl, with the axe in his hand, as if he and it had become one.

“It shall be,” he said, “the best house on all the mere.”

“And the dead man?” said Gwlnythdr.

“We will take him and his boat and sink them in deep water.”

“Will he not come back for his axe?”

“Nay, he will find plenty with his fellows among the dead, if they are like him. This is the only one I have. You are a good girl, Gwlnythdr. I am sorry you are of those that dwell among the beasts. If it were not so——” He felt the axe again, and his eye grew dreamy. He saw before him visions of enormous advancement.

The girl looked at the dead Celt and at her companion. There were men like that beyond the water, and yet even by such as Linagrat she was despised. But the thought passed ; she looked up to him ; she was grateful to him. She would do what he wished.

Therefore the dead man was bound into his boat, his boat was towed into deeper water, and the whole sunk with heavy stones. Then Gwllythdr went back to her hole, and Linagrat to the mere.

It is a serious thing to be the possessor of unique wealth, and Linagrat was at first inclined to keep his good fortune a secret. He was as yet unmarried, and of a very ambitious turn of mind. He had not hitherto begun to build a separate habitation for himself, because of the great desire that he had to make it better than any that had been built before. He had always wanted to be first among his fellows, and now the opportunity had come to him.

He went to the nearest wood on the mainland, and worked there ; he hewed his timber and fashioned it much faster than any man had been known to do before. The rapidity with which he prepared his materials was, in fact, considered uncanny.

“ He has a weapon that is bewitched,” said one of the young men, “ and no man knows where it came from.”

The elders and those whose trade it was to inquire into mystic things, and to keep at bay the goblins of the elements—always supposed to be at war with human beings, and requiring constant propitiation—called Linagrat to account. He refused, however, to give any explanation of the efficiency of his new weapon—which was unwise of him. He went on with his work quietly.

At last his house was finished. It was, as he said, a better house than any that had been seen before on marsh or mere. Then he sought a wife to occupy it with him. But he was told, when he opened negotiations with the relatives of such maidens as he fancied, that no girl of that village would make her home in a habitation built by the mysterious implement. Must he then dwell alone ? He bethought him of Gwllythdr, who was not likely to be particular, and who had a right to share his good fortune. He had neglected her somewhat of late.

He sought her now on the marshy island where she lived alone. She had originally been one of a large family who inhabited a cave on the mainland. The men of her race, unlike the lake-dwellers, took each only one wife. There was not much room for more in the holes which they occupied in common with their usually large families of scrambling, half-naked, half-amphibious children. Gwllythdr's father had the misfortune to get the worst of an argument

into which he inadvertently fell with a neighbour of his—a savage cave-bear. Her mother speedily married a luckier man. But the luckier man did not care for his wife's first family, and after a time Gwllythdr was turned out to fend for herself. It was at this critical period of her existence that Linagrat came across her and befriended her. She was then half-starving, but she soon learnt to supply herself with a fair amount of food. She was a clever trapper and fisher; she could swim like a duck, and climb like a squirrel; with a sharp piece of stone between her fingers she could burrow like a rabbit. She could sleep huddled together on a tree where the branches made a little platform, or crouched in a hole scratched out of a sandhill, with tolerable comfort. But her favourite habitation was the marshy islet. This was visited neither by wolves, nor bears, nor the wild ox that roamed the woods, nor the fierce boar that sometimes turned to bay there. Her prolonged residence was made manifest by a heap of shells, bones, and feathers near the entrance to her hole. When Linagrat visited her she was neither setting traps, nor wading in the shallows, nor lying flat on her face on the bank, trying to catch something. She was making herself a new skirt of rushes, with sea-gulls' feathers plaited in the edge for a border. She was thinking of Linagrat, and wishing that she did not belong to the cave-people, but had decent clothing of wool or of dressed skins like the girls who dwelt in the wooden lake-houses. Her loneliness, her vanity, her ardent desire to be in touch with the higher civilisation from which she was excluded, had wrought her to this pitch of inventiveness.

“What a queer thing you are making!” said Linagrat, and she flung her work on one side in disappointment, and stood up in her old garments of rush and skin.

“I suppose,” said Linagrat, eyeing her critically, “that you would look better if you had better clothes.”

She reddened as she answered, “I am making better clothes.”

“Oh, those things! I mean like other people's.” The tyranny of conformity is very great among primitive people, and Linagrat could not entirely escape it, though he was of those who lead the new departures.

“That,” he added, “could be managed after.”

“After what?”

“After we are married. My house is ready, and I want a wife.”

“Oh!” This went beyond her highest hopes, but she waited for more.

“The other girls won't come. Will you?”

“Why won't the other girls come?” she asked cautiously.

"They say the axe is uncanny ; you know it isn't."

"It belonged to the dead man," she answered slowly. "I wish you had not taken it. He might come for it."

"Very well," he retorted ; "do as you like. I and the axe can live together." He turned away to his canoe.

"Stop !" she cried. "I never said I would not."

He looked at her, waiting.

"It is a good home, and I am tired of being alone," she said.

"So am I."

"The bears could never get at me there—nor the tide either. Sometimes I think the tide will fill the hole while I am asleep in it."

"You will come, then?"

"Yes, but I will finish my dress first," she answered. Even to her simple mind some form of trousseau seemed of importance.

"They will point at me otherwise," she said ; "the other girls."

"As you will. When shall I come for you?"

"In three days."

He stepped into his canoe ; then, as an afterthought, he turned and tossed a large fish from it to the bank.

"You won't need to catch any more until I come," he said.

Thus the bargain was concluded.

II.

THE HOLDING OF THE AXE.

GWLNYTHDR made at first a very satisfactory wife to Linagrat. She duly arrived in her decorated skirt, and was so much pleased at the evident attention it excited among "the other girls" that she made herself another with a border of shells instead of feathers. She strung them together on rushes, and interlaced them along the edges of a garment that she already possessed. It was a very satisfactory "doing up" of an old skirt, and the jingling it made when she walked gave her a pleasing sense of importance.

She strove hard to be tidy, to cast refuse bones through the trap-door into the lake instead of leaving them to accumulate on the wooden floors, and to use the various utensils for the purposes intended.

She was a capital companion, because she loved to listen, and her husband, who was full of ideas, loved to talk. She did not always understand what he said, but that was of small consequence ;

she applauded none the less readily. Her home was a prosperous one ; she was lifted to a height of luxury of which she had hardly dreamed ; her husband was good-natured ; he did not force her to do all the hard work, as her father had forced her mother, nor did he kick her if she got into his way. She ought to have been supremely happy, and at first, perhaps, she was. The lake-villagers were not cordial, but they did not absolutely refuse to hold communication with her, and if her husband did not find them so socially disposed as aforesaid, he was occupied with his own schemes, and had someone at home to whom he could talk freely. He was satisfied, as many original men are, with successful work and domestic sympathy.

She surprised him one day, however, by asking if it was not time for him to take another wife.

“Why should I?” he said. “You do all that is necessary.”

“But they call you already in the village, ‘The man with one wife!’”

Now this term was synonymous with an accusation of direst poverty. The men in the lake-villages measured their wealth by the number of their cattle and their wives : both depended to a great degree on the size of their house, and Linagrat had the largest of all.

“There is room here for five, for six, for seven wives,” said Gwlnythdr, looking round her proudly. So great, indeed, was the pressure of custom, so heavy the force of public opinion, that this poor creature was ready to resign her present position of sole house-mistress and exclusive possessor of her husband’s affections, only that he might act like other rich men. Her mother had been the sole wife of the man who slept on the ground in a heap of dirty skins when he was not hunting or feeding, and poor Gwlnythdr thought polygamy a sign of advanced civilisation. Did it not at least mean labour shared in cooking and cattle-tending?

The suggestion was unwelcome to Linagrat. He found his present life agreeable enough. Nevertheless, to oblige Gwlnythdr, he made an application to the father of a dark-eyed lass who was known as Treu.

“Give the evil thing up to the mystery-men,” said the man, “and you shall have my daughter to wife.”

“What ! give up the source of my wealth !” cried Linagrat. “Look you, with it I mean to make such palisadings that no beast of the forest, great or small, can break into my seed-land to destroy the grain, as happened twice before. Part with my axe ! Never !”

“Then you cannot have Treu”

Linagrat did not particularly want Treu, but he apologised to Gwlnythdr for the failure of his mission, and went on with his palisading. When it was finished and the beasts fenced out, Gwlnythdr's stepfather, or some other palæolithic man of the district, liked its inside appearance so much that he climbed the barrier and helped himself to what he found desirable. Linagrat thereupon declared war against the whole race to which the thief belonged. He attacked with his bronze axe every adult male of them whom he met, and produced such terror among them all that they picked up their poor possessions of skins and shaped stones, and tramped off through the woods to find some happier spots where their fellow-man was less unfairly equipped. Their departure was a benefit to the whole lake settlement, and, seeing this, Linagrat, who was a man of public spirit, called the elders together, and offered to share his advantages with them. He would, with his bronze axe, help in the labour of clearing and enclosing a piece of land for the common good. The work of chopping with stone and flint had been so tedious that the area of cultivated land had been kept very small. It could be enlarged to the advantage of the whole community, and within the shelter of the high palisades even the women and little children could work with safety.

"The axe is bewitched; we will have none of it," was the answer.

But Linagrat, who had a political instinct and a taste for oratory, was prepared with a reply.

"I found this thing," he said; "another man had made it, a man cleverer than you or I. Why should it be evil? It has come, perhaps, out of the earth, and been prepared in a way we know not. Do not many things come to us from the earth, and all of them good? —the wood that rises from year to year in the trunk of the tree to make the walls of our houses; the seed that hides itself as it climbs the stalks and bursts into bread at the top; the grass that the beasts eat, and so make of themselves flesh for our platters? Yea, and the stones and the flint of which we fashion our hammers and with which we tip our arrows. The beasts can make nothing of these things, but we, who are wiser than they, turn them to service. More than this, is there not the fire hid in the wood that we know how to find, while the birds perish for cold among the branches that hold the secret heat? Yea, and is there not the clay hidden under the turf, soft and dirty? But we have learnt to fashion it with our hands and to heat it with our fires until it is hard and clean; until it will hold for us even the running water. There are men who know not

these secret things, and there are doubtless other secrets which we have not yet discovered ; but the earth and the water hold them ready for us, and this man that was wiser than we are, he had found out some of them."

"Who was this man?"

Then he told the story of the dead Celt, and all looked at the mystery-men to know if it were possible ; but they, who had once been the sacred holders of all knowledge, were now jealous of any knowledge that did not come through themselves.

"It is not true," they said ; "there is no such man in all the earth. Whoever heard of one that had hair yellow like straw?"

"He came from beyond the water."

"He could not come that way. Do we not see the water from the tree-tops as far as the very point from which the sun rises every morning? There it must be boiling hot. No man could live in it for a moment."

But Linagrát asked : "Has it not been said that our forefathers came from over the water long ago, and brought with them all the goodliest things that we now have, and that the cave-dwellers possess not? It may be that beyond the sea there are good things yet to come."

"You speak old lies. Our fathers came out of the ground. Back to the ground they go, and we with them."

"This man came, and where one was there may be others like him."

"It cannot be, or we should have seen them before."

"They have not yet, perchance, found the way. They may come later, and bring with them weapons like this one. Then they will find us ill-prepared, and drive us away before them as we have driven the cave-people. Let us put our wits together, and make the best weapons and boats and defences, and seek, moreover, in the earth if there be any substance like this, with so keen and fine an edge—for somewhere I know the earth holds it."

But the mystery-men said that the axe was bewitched, and came from the evil powers that dwelt in dark places—the goblins that lighted torches at night in the marshes and misled men to their undoing—the ghouls that shouted on the shore when the mist came down to the edge of it and beguiled belated hunters, and especially lost little children, into the woods to be devoured there. Others said that it was made by the ghouls themselves, and hardened with the blood of the infants they had destroyed. So after that the lake-dwellers shunned Linagrát more and more.

In spite of this he prospered. His crops were better than those of other men, and he could help them in a time of dearth. He bore no malice ; he was generous to his fellows ; but still they were not satisfied. Then there came from the north a tribe of men who attacked the village, because they wanted its habitations and its clearings for themselves. Linagrat led the defence. He prepared pitfalls and palisadings on the shore ; he drove concealed stakes into the bottom of the lake to make the water-approach to the habitations more difficult. Then he burst out upon the beleaguering foe at the head of the villagers, whose young men did not refuse to follow him. With his bronze axe fixed at the end of a long pole he scattered death in the ranks of his foes. His weapon was so light and so sharp that it dealt three blows where his followers struck one. His enemies tried in vain to close with him in order to obtain the advantage of their shorter and heavier arms ; his eye was swift to see, his feet nimble to move, and his arm did miracles of agility. The besiegers turned at last and fled, so the lake-village was saved.

“Surely,” he thought, “now they will hear reason.”

But the mystery-men had said the word, and would not unsay it.

“It is the magic of the axe that brought the foes upon us,” they declared, “so that Linagrat might play the hero and become master of us all.”

They seemed to think that the axe was a kind of magnet (not that they knew of such an actual power) that attracted or repulsed peril at the will of its owner.

A child was born to Gwlnythdr. It prospered at first, and the mother was happy ; but whispering words came to her from the meddling gossips on the mere.

“Are you not afraid to let it live in the same house as the axe?”

“How can the axe hurt the child?” she asked.

“Have you not heard that it is fed on the lives of infants? That without new blood it will lose its magic power?”

“It is not true,” said Gwlnythdr ; but she was very ignorant—with such as she a spoken word may set strange thoughts in motion. She watched the axe from day to day with a suspicion that developed into fear.

“It gets dull,” said her husband, feeling its edge. “I must make it sharper.”

He ground it on a stone, but still remained unsatisfied ; he had given the axe rough work to do, and now he was afraid of wearing it away by too much grinding, because there was no other in the land like it. Its material was precious to him.

“You think more of that thing than of wife or child,” said Gwlnythdr pettishly.

“If I did,” he answered her in jest, “would it be strange? There is but one such axe on the whole earth, within my knowledge; but there are many women, many children.”

Her fear and mistrust grew, and one day, mistaking some words that he uttered, she took the child and fled. He returned to the great house to find it empty.

At first Linagrat thought that his enemies had stolen his wife and child; then that they were drowned in the lake; but the neighbours said, “It is the goblin of the axe that has taken them.”

He heeded none of their murmurs until a whisper reached him that his wife was not dead; she had hidden herself with her child in her old dwelling-place.

He sought and found her there. She looked worn and haggard; the baby was ill and wailing. The mother had weaned the child before she left her home, and here on the sea-marsh were neither milk nor bread to be had.

“Why have you done this thing?” asked Linagrat, as he looked at the wretched pair with the wrath of a man who desires to do the best for all things that are his.

“Lest you should take the child’s life to make your axe good again,” she answered; and she told him all her fears.

“Am I a man like that?” he asked her with sorrow. “Have I been such a husband and such a father that you can think this thing of me?”

She hung her head in shame.

“It is you who hurt the child by keeping it here. Bring it back to the house,” he said.

She brought it back, and they dwelt together as before; but not in the same confidence and sympathy.

“Is the axe good again?” asked Gwlnythdr.

And he answered, “It wanted but an edge. It is as it was at first.”

Then she thought, “It is the child’s life that it is eating away, though Linagrat knows it not.”

III.

THE LOSING OF THE AXE.

ONE night, when Gwlnythdr was alone with her child, the trap-door was thrust open suddenly by a blow from beneath. It had been care-

lessly secured, because the times were now peaceful, and no stranger could steer his barque safely among the hidden stakes of the lake. Through the hole in the floor a terrible-looking creature appeared; it had two heads—one like that of a goat, and the other like that of a grey wolf.

“I have come for the axe,” it cried.

“Alas!” Gwlnythdr answered, clasping the child to her in terror, and never doubting that this monster was the axe’s rightful owner and probably the original maker of it; “it is not here, my husband has it with him.”

The creature rose further. With a torch made of the pith of a reed dipped in fat—but Gwlnythdr thought that it was the goblin-fire of the marshes—it threw a wavering light over the place, a dreadful light that flickered and travelled and trembled, and sought out the child where she strove to hide it in her thin cloak. It revealed many other implements in the great living-chamber, but not the axe.

“When I come again, let it be ready,” said the monster, “or I take the child instead.” So it sank through the floor.

Gwlnythdr, with many tears and much trembling, told her husband what had happened. If she could have secured the axe without his knowledge she would gladly have done so, but this she found impossible. Even when he slept the axe was hung within reach of his hand.

“It is the goblin of the axe,” she said, “who must have it again, or the child’s life. Let the dreadful thing go.”

“The goblin shall have the axe,” said Linagrat grimly, “but in a place that he desires not.”

He remained at home and watched night after night, leaving the trap-door always unfastened. He hung the axe now on a place on the wall above it. It was his custom at this time of the year often to spend the night on the marshes, snaring the night-feeding birds that were abundant there. He took pains now to make it seem as if he went away as usual. The axe hung always on the wall. He seemed to have no present use for it.

At last the two-headed creature returned; it thrust out a hairy hand for the axe, but another hand seized the weapon first and swung it high in the air. The monster dropped out of sight through the trap-door.

“The goblin will want his axe no more,” said Linagrat as he shut the door with a low laugh; “nor will the axe pine for a while for the taste of blood.” And he cast himself down to sleep.

In the morning, however, there was great consternation in the

village ; for the chief of the dealers in mystery was found dead, floating in his boat on the lake, half hidden by a pile of strange skins.

“It is the magic of the axe that has brought this trouble upon us,” said the more superstitious ; but Linagrat spoke no word, nor did Gwlnythdr dare to speak.

After that his isolation was more complete, and Gwlnythdr wept in her solitude while she watched her baby pine away.

“Cast away the axe,” she said to her husband ; “it is, perhaps, an evil thing.”

“It has done good and no evil,” he answered.

“It kills my child.”

“It has brought wealth to your child, and will bring more.”

“What is wealth to one that is dead ? Was it any joy to the yellow-haired man in his boat that the axe lay beside him ? It had, perchance, wrought his undoing.”

“You speak idle words. Your child will live to slay his foes with it, as I have slain mine.”

“He will need it then, for the earth will hold no friend of his. Where are your friends or your fellows, you that were the companion of many before this came to you ? What is wealth to a man that sits alone while the rest point at him ? Or a big house that is empty ? The axe must be the child’s playmate if he lives to desire one, for he can find no other. But he will not live. The axe eats away his life.”

Her constant sadness wore upon her husband, and so at last did the unfriendly looks of the people.

“It was an evil day when we found the axe,” said his wife, when he came in once with a gloomy look, and found her absorbed in the child as usual. “There is no joy in your heart nor health for the child while the uncanny thing hangs upon the wall.”

Her tears fell upon her infant’s wan face as she spoke.

“It was an evil day when I took a foolish woman to wife,” he answered in sudden wrath. “How can one stand alone against the unwisdom of all his fellows ? Henceforth you shall have a husband no richer than the rest.”

He took his axe, dropped into his canoe, and called the elders of the place to follow him. Wondering they went, the younger men in their train, until they reached the deep channel where the Celt lay hidden. There Linagrat stood up in his boat.

“Wise man and strong,” he shouted, as he held the axe above his head, “take back your gift ; for a good thing is evil in the hands of fools.”

He swung the weapon and let it go ; it cut more than one shining circle before it touched the grey water ; a hiss, a splash, and the bronze axe was seen no more. He turned and went back to his home.

This was in the morning. In the evening the father of Treu came to him.

“ I will, if you please, now give you my daughter to wife.”

“ Is not one enough—too many ?” he asked bitterly. “ No matter, let her come. Henceforth I live as the people will, and not as my brain tells me.”

He did no wooing, and seemed indifferent to the prospect of a changed home. Gwlnythdr was, however, pleased. Her baby was still ill ; she had no interest in anything but nursing it ; she would be glad of help ; she would be glad, also, of a companion, for her husband was moody and silent. He discoursed to her no more of plans for the future. She therefore set the house in order hastily, and prepared a welcome.

On the third day, the rude rites and primitive bargainings being ended, Treu, as the custom was, was lifted through the trap-door of her home, for it was not considered lucky that a bride should enter by the land. Her husband stood to receive her, the door was shut, and her relatives went away. Henceforth, this was her home, and the man before her was her master. She and Linagrat gazed at one another, and again he wondered why he should have taken a second wife, though this one was comely to look upon.

“ It is a good home,” said Gwlnythdr, coming eagerly forward. “ I think you will like it.” There was something in the new wife’s manner that made her prepare to take the second place at once.

“ Yes, it is a good home.” The dark eyes of the new-comer searched its walls until they came to a wooden peg that was empty.

“ Did the axe hang there ?” she asked her husband.

“ Yes, there.”

“ If you had married me first it would have hung there still.”

He looked at her in surprise, and Gwlnythdr was breathless with astonishment.

“ I asked your father for you long ago.”

“ I am not as my father. You spoke to her,” she just indicated Gwlnythdr with a movement of her shoulder. “ Why could you not speak to *me*, when you first found the axe ? We had been playmates together.”

“ I have been a greater fool than I thought,” answered Linagrat.

“ That may be. If a man wants to move faster than his fellows, marry a wife who is like him.”

Linagrat looked at her still in surprise. This introduction to his new life was not what he had expected, and he did not understand it. Two women to hang over the cooking-pots instead of one, two to chatter foolish words in his ears while he pondered his plans of work—these were all the consequences he had foreseen of his second marriage.

Suddenly Treu smiled, and then her face was very bright and sympathetic.

“The axe is gone,” she said, “but much is left.” She turned to Gwllythdr and added, “Show me your baby.”

The mother held it forward eagerly, and Treu took it into her arms.

“Poor child,” she said softly; “it looks so thin and white, I fear that it must die.”

“It was the axe,” said Gwllythdr, weeping again.

“Nay, my sister, the axe could never have hurt it. It was only those who hated your husband who told you so. You killed the child when you took it to that dreadful place. But, perhaps, even now, we may save it. I will do my best to help you.”

“I wish you had come before,” said Gwllythdr, as she caught the child to her breast again, and fell to crooning over it.

Treu turned once more to Linagrat and spoke.

“I never believed that you would give up the axe. I thought that you were strong.”

“I was alone,” said Linagrat. He read in her eyes that he had been a hero to her, and that she would have helped him before if she had known how.

“You are alone no more.” She smiled again, but more timidly than before, and she put out her hand tentatively. When he took it she found courage to go on.

“When I heard you speak to the men who accused you of holding commerce with the ghouls, I knew that you had two things which they possessed not; one of them you have thrown away—Oh that I had been there to hinder you!—the other you still have.”

“What is that other?”

“Wisdom!” she said softly. “I knew it was yours when you answered your accusers. It is that thought which is not for to-day only or for yesterday, but for to-morrow and the years to come. Did you not look into the very heart of things, and speak from it? But the rest gabbled foolishness.”

“Did you have all these thoughts on that day when no man spoke a word for me?”

“Yea, and more. Therefore, when the axe was gone, I sent my father to you, knowing that he would then come willingly.”

“And now that you are here I am but a poor man like the rest !”

“Not like the rest. The other thing is left. It makes you their leader whether they will or no. None can take this thing from you if you choose to hold it. I have come to help you, to stand by you, lest you should, through weariness, become as the other men are. I am not myself wise, but I have the gift to know wisdom when it is shown to me. And of this I am sure : of such thoughts as yours are shall be made the axes that are to cut down all the trees in the world, and to build all the habitations in it.”

“You have spoken the word wisdom,” he answered, as he stood looking into her eyes and marvelling at their soft brightness ; “it is a word the mystery-men teach us, while they practise only folly. When you speak it I understand what it should be. But there is something else I do not understand. It is the change that has come into my life since you put your hand in mine and said these words.”

“It is perhaps that I have brought you back hope,” she answered.

But it was more than that. The first “marriage of true minds” had begun in that primitive community.

CARLYLE AND TAINÉ
ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IT is beyond doubt or question that the French Revolution is one of the most striking and memorable events in modern history; but, much as has been written about it, numerous as are the sources of evidence, it is nevertheless true that the judgments, even of thinking and of cultured men, are divided upon the questions of the essential character and of the lasting influence of the great convulsion. One school of thought holds the Revolution to have been a very gigantic assertion of liberty, while another school of historians would maintain that the Revolution was but a colossal carnival of crime. The two great champions of these conflicting judgments are Carlyle and Henri Taine; and we may well leave it to such paladins of prowess to fight out the quarrel, as, in three great tragedies, the final issue of the strife is determined by the duel combats of Richard and of Richmond, of Hotspur and of the Prince, of Macbeth and of Macduff. I consider Carlyle to be the greater writer, but hold that Taine is the better historian. If Carlyle had known as much as Taine knew, how different would have been his work; how much truer might have been his view of the Revolution! If Taine had written about Cromwell he would, no doubt, have overlooked many English sources of information; and Carlyle, writing upon a French theme, was unacquainted with many of those invaluable authorities which the profound research of Taine so profusely cites. Setting aside personal and general historical qualities, Taine had, indubitably, a much wider and deeper knowledge of the facts of the Revolution.

Let us see where the great champions differ in their estimates of the soul and essence of the Revolution. It seems convenient to present, in the first place, by brief extracts, Carlyle's philosophy of the great moral and social earthquake. "For ourselves, we answer that French Revolution means here the open, violent Rebellion and Victory of disimprisoned Anarchy against corrupt, worn-out Authority. . . . For as Hierarchies and Dynasties of all kinds, Theocracies, Aristocracies, Autocracies, Strumpetocracies have ruled the world, so it was

appointed, in the decrees of Providence, that this same Victorious Anarchy, Jacobinism, Sansculottism, French Revolution, Horrors of French Revolution, or what else mortals name it, should have its turn. . . . Surely a great Phenomenon: nay, it is a *transcendental* one, overstepping all rules and experience; the crowning Phenomenon of our modern time. . . . Whereby, however, as we often say, shall one unspeakable blessing seem attainable—this, namely, that Man and his Life rest no more on hollowness and a Lie, but on solidity and some kind of truth. Welcome the beggarliest truth, so it *be* one, in exchange for the royallest sham. . . . Sansculottism will burn much; but what is incombustible it will not burn. Fear not Sansculottism; recognise it for what it is—the portentous, inevitable end of much, the miraculous beginning of much. One other thing thou mayest understand of it—that it, too, came from God; for has it not been?” This definition, by the way, would include murder.

In one passage Carlyle expresses an abstract opinion upon the methods of properly conducting a revolution, when revolution is necessary. “On the other hand be this conceded: when thou findest a Lie that is oppressing thee, extinguish it. Lies exist there only to be extinguished: they wait and cry earnestly for extinction. Think well, meanwhile, in what spirit thou wilt do it: not with hatred, with howling, selfish violence; but in clearness of heart, with holy zeal, gently, almost with pity. Thou wouldst not replace such extinct Lie by a new Lie, which a new injustice of thy own were; the parent of still other Lies? whereby the latter end of that business were worse than the beginning.”

It would not seem that the men who shaped and led the French Revolution thought at all with Carlyle. To the terrible disorder in the provinces, in 1789, Carlyle makes but slight and insufficient allusion. We shall have to go to Taine for full and clear information on that branch of the subject. As a proof of Carlyle’s occasional want of knowledge the fact may be cited that he gives Barbaroux as a lover to Madame Roland, whereas Buzot was the lover that she loved. “Patriotism consorts not with thieving and felony,” says Carlyle; but Taine proves clearly that patriotism—as that was understood in the Revolution—was closely allied with thieving and felony, and with even worse things and darker crimes. “No, friends, this Revolution is not of the consolidating kind.” Of the Jacobins’ Club Carlyle says, “This Jacobins’ Club, which at first shone resplendent, and was thought to be a new celestial Sun for enlightening the Nations, had, as things all have, to work through its appointed phases; it burned, unfortunately, more and more

lurid, more sulphurous, distracted—and swam at last through the astonished Heaven, like a Tartarean Portent and lurid-burning Prison of Spirits in Pain.” If a grandiose this is surely a somewhat vague estimate of the terrible Mother Society of the Revolution. Taine will show us the thing more clearly. “A set of mortals has risen who believe that Truth is not a printed Speculation, but a practical Fact ; that Freedom and Brotherhood are possible in this Earth, supposed always to be Belial’s, which the ‘Supreme Quack’ was to inherit !” So says Carlyle ; but the reign of the rulers of the Revolution was not a reign of saints, but a reign of demons. Their truth *was* the truth of Belial ; and their brotherhood was the brotherhood of Cain. The class which was, in essence, the criminal class became the governing class.

Carlyle, in one place, admits that “patriotism is always infested so, with a proportion of mere thieves.” He recognises the fact that Radicalism is closely allied to Rascaldom ; and sees that men may “in confusion, famine, desolation, regret the days that are gone.” “Such is Paris ; the heart of France like to it. Preternatural suspicion, doubt, disquietude, nameless anticipation, from shore to shore.” In September 1792, “Whatsoever is cruel in the panic frenzy of twenty-five million men, whatsoever is great in the simultaneous death-defiance of twenty-five million men stand here in abrupt contrast, near by one another.” Carlyle always assumes, I think too readily, that the twenty-five million, bound in one national impulse, thought, and felt, and wished, and acted together and alike ; whereas it is historically clear that the terrible Jacobin rule was the rule of a base minority, which dominated by terrorism and ruled by crime. If, during the foul reign of Louis XV., there were a general national sentiment in favour of more honest and capable government, the rule of the Jacobins, and the facts of the Revolution, when the Jacobins had established the Terror, were the product and the portent of the despotism of a minority of the vilest and the vulgarest ; of men for whom murder had become a sport and blood a jest ; of men who could entertain and put into practice the grandiose conception of rivalling the St. Bartholomew butchery. Danton’s hundred hours of the long agony of the September massacres (September 2–6, 1792) Carlyle calls “Wild Justice.” Surely, in the name of humanity, the name of Justice should not thus be taken in vain. Surely the tone and spirit of Carlyle’s philosophy are too apologetic for such a bloody saturnalia of cruelty and of crime. However, Taine will show us presently that Carlyle was not fully acquainted with the details of this colossal act of murder.

During all its course the Revolution had omitted to do away with scarcity and hunger ; and those of the people that were not in Jacobin pay were suffering cruel want. Carlyle, when narrating the atrocities carried out by Collot d'Herbois, at Lyons, speaking specially of the slaughter, by shooting (assisted by bayonet and spade), of two hundred and ten victims, tells us that "it becomes a butchery too horrible for speech," and adds, "Such is the vengeance of an enraged republic. Surely this, according to Barrère's phrase, is justice under rough forms ('sous des formes acerbes')." Again, as in the case of the September massacres, the misuse of the word "justice" in connection with such horrors revolts the conscience and the judgment. Carlyle, however, admits that "one begins to be sick of death vomited in great floods." But for his theories, but for the absence of more knowledge, the human heart of him would have been yet more revolted by the wholesale slaughter of so many and such innocent victims. The *noyades*, fusillading, guillotining of Carrier at Nantes, his "republican marriages" even, do not, I think, stir in Carlyle sufficient indignation. He says, in accordance with his theory, "Indeed, all men are rabid, as the time is ;" and thus he seeks to explain inhuman cruelties. "But the Fact, let all men observe, is a genuine and sincere one ; the sincerest of Facts ; terrible in its sincerity, as very Death." Murder is a fact, which includes certainly "very Death ;" but victorious "Liberty" scarcely needs to cause so much suffering or to pour forth such rivers of blood. The theories which Carlyle, basing them upon his preconceived ideas, evolved out of the Revolution somewhat obscured his judgment, and certainly deadened his great warm heart. His feeling was, doubtless, nobler than his philosophy. Unnaturally harsh seems Carlyle's view of the piteous and degraded end of the unhappy young Dauphin.

And so "rigour grows, stiffens into horrid tyranny," until "the nation has tried sansculottism and is weary of it." "The French people risen against Tyrants." It is a loud-sounding phrase, but it is very certain that not all the tyranny of all the kings or governments since the days of Pharamond has even remotely equalled the tyranny of the Terror. Monarchs had never been so unjust or so inhuman. Liberty had been greater ; happiness had been more ; life had been safer and property more secure ; and never had any time been stained so darkly by such floods of innocent blood, or by so many murders so pitilessly committed. Of the sorrows and sufferings, of the misery and torture caused by and in the French Revolution no tongue or pen can adequately speak. The sacred

name of Liberty was degraded to the gory gutter, flowing beneath a red and blood-stained scaffold. The crimes, cruelties, oppression committed by the long line of monarchs pale before the horrors committed by the Jacobins in a time so short though so intense.

In considering the conflicting views of the two great authorities I have given precedence to our own great writer ; and have essayed to present fairly his leading ideas about the Revolution ; and now we turn to consider the doctrines of the eminent French author, whose profound and extensive knowledge of facts renders him invaluable to students and to thinkers. If Taine had written before Carlyle, then Carlyle's work would probably have been different in tone, and would certainly have been based upon fuller knowledge. Unless you can confute Taine's statement of facts, you must of necessity adopt his conclusions. Let us begin by citing some of Taine's leading ideas.

After an appalling picture of the men who really ruled, Taine says, "Tel est le peuple politique qui, à partir des derniers mois de 1792, règne sur Paris, et, à travers Paris, sur la France, cinq mille brutes ou vauriens avec deux mille drôlesses." The Palais Royal harboured "toute cette population sans racines qui flotte dans une grande ville, et qui, n'ayant ni métier, ni ménage, ne vit que pour la curiosité ou pour le plaisir, habitués des cafés, coureurs de tripots, aventuriers et déclassés, enfants perdus, ou surnuméraires de la littérature, de l'art et du barreau, clerks de procureur, étudiants des écoles, badauds, flâneurs, étrangers et habitants d'hôtels garnis ; on dit que ceux-ci sont quarante mille à Paris." The contingent thus depicted formed by no means the worst class of those who adopted politics as a pursuit during the Revolution. The Jacobin rule meant wild anarchy tempered by frantic despotism. The Jacobin conquest of France had extended, in April 1792, wholly over more than twenty departments, and partially over the other sixty. "D'un côté sont les déclassés de tout état, les dissipateurs qui, ayant consumé leur patrimoine, ne peuvent souffrir ceux qui en ont un, les hommes de néant à qui le désordre ouvre la porte de la richesse et des emplois publics, les envieux, les ingrats qu'un jour de révolution acquitte envers leurs bienfaiteurs ; les têtes ardentes, les novateurs enthousiastes qui prêchent la raison le poignard à la main, les indigents, la plèbe brute et misérable qui, avec une idée principale d'anarchie, un exemple d'impunité, le silence des lois et du fer, est excitée à tout oser. . . . Ce n'est pas un gouvernement qui tombe pour faire place à un autre, c'est tout gouvernement qui cesse pour faire place au despotisme intermittent des pelotons que l'enthousiasme, la crédulité, la misère et la crainte lanceront à l'aveugle et en avant." We are

already arriving at some of Taine's views. The term "Terror" is very commonly applied to the fourteen months which ended on 10 Thermidor ; but the Terror really began, as Malouet points out, in 1789. The worthy man, the honest citizen, was already subjected to terrible tyranny and to saddest sufferings. Throughout the provinces "les crimes en tout genre se multiplient," and there are no means for punishing or restraining them. "Il existe une insubordination générale dans les provinces, parce qu'elles ne sentent plus le frein du pouvoir exécutif. . . . Les intendants ont disparu, les tribunaux sont muets, les soldats sont contre le pouvoir exécutif et pour le peuple." The virtuous if ineffectual Roland during his ministry received sheaves of reports of infamies perpetrated in the provinces, and did—perhaps could do—nothing. These sad reports were looked through by brighter eyes than those of the poor pedantic minister. Madame Roland had written, "Je ne vois dans le monde de rôle qui me convienne que celui de Providence;" but when she had to rule, it became abundantly clear that she had not been cast for the part to which her vanity aspired. In France there was then no law, no order, no police, no authority on the side of right. Insolence, arrogance, brutality, led to pillage, spoliation, cruelties, and massacres ; and Jacobin murder was even wanton. The mother society, and its branches, "dispose à son gré des biens, de la vie et de la conscience de tous les Français." There was no cohesion among good citizens, who, in many cases widely dispersed, could not combine for defence. The majority was terrorised by the ruthless minority, composed of the Jacobin and the criminal classes. Political brigandage dominated and intimidated unhappy France ; and the true patriot—not the professional one—could only sigh for even the bad days that were no more. The rulers of the Revolution were more fiends than men.

Taine gives a full and vivid account of the horrors of the time. His narrative is, of course, too long to be recounted here ; but every student who desires to comprehend the French Revolution must study Taine. An Englishman would have to live for years in Paris, and must have access to the best sources, before he could learn so much as Taine knows.

Take one instance of Revolutionary fervour. The mayor of Troyes was one Huez, a venerable magistrate, of high integrity, and a constant benefactor of the public and the poor. By his will he had left 18,000 livres to the indigent, and he had, the day before his murder, given a hundred crowns to the local *bureau de charité*. The human beast, in its blind ferocity, wanted a Revolutionary mayor,

one Truelle ; and, crying out “Mort au maire !” fell upon the aged worthy, covered him with kicks and blows, and threw him down the staircase. A woman, in a transport of liberal feeling, jumped upon the victim’s face, and repeatedly plunged her scissors into the eyes of the still living man. A cord round his neck, Huez was dragged through the street, and through the gutter, before his agonies finished. At Caen the populace assassinated Major de Belsunce, also a good and beneficent man, in a like way ; and another liberal-minded woman ate the heart of the murdered man. These Jacobin playfulnesses were scarcely the result of “suspicion,” whether “preternatural” or other : they were the deeds of men and women who were elevated to “the height of the Revolution.” One fancied behind them the grin of Mephisto, operating, not against the peace and life of an innocent young girl, but acting merrily *en gros*. *L’ouragan d’insurrection* was a squalid *inferno* of lewdness, robbery, and blood. The situation was severely tragic ; “car c’est la guerre en pleine paix, la guerre de la multitude brutale et ensauvagée contre l’élite cultivée, aimable, confiante, qui ne s’attendait à rien de pareil, qui ne songe pas même à se défendre et à qui manque toute protection.”

“Une insurrection contre la propriété n’a pas des limites,” says Taine ; and he gives pregnant illustrations of his doctrine. In the Franche-Comté forty châteaux, or seignorial mansions, were pillaged or burnt ; at Langres three out of every five châteaux were devastated ; in le Dauphiné twenty-seven were burnt or destroyed ; in the little Viennois five were ruined, and all monasteries sacked. Nine were destroyed in Auvergne, and seventy-two in le Mâconnais and le Beaujolais, and this without counting Alsace. Lally Tollendal presented in the tribune letters of desolation, which described the burning, demolition, pillage of thirty-six châteaux in one province, and gave accounts of worse injuries to the person. In Languedoc M. de Barry was cut in pieces before the eyes of his wife, who was about to be confined, and who perished of the horror. In Normandy a paralysed gentleman was exposed upon a *bûcher* and his hands burnt off. In the Franche-Comté Mme. de Bathilly was forced, with a hatchet laid upon her head, to give up her title deeds and her land. Mme. de Listenay, with her two daughters fainting at her feet, was compelled to a similar surrender by means of a fork pressed against her neck. Le Comte de Montjustin and his wife, “ayant pendant trois heures le pistolet sur la gorge,” were dragged from their carriage and thrown into a pond. Le Baron de Montjustin, one of the two-and-twenty popular gentlemen of his district, was suspended for an hour in a well, while the *canaille* debated loudly whether they should let him fall in or

reserve him to perish by another form of death. Le Chevalier d'Ambly was torn from his château, dragged naked through the village, and exposed upon a dunghill while his eyebrows and his hair were torn out, the virtuous people dancing round the victim. "Invasion barbare, qui achèvera par la terreur ce qu'elle a commencé par la violence, et qui aboutit par la conquête à l'expropriation de toute une classe;" and this was a revolution which professed to substitute liberty for tyranny.

The *déclassés de tout ordre* excluded the better classes from all rights of man, and wild beasts destroyed ferociously unarmed men.

In Paris disorder deepened and terror increased. The *carte de civisme* became a necessary safeguard, and could only be acquired by acquiescence at least, if not active participation in, all Jacobin doctrines and deeds. Denunciations became frequent, and denunciation meant death. Men were suspected of being suspect. Domiciliary visits meant deadly danger, and were always attended by spoliation. Emigration began, increased by the fact that the Parisian who was *suspect* could not fly for refuge to the provinces, which refused to receive him. The minority of crime became the truculent ruler of oppressed France. Men were put to death wholesale, merely because, politically, they did not lend active support to the Jacobin faction; and honest men were pillaged in order to supply the needs or pleasures of the Jacobin criminal *canaille*.

The Assembly itself became a disorderly *cohue*, a mockery of a deliberative parliament. Said Mirabeau, "notre nation de singes à larynx de perroquets." It was dominated by *femmes du trottoir*, by *filles de la rue racolées et commandées*, who clap their hands and add their shrill cries to the universal tumult. The audience can be depended upon, because it, and even the women who crowd the galleries, are paid. *Enthousiasme et brouhaha*; noise always. A burlesque upon a Chamber, admirably painted by Taine in his "L'Assemblée Constituante et son Œuvre." It was an instance of anarchy complicated with despotism. Meanwhile, as security ceases and property disappears, work is wanting. There is next to no bread, and there is no money with which to buy bread. The Jacobin populace may benefit by the Revolution; but the honest working man and the tradesman are being ruined. The people, in the right sense of the word, are sorely injured; but the wicked exist by pillage. Taine says again, "Considérez les principaux les plus populaires . . . nulle idée politique dans leurs têtes novices ou creuses; nulle compétence, nulle expérience pratique." They take the *contrat social* for an evangel. "A mes principes," writes Desmoulins, 's'est joint

le plaisir de me mettre à ma place, de montrer ma force à ceux qui m'avaient méprisé ; de rebaisser à mon niveau ceux que la fortune avait placés au-dessus de moi. Ma devise est celle des honnêtes gens : Point de supérieur.'” So speaks the *procureur-général de la lanterne*. “Sous le grand nom de liberté c'est ainsi que chaque vanité cherche sa vengeance et sa pâture.” Desmoulins and Loustalot were poor and ambitious ; “Danton, autre avocat du second ordre, sorti d'une bicoque de Champagne, ayant emprunté pour payer sa charge, et dont le ménage gêné ne se soutient qu'au moyen d'un louis donné chaque semaine par le beau-père limonadier ; Brissot, bohème ambulante ; Marat enfin, écrivain sifflé, savant manqué, philosophe avorté, falsificateur de ses propres expériences, pris par le physicien Charles en flagrant délit de tricherie scientifique.” Marat had been under-veterinary surgeon in the stables of the Comte d'Artois. “Danton, président des Cordeliers, peut dans son district faire arrêter qui bon lui semble, et la violence de ses motions, le tonnerre de sa voix, lui donnent, en attendant mieux, le gouvernement de son quartier. Un mot de Marat vient de faire massacrer à Caen le major de Belsunce. ‘Peuple, c'est-à-dire vous, les gens de la rue qui m'écoutez, vous avez des ennemis, la cour et les aristocrates. Mettez la main, une main rude, sur vos ennemis, pour les pendre.’” Such were the injunctions of leaders in the earlier days of the Revolution.

“Le peuple est le souverain ; et les passions populaires la seule force effective.” Such is the new dogma. “Sur leurs maximes de liberté universelle et parfaite ils aient installé un despotisme digne du Dahomey, un tribunal pareil à celui de l'Inquisition.” The Revolutionary is the tyrant. Under the new *régime* “les places n'ont point été données à la capacité, à l'expérience, mais à la suffisance, à l'intrigue et à l'exagération. Ce sont là nos Jacobins,” and Taine knows and draws them well. “Jamais on n'a tant parlé pour si peu dire.”

Robespierre had, says Taine, “une perfection de stérilité intellectuelle qui n'a pas été surpassée.” Any member *de ce souverain despotique* may say, “Ainsi, quelles que soient ma condition, mon incompetence, mon ignorance, j'ai plein pouvoir sur les biens, les vies, les consciences de vingt-six millions de Français, et, pour ma quote-part, je suis czar et pape.” Carlyle has scarcely recognised this important fact. The five or six thousand Jacobins of Paris were the corrupt and bloodthirsty despots of “liberty.” Womanhood was degradingly unsexed by the Revolution. Consider only such women as Théroigne, Rose Lacombe, and the *tricoteuses* of the

Convention. The Revolution fomented and developed "les traîneurs de rue, tant de vagabonds rebelles à la subordination et au travail qui, au milieu de la civilisation, gardent les instincts de la vie sauvage, et allèguent la souveraineté du peuple pour assouvir leurs appétits natifs de licence, de paresse et de férocité. Tremble, meurs, on pense comme moi !" is the watchword of the ruffians of the Revolution.

France was dominated, terrorised, oppressed from the Rue St. Honoré, and by the faction which ruled there. The Jacobin Club established branch clubs throughout the kingdom, and these branches obeyed the *mot d'ordre* which emanated from Paris. They were armed with the guillotine, the fusil, the *noyade*; and the whole formed a vast engine, which acted under one impulse and obeyed the Jacobin minority. One of the cardinal differences between Carlyle and Taine is that Carlyle always assumes the deeds of revolution to have been the action of the totality of the French people, whereas Taine knows and shows that those gruesome excesses and infra-human crimes were the product only of the Jacobin minority. We may let Taine speak very often for himself, because he is not nearly so well known in England as he ought to be. The reader of Carlyle, who knows no more of the Revolution than Carlyle can teach him, will very probably incline to Carlyle's philosophy. The reader who knows what Taine can teach him—and he cannot well know more—will possibly agree with Taine's conclusions. The chiefs of the Jacobins were men as intellectually despicable as they were mere butchers and fiends. No leader of the Revolution (except, perhaps, Mirabeau) was mentally or morally a man of mark. Measureless scoundrelism and mental insufficiency were pressed upwards to the top of affairs.

Taine presents us with a picture, complete as vivid, of the essence of the Revolution. Carrier said significantly, "Nous ferons un cimetière de la France, plutôt que de ne pas la régénérer à notre manière," and the view which he held was that of the true Jacobin. Jean Bon Saint-André declares that "pour établir solidement la république en France il fallait réduire la population de plus de moitié." Guffroy declared in his journal that it would be necessary, in the interest of the Revolution, to reduce France to a country of five millions of inhabitants.

"Ainsi, sous le régime de la liberté la plus sublimée, en présence de cette fameuse déclaration des droits de l'homme qui légitime tout ce que la loi n'a put défendre, et pose l'égalité comme le principe de la constitution française, quiconque n'est pas Jacobin

est exclu du droit commun." Honest citizens were in a pitiable position. Gentlemen and officers, and men of any property, were massacred in the street. "Les Jacobins n'ont qu'à menacer." In 1791 there were "autant de vols que de quarts d'heure et point de voleurs punis ; nulle police ; des tribunaux surchargés . . . presque tous les hôtels fermés ; la consommation annuelle diminuée de 250 millions dans le seul faubourg Saint-Germain . . . nulle sûreté pour les biens, les vies, les consciences." The majority of citizens were deprived of their religion and shut out from voting. Terror and tyranny raged in the provinces as well as in Paris, and the horrible details are to be found in Taine's "Première Étape de la Conquête." The brigands composed an army, like those of Tilly, of Wallenstein ; an army paid by pillage ; "vraie Sodome errante et dont l'ancienne eût eu horreur. . . . Avec des complications de lubricité inénarrables le massacre se développe." The Jacquerie was an orgie of fiends.

"Si le roi eût voulu combattre" (on August 10) "il pouvait encore se défendre, se sauver et même vaincre." On this point we have the invaluable testimony of Napoleon Buonaparte, who says, "Le château" (the Tuileries) "était attaqué par la plus vile canaille . . . la première décharge eût dispersé des combattants de cette espèce. La plus grande partie de la garde nationale se montra pour le roi." Danton said, "J'avais préparé le 10 août," and he caused brave Mandat to be murdered.

The Queen had remitted to Danton 50,000 écus just before that terrible day, and the Court had had Danton in pay for two years ; but, by a double infidelity, he took the money of the King and used it to promote the *émeute*. "De Sades, qui a pratiqué 'Justine' avant de l'écrire, et que la révolution a fait sortir de la Bastille, est secrétaire de la section de la place Vendôme." Marat was demanding the murder of 260,000 men. In the "Seconde Étape de la Conquête" Taine explains the composition of the Revolutionary *sans-culottes*. "Aventuriers, malfaiteurs, gens tarés ou déclassés, hommes perdus de dettes et d'honneur, vagabonds, déserteurs et soudards, tous les ennemis nés du travail, de la subordination et de la loi se liguent pour franchir ensemble les barrières vermoulues qui retiennent encore la foule moutonnière, et comme ils n'ont pas de scrupules ils tuent à tout propos. Sur ce fondement s'établit leur autorité : à leur tour ils règnent, chacun dans son canton, et leur gouvernement, aussi brut que leur nature, se compose de vols et de meurtres : on ne peut attendre autre chose de barbares et de brigands." We do not find that Carlyle had any such insight into the forces that worked revolution, or into the characters of the men, as contemptible as evil, who

caused that great paralytic suspension of humanity. It may, I think, be fairly asserted that no man can have a thorough knowledge of the Revolution unless he shall have read Taine's great work. The French historian supports his contentions by ample detail ; and yet detail is always used in elucidation of principles. It is noteworthy that Taine never enters the dungeon or mounts the scaffold. He abstains from details of executions, and does not chronicle those sad hours that were the last hours of so many, many unhappy victims of the ruthless Terror. He does not come much into contact with Fouquier-Tinville, or Sanson, and never rides in a tumbril. His mental chastity shrinks, whenever possible, from contact with blood.

At the time to which we have now approached "Danton conduit tout ; Robespierre est son mannequin ; Marat tient sa torche." Danton, by the way, was the only member of the Convention who was also minister. Danton designed and organised the hellish massacres of September. He explained that "c'est moi qui l'a fait. On sait que je ne recule pas devant le crime quand il est nécessaire, mais je le dédaigne quand il est inutile. De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace ! Nous ne pouvons gouverner qu'en faisant peur. Les républicains sont une minorité infinie . . . le reste de la France est attaché à la royauté. Il faut faire peur aux royalistes !" The paid and selected butchers of the prisons were 300 in number—20 to each prison. They were paid 6 francs a day, with tools, food, and drink found, and had all the privileges which belonged to patriots. The populace was at once *souverain et bourreau*. Marat was, of course, heartily with Danton in connection with prison murders. I found, when visiting the Conciergerie, that the numbers of the victims are not dependably recorded ; and no one can know now how many were slaughtered in this way.

Restricted by want of space, I can only touch lightly upon a few points of highest interest and deepest meaning out of the full image revealed by the clear search-light of Taine's ardent and conscientious labour. I must refer readers to the great work itself. Contrast the styles of the two great writers. It is of interest to compare the white heat of Taine with the ruddy flame of Carlyle. How much larger and fuller are the analysis and the narrative presented by Taine's exhaustive knowledge when we place them side by side with the comparative ignorance of our own great writer ! Taine is an exceptional Frenchman.

Taine's estimate of the Revolutionary minority is graphic as true. "Portée au pouvoir par la force brutale, elle périt si elle ne s'y maintient, et elle ne peut s'y maintenir que par la terreur." Had France

been unanimous in the Revolution, the many atrocities, by means of which villains ruled and ruined the people, might have been escaped. The “sans-culotte faction règnent dans une capitale de 700,000 âmes par la grâce de huit ou dix mille fanatiques et coupe-jarrets,” and that which is true of Paris applies also to the provinces. Terror is the means by which the minority triumphed, “et, comme ils ont fait main basse sur le pouvoir, ils font main basse sur l’argent.” In one house they stole to the value of 340,000 écus. The monthly cost of supporting the Revolution in Paris was 850,000 francs, “c’est-à-dire pour payer leurs bandes. Danton, puisant à millions dans le trésor public,” threw great sums to his dogs of the Cordeliers and of the Commune. Danton, who began life with almost nothing, left, at his death, 85,000 francs “en biens nationaux achetés en 1791.” Robespierre, with his glutinous slime of subtlety, “qui pousse les autres sans s’engager, ne signe rien, ne donne point d’ordres ;” lets himself be satisfactorily paid, not with money, but with blood and power, and with the joy of killing his rivals and his enemies. The impotent Roland was minister during the massacres in the prisons. We find the revolting details of the September massacres, which lasted for six days and five nights, too horrible to be transcribed ; but the reader will find all the facts in Taine’s “Seconde Étape de la Conquête.” As for those who do not belong to the Jacobin faction, “tout ce qui n’est pas elle ne vit que sous son bon plaisir, au jour le jour, et par grâce.” It was surely well worth while to destroy the tyranny of the old *régime* in order to replace it by such noble and perfect “liberty”! Madame Roland, in the early days, demanded only two illustrious heads—but her ideal was outstripped.

“Dans ce grand naufrage de la raison et de la probité qu’on appelle la révolution jacobine . . . il ne reste de femmes patriotes que les dernières de la dernière classe.” But “huit mille hommes touchent chacun 42 sous par jour à ne rien faire.” Labour has been neglected in favour of Jacobin “politics.” Spoliation goes on with active brutality, and the owner of the pillaged house is “trop heureux quand sa femme et ses filles ne sont pas outragées devant lui.” Of the manners and appearance of the true “Liberal” of that day—1792—Taine gives lively and pleasing sketches. “Ceux qui ne pensent pas comme nous seront assassinés, et nous aurons leur or, leurs bijoux, leurs portefeuilles.” The rule of the “gouvernement d’inquisiteurs et des bourreaux” continued its monstrous course. *Visites domiciliaires* became a standing curse, and the law of the *suspect* increased its terrible activity. The bandits attempted to renew the massacres in the prisons. *Cartes de civisme* were indispensable to

the security of life, and could only be purchased by full adhesion to the Jacobin miscreants. Conspiracies in the prisons became a pretext which overfed the guillotine with crowds of victims. Life was wholly unsafe, and, if retained, was to honesty almost unendurable. Carlyle attributes the horrors and the excesses of the hideous Revolution to an incalculable force developed in a distracted but united nation. Taine holds that they are to be ascribed to a very comprehensible exercise of godless ferocity on the part of a criminal faction, which could only exist by terrorising the honest majority of citizens. Carlyle seems to argue that the execution of the King was quite inevitable, a thing about which all Frenchmen were virtually agreed. "But, on the whole, let no man conceive it possible that Louis is not guilty."

We must believe that Carlyle was imperfectly informed, and incline to the view of Taine, to the effect that, if the French people could have been honestly polled, the majority were royalists, and would have saved both King and monarchy. Carnot voted for death, but records that "Louis XVI eût été sauvé si la Convention n'eût pas délibéré sous les poignards." St. Just, now rising into hateful notice, was author of "un poème ordurier d'après la 'Pucelle,'" and had made his *début* in life by *vol domestique*. Henriot and many other of the Jacobin leaders had been guilty of theft before they took to politics. Says Taine, "Je ne crois pas qu'en aucun pays ni en aucun siècle on ait vu un tel contraste entre une nation et ses gouvernants." Carlyle would hold that the Government was the nation. "Pour composer le parti, il n'y a plus guère, en juin 1793, que les ouvriers instables, les vagabonds de la ville et de la campagne, les habitués d'hôpital, les souillons de mauvais lieu, la populace dégradée et dangereuse, les déclassés, les pervertis, les dévergondés, les détraqués de toute espèce, et à Paris, d'où ils commandent au reste de la France, leur troupe, une minorité infinie, se recrute justement dans ce rebut humain qui infeste les capitales, dans la canaille épileptique et scrofuleuse qui, héritière d'un sang vicié et avariée encore par sa propre inconduite, importe dans la civilisation les dégénérescences, l'imbécillité, les affolements de son tempérament délabré, de ses instincts rétrogrades et de son cerveau mal construit." Taine's view differs in very essence from that of Carlyle, and I believe that the French writer knew much, much more.

The time was shortly to come—it had not quite come yet—when the main question of the Revolution would be whether Robespierre, the *scélérat* who outlasted the others, could maintain supreme power. After the decree of the 23rd Prairial he succeeded to the full *rôle* of

Marat, and put to death, without remorse or hesitation, all rivals, and all enemies, and all "aristocrats." With Robespierre fell the Revolution. When gas superseded oil an old lady asked "what was to become of the poor whales."

Of the occurrences at Bordeaux, Marseilles, Arles, Lyons, Toulon we have no space to speak, but Taine tells of them all. The Jacobin Terror lasted virtually from May 1, 1789, until June 2, 1793; and history, with the exception of the intense but short time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, cannot find a parallel to this period of brutality and blood, of which "Le Gouvernement Révolutionnaire" of Taine contains the full and living record.

The Jacobins ordained many of the worst regulations of Socialism. They rendered marriage *fragile et précaire*; they wholly abolished *la puissance paternelle*, and increased the number of foundlings in a year to 63,000. The final and definite object of the Revolution was "la dictature de la minorité violente." The policy of Danton was "un despotisme institué par la conquête et maintenu par la crainte, le despotisme de la plèbe jacobine et parisienne, voilà son but et ses moyens." Danton admits, "J'ai fait instituer le tribunal révolutionnaire; j'en demande pardon à Dieu et aux hommes. Dans les révolutions l'autorité reste aux plus scélérats." The last "authority" of the Revolution was Robespierre, whose feline, unvirile nature combined the heartlessness of the barren *doctrinaire* with the cruelty of the coward. Taine gives a fine and true portrait of that Titan of crime, the demagogue Danton; who was yet better than Robespierre.

Duplay, with whom Robespierre lived, in the Rue St. Honoré, was a permanent jurymen of the Revolutionary tribunal, at a wage of eighteen francs a day, and collaborated with his patron. Robespierre had, at his own dwelling, frequent conferences "avec les présidents du tribunal révolutionnaire, sur lequel son influence s'exerçait plus que jamais." The law of Prairial put all lives at his disposal. "Il expédie sur-le-champ l'arrêté qui suppose des conspirations parmi les détenus et qui, instituant les moutons ou dénonciateurs subornés, va fabriquer les grandes fournées de la guillotine, afin de purger et déblayer les prisons en un instant." Suspicion had attained such demoniac proportions that "on faisait guillotiner son voisin pour que le voisin ne vous fit pas guillotiner vous-même. Impossible de compter sur sa vie et sur la vie de personne pour vingt-quatre heures." So far has "liberty" advanced. St. Just, *furieux avec calcul*, is the pupil and disciple of the master with whom he will fall. In "Les Gouvernements" Taine shows the power, and the terrible use made of it, of the representatives of the *canaille régnante*. Carrier

pressed to spare some "aristocrates" who had given themselves up, replied, "Voulez-vous que je me fasse guillotiner ? J'ai des ordres, il faut que je les suive. Je ne veux pas me faire couper la tête." The "representatives" were worthy of the confidence reposed in them. "Souvent la guillotine, à laquelle il fournit des têtes, travaille sous ses fenêtres." The principle which actuated these Revolutionary proconsuls was, "J'ai peur, et je fais peur." The provincial tyranny and carnage of Jacobinism forms one of the most revolting and terrible chapters in the story even of the Revolution ; and Taine teaches us all that can be known about it.

The treatment of women by these demons was of disgusting brutality. Of Vacheron it is recorded that he was the representative "qui viole les femmes et les fusille quand elles refusent de se laisser violer." Dartigoyte, in the theatre, *vomit toute espèce d'obscénités*, and finishes by exhibiting himself entirely naked, between the acts, to the female spectators. He earned the title of *le gorille féroce et lubrique*. The recruits, as they travelled to join the armies, traced their course through the land by rapine and by rape. "Laplanche invitait les filles à l'abandon d'elles-mêmes et à l'oubli de la pudeur." Lebon met a lady and a young girl with a book in her hand. The work was "Clarissa Harlowe," and the girl hoped that that would not be *suspect*. "Lebon la renverse d'un coup de poing dans l'estomac, fait fouiller les deux femmes et de sa personne les conduit au poste." Taine shows us how the Jacobin leaders who survived the 10 Thermidor had accumulated enormous fortunes. Tallien, Javogues, Rovère (who for 80,000 francs in *assignats* acquired a territory worth 500,000 francs), Fouché, Barras, André Dumont, Merlin, De Thionville, Laporte, Salicetti, Rewbell, Rousselin, Châteauneuf-Randon, and others are specimens of money-making Revolutionaries. The apathy of the people towards the Revolution is a frequent subject of Jacobin complaint. "Le laboureur est estimable," reports a representative, "mais il est fort mauvais patriote en général." The administration, "déjà deux fois plus nombreuse et deux fois plus coûteuse que sous l'ancien régime," was remarkable for its inefficiency. Terrorists and inquisitors are useless for all purposes of good or honest government. Places were only given to enraged Jacobins.

Fouquier-Tinville was not above a bribe. If a lump sum were paid him he took it and let the person be guillotined ; but he saved Mesdames de Boufflers, who paid him 1,000 crowns a month. "Ayant le droit de disposer arbitrairement des futurs, des libertés et des vies, ils peuvent en trafiquer."

All honest property became the "patrimony" *des sans-culottes*.

The system was "à vendre la justice, à faire un commerce de dénonciations, à tenir sous le séquestre au moins 4,000 ménages. Ils ne se disent patriotes que pour égorger leurs frères et acquérir des richesses." Two Revolutionary corps, the "Hussards Américains" and the "Légion Germanique," were very active in human butchery. They worked by shooting and by *noyades*. Women who served the pleasure of these assassins were sometimes saved from the *noyades*; but many women were driven mad by brutal treatment. A witness says that he saw a hedge of the corpses of seventy-five women, all naked and lying on their backs. These paid zealots of murder shot batches of twenty-five at a time; and these *philosophes humanitaires* put to death young girls and boys, and even children of six years old. "On calcule qu'au sortir de la Terreur la liste totale des fugitifs et des bannis contenait plus de 150,000 noms. Dans Paris 36 vastes prisons et 96 violons, ou geôles provisoires, que remplissent incessamment les comités révolutionnaires, ne suffisent pas au service." In France there were more than 40,000 *geôles provisoires* and 1,200 prisons. In Paris, despite daily wholesale executions, there were, 9 Floréal, an 11, 7,840 *détenus*; 25 Messidor, 7,502. In Brest were 975 *détenus*, more than 1,000 in Arras, more than 1,500 in Toulouse, more than 3,000 in Strasburg, more than 13,000 in Nantes. In Vaucluse and the Bouches du Rhône Maignet reported 12,000 to 15,000 arrests. A little before Thermidor Beaulieu reports about 400,000 prisoners. Taine calculates that there were, in France, in 1791, 258,000 in prison, 175,000 imprisoned in their own houses; another 175,000 under surveillance by the commune, making a total of 608,000 persons deprived of liberty and in danger of death.

"Le relevé de ces meurtres n'est pas complet, mais on a compté 17,000, la plupart accomplis sans formalités, ni preuves, ni délit, entre autres le meurtre de plus de 1,200 femmes, dont plusieurs octogénaires et infirmes." At Toulon the number shot greatly exceeded 1,000; the great *noyades* at Nantes slew 4,800, but no records of the later *noyades* were kept. Infants at the breast, children of five or six years old were drowned; and then there were "les innombrables meurtres populaires commis en France" between July 14, 1789, and August 10, 1792, and the September and other massacres. "On peut estimer que dans les onze départements de l'Ouest le chiffre des morts de tout âge et des deux sexes approche d'un demi-million. Dernier signe contre-révolutionnaire et décisif, étant des hommes rangés et réguliers de mœurs." The people—not the populace—suffered heavily; 7,545 peasants, labourers, and other honest working people were put to death. "Ce qu'il y avait de pis sous

Robespierre, c'est que, le matin, on n'était jamais certain de coucher le soir dans son lit"—a hard condition, clearly attributable to the playfulness of Liberty. "La république ne pourrait s'établir que sur le cadavre du dernier des honnêtes gens ;" or so said Representative Javogues. At the time at which the Jacobin conquest was completed the distress in France was terrible—worse than it had ever been under the *ancien régime*. The Republic had for four years made war against all property, and against all who could give employment. The people had not gained by the Revolution, which had cost the country in four years 5,350 millions in excess of ordinary expenditure. The finances were deranged ; *assignats* of 100 francs had fallen in value to 33 francs. At 10 Thermidor hunger and starvation were raging in Paris, as in the provinces. People were dying miserably of famine, and the guillotine does not furnish nourishment. "Si cela continue, disent les ouvriers, il faudra nous égorger les uns les autres, puis qu'il n'y a pas plus rien pour vivre"—an imperfect result of such an ideal revolution. Taine has collected all the facts in "Les Gouvernés."

The dawn of hope and joy for a suffering people came with the death of Robespierre. "Ainsi finit le gouvernement de la convention ;" and with that ceased the most cruel ills of France. "La religion du vol et du meurtre" was abandoned for a truer worship. The Revolution brought about a military despotism, which was yet much better than itself ; and a return to law and order brought back monarchy.

The book of M. Taine is a monument of conscientious labour, of noble morality, and of intellectual power. He was well acquainted with English literature, and must certainly have known Carlyle's work on the Revolution ; but it is noteworthy that he does not refer to our great writer. Carlyle's iron theories jumped only too readily at any facts that might seem to support them ; but Taine could not work in that way, and could not sympathise with conclusions which were not based upon exhaustive study. There is, naturally enough, a vast quantity of loose thinking about so complex an event as the French Revolution, which is often lauded for having disseminated "new ideas ;" but neither insurrection nor rebellion are exactly new ideas, and we in England know of a great rebellion in which, broadly speaking, the only blood shed was the blood that flowed in battle. Furthermore, tyranny, anarchy, barbarity, robbery, wholesale murder are not quite new ideas, even if they be true ideas, and are crimes which had been practised before the fall of the Bastille. The great distinguishing feature of

the Revolution is that it plucked the muzzle from all restraint, that it enfranchised all vanity and vice ; that it would, but for that revulsion of outraged humanity which sickened at last at the sorry spectacle of rivers of innocent blood, have ruined France. The latest and ripest fruit of the French Revolution is, perhaps, the godless anarchist and bomb-thrower of the distracted hour in which I now write ; and I hold that the vivid and masterly picture painted by M. Taine teaches the truest " philosophy " of that inhuman Revolution, while Carlyle attracts by his passionate picturesqueness, his graphic grip, and his most fervent emphasis.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

*THE WAIL OF THE MALE.**BY ONE OF THEM.*

I AM not a fanatic.
I am only a husband.

I am not against woman's rights. I hold none of the heresies. I don't think all women ought to be married, or that they should chiefly know how to bake and stitch, be the husband's shadow and the children's nurse—do the doll in society and the drudge at home.

I don't say that anything is unwomanly that can be well done by a woman who respects herself and can win the respect of others. I am glad that women should be telegraph clerks and newspaper reporters, and above all doctors and Poor-law guardians, and they may ride and shoot if they please, and wear divided skirts or poke bonnets if it makes them happier; and as to the vote, I say let them vote and speak and show themselves the "ekal o' man"—or his superior—or anything else. They can fight too, if they like, and cricket, and tumble in circuses, and play golf, and smoke, or play the fool. I have always said to man, "Stand aside—let women do what they think they can do and ought to be allowed to do; let them have plenty of line, reel it out; don't put them down by force; let public opinion, especially the opinion of their own sex, deal with them as it deals with men. For all men and women I say, 'A fair field and no favour'—that's so."

Still, "surgit amari aliquid"—"latet anguis" (or anguish), &c.—the bitter pill, the serpent's tooth is hid in the new movement, and man has to drink the poison, and man has to bear the bite, and grin as best he can.

The fact is, men are losing their *wives*, the children are losing their *mothers*. The husband thinks this a little hard. To the children the loss is irreparable. Causes, platform oratory, and public life generally are suitable for the unmarried and for widows. Do I mean that married women may not influence profoundly public movements? They do, and they always have done and will; but influence is one thing and absorption in detail is another. If a woman is *absorbed* by something outside the house unconnected with the house,

the house and all that in it is, the home life, the home feeling, the home loves—the best of all that a man marries for, the best of all that a woman and only a woman can yield—must suffer. You can twist the situation about anyhow ; you can speak of a larger horizon for the sex, of a nobler ambition than “to darn stockings and be the ser-lave of miserable man” ; you can plead for the cultivation of the mind, and what not (as though anyone in his senses wanted a nineteenth-century woman’s mind uncultivated) ; but when all is said and done, once centre a woman’s thoughts upon, and engross her time with, the details of a cause in such a way as to absorb her entirely, and her vocation as wife and mother, as the cement of her social circle, the support and comfort of her husband, the adored friend of her children—in one word, the angel in the house—is gone. She may say she doesn’t want to be an angel in the house ; but that is what she led man to suppose she was going to be when she married him, and that is why he undertook to support her. If she now raises her head from her writing-table, impatient of interruption as she is composing her franchise speeches, and says to her husband who still hangs about for a kind word or a gentle look, “You have given me children whom I don’t want, and I keep your accounts—what more do you require ?”—the husband feels the serpent’s tooth and retires. “My angel,” he says, “is gone out ; I shall see her no more ;” and he shrinks into his study with his headache or his worries, and the cloud upon his brow—which, by the way, she has had no time to notice. Her door is then locked. “That woman,” she writes, “should be bothered with the petty cares of a household, at the beck and call of a man, her temper tried, her time wasted, when she has powers of thought and a voice and a presence capable of thrilling thousands upon the political platform, this is indeed——” At that moment the merry voices of the children are heard in the hall—just come in from their morning walk, bursting with health and spirits. The political mother rises angrily, and, opening the door, appears at the top of the staircase ; at sight of her the little ones cower in fear. “Let’s get out of mother’s way, quick,” they whisper ; and before the harsh rebuke reaches them they have shrunk away into cupboards and passages to avoid the maternal wrath.

How can such a woman be expected to look after her husband’s slippers and dressing-gown ? She has better things to do. Or notice if he looks well or ill (perhaps she herself has a headache), or remember whether there is anything the matter with him or not—or care much—when there is a great and really important question occupying her mind ?

Husbands some years ago used to be jealous of the Puseyite parsons, who hurried their wives off to service, early communion, confessions, and functions, and monopolised their spare time with church bazaars. These ladies habitually neglected their household work and lost interest in the husband and his pursuits (not so much in their children, whom they brought up, or tried to bring up, in the Gospel according to Pusey). But the advanced woman usually conducts her house with vigour, rigour, and economy; the kitchen and the tradesmen are dealt with as necessary evils and endured with fortitude. But endurance ends there; why sentiment, palaver, and gush should waste more of her valuable time she does not see. The husband notices the gradual but steady change in his circle: old friends are given the go-by, and cease to call. All the gentler elements which make the charm of life are dropped or snubbed, young girls are sneered or terrified out of countenance, the children are glad to get out of the house, and loth to come back; mere grace of character seems unrecognised unless intellectual power or capacity for some definite work is discerned; sensibility is at a discount; horny sort of people with hard faces and loud tongues stare at the husband as they meet him in the hall—they don't know perhaps whether he is the husband—and in the words of the song, "he don't know where he are." And the distracting thing about it all is that the work that is being done is, in the main, all right: only for the man the tender domesticities are dead; in place of refreshment and verdure and peace, there is a barren and dry land where no water of life is, let alone wine of comfort—the angel in the house is gone.

The children also go as soon as they can, and as far as they can. They make their friends outside. They don't want to bring them home. They have no "home" to bring them to.

And last of all the husband goes—goes to his club—goes anywhere. He leaves off going upstairs after finding the door habitually locked, or risking an impatient frown from the lady whose bureau is covered with reports and statistics, but who forgets to give him the invitations or a kiss. What superfluous tenderness she may have left may be squandered upon some aged and obese dog which sleeps in her bedroom and perfumes the drawing-room. Oh, yes! he can smell doggie all through that Piesse & Lubin!

"My good man, you are too absurd. Do you not know that dogs are better than men, and not nearly so much in the way as children? They take up less room, and are grateful for less"—and she might add, "get a great deal more than husbands."

Well, at one time the husband used to hurry home and seek his wife the first thing at the end of his heavy day. "There," he said to himself, as he inhaled the foetid atmosphere of the Underground, "just a brisk walk." Then the sharp knock at the door, the bound up one flight of stairs, and—oh! well, she is not there. "Missus is gone to her club, sir," says the page boy, with a grin. "Says there's a debate, and she mayn't be 'ome till late."

And then master goes out, and he a'n't 'ome till late, *et voilà!*

And it's all right, that is the annoying thing about it. If only she were not married, it's all right; if only there was no husband with a few business wrinkles to be smoothed out, no children—bah! listen to a sleepy child babbling the Lord's Prayer in its night-gown, when at that very moment she might be seconding Mrs. Snortum O'Blazer's eloquent speech on the desirability of depriving man of the franchise!

Past seven! Good gracious! "William, call a cab! If I'm not there by a quarter to eight that dreadful little creature, who scratches her head and slaps her thighs, will be asked to second Snortum's, and the worst of it is, *she speaks better than I do*, hateful little thing." "Good-night, mother," says a timid little voice, and a little head peeps out of a half-opened door, as she hurries downstairs; but she does not hear, or heed, and makes no answer. "Mother's cross, I suppose," says the child; "I wish mother wasn't always cross." But children soon forget, and whilst the mother is flushed with loud and eager talk in the ladies' smoking-room—where, however, there is very little smoking done, and a good deal of sensible talk, as well as gammon—angels bend over the rosy slumbers of the innocent child.

And it's all right in a way. That, I repeat, is the exasperating thing about it.

"Aren't you glad I take an interest in the woman's franchise?" "Very glad, my dear," says the husband; and he is quite sincere.

"Don't you approve of women having votes?"

"Certainly, my dear; I approved of it long before you thought about it."

"Then what are you always grumbling at me for when I am working so hard for it?"

And the poor man is speechless, and she tosses her head triumphantly and sits down to correct that scorching proof, which shows up the meanness and selfishness of husbands who are jealous of their wives having a career, &c. "Career away now as much as you will, my dear," at last mutters the man to himself; "the time is past when I

ate out my heart—ay, cried myself crazy too, though you did not know it—because you could greet me after a week's absence with the distrait look of a woman interrupted against her will, and stare with injured surprise at my discomfiture !

“ Ah, well ! of course your mind was filled with excellent things. I did not know you were actually making a *précis* of the Contagious Diseases Act for Slogger MacGun, M.P., and that he had been with you two hours and had not left you five minutes. The silver-gilt puff-box which I brought you from Germany must have seemed tame after MacGun's solemn and sentimental diatribes. I couldn't reasonably expect you to take much notice of such a trifle as a silver puff-box, and I quite accepted the tacit rebuke for so trivial an offering when you changed it a few weeks afterwards for a toasting-fork.

“ I was not surprised—much more useful, my dear, of course. I quite think so.”

“ Oh, I am glad of it. I thought you looked cross again.”

Oh, well ! the time for being cross has almost passed too. The husband can never win in that game. There are some things which if they are not felt cannot be explained. The woman who does not feel wins an easy victory, if the man feels at all, for she plays him with loaded dice : only the consequences ! For, as the gamester sacrifices honour, she flings away the very pearl of her womanhood—her heart. Man, being no doubt a poor critter and not always up to date, is very slow to believe that a woman can let her heart be filched from her by her “rights”—or her conceit, ambition, vanity, or anything else. When he at last grasps the fact that her best selfhood has been stolen, he is not exactly grieved or cross ; he makes every allowance, he is patient, he is reasonable, he hopes other people won't notice ; he lets the woman down easy, he feels he wants to cover and hide away the shame of it all, but his love dies—it dies hard, but it dies.

I have said I have much sympathy with the woman's rights movement generally. The Married Woman's Property Bill was a legitimate triumph ; to man's shame be it said, it was thwarted for twenty years. The female franchise will come, and come shortly ; to man's shame be it said, it is being thwarted even now (1894). Men's opposition to women entering trades and professions is mean and cowardly. “ My good sir, you are giving your case away ; if this is so, why do you object to your wife spending her best time and energy indoors and out upon furthering objects so desirable ? ”

“ Because,” replies man, “ she is my wife.”

*THE HISTORY OF A BEEFSTEAK:
AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER.*

THE history of most things consists of many chapters. Some of these are written over and over again, while others seem to escape with the merest incidental notice. It is the same with the beefsteak. Who does not know of the thousand-and-one cookery books and books of household management that have been written? They tell of the selection of the meat at the butchers', they describe the methods of preparation, they go into every detail of temperature, sauces, and condiments; they enumerate rules and draw up tables, and finally show the whole process of transformation from the blood-stained lump of raw flabby flesh and bone which disgusts by its presence, to the juicy, steaming odorous dish of mingled flavours and appetising aromas which tempt even the satiated, while they whet to keenest edge the longings of the hungry soul?

Another chapter, too, has been often written. It is common property, how the lean and hungry kine are taken and fed upon foods specially adapted to change them into great hulks of panting fat. The methods of feeding and fattening cattle are supposed to be known to everyone who takes any interest in the economic prosperity of his land.

There is only one truth unknown, one page uncut, one chapter unwritten, one mysterious shadow to uplift, to show how that shining animal, full of life and beauty, with grace and form enough to tempt another mother of the Minotaur, becomes a mere collection of joints and shoulders, ribs and rumps, steaks and barons, livers, kidneys, block ornaments, and offal.

From the farmer's yard to the butcher's shop is a terrible journey, but it is well for us in this nineteenth century of Humanity to go down into the valley of every suffering, that we may offer the helping hand to aught that is oppressed, and relieve the bitterness of the cup of aught that agonises.

There was a time when men cried out, and women joined more

helping hand, and I wish them all God-speed ; but many there are who can do this work better than I can. I have my own work. My husband, children, books, work, society, and parochial affairs, in which my children too find work and interest. This is enough for me—my time is well filled, and I am happy.” And so when we look around us at a woman’s-rights assembly, and note the writers, the speakers, and the *esprits forts* of the movement, they are chiefly single, or widows, or very ugly, or those who see little and want to see little of their husbands, or whose husbands are failures, or nonentities, or villains, or who have no children or sphere cut out for them at home. Others have been disappointed, and got soured. Much good is being done by these movements, and many noble women there are who are engaged in them. Of the egregious rubbish occasionally talked at the women’s clubs it is not edifying perhaps to speak—rubbish about their independence of the male—about lifting him condescendingly to their own exalted level (when they have reached it), about his degraded tastes, and their own immaculate purity. How the poor creature is hectored and bullied at their little conferences ; how they swear they will not marry him if he has ever loved another, and will straightway leave him if he ever loves another ; how what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander ; what a horrid wretch he is, and how kind it is of them ever to allow him to marry them at all—he their equal indeed ! Why, they are far superior to him ; there never can be equality of the sexes when only man is vile, and if woman is ever vile it is only because man makes her so, and he must be coerced, and whipped, and threatened, and cut, till he is good, and then woman will occasionally—very occasionally, perhaps, as a great favour—become the mother of his children, and allow him to support her. All this and much more—exaggerated mixed sense and nonsense—we are all familiar with ; and gradually the sense is being disengaged from the nonsense, and when the screeching sisterhood has been succeeded by the bawling brotherhood, and the screech and the bawl is over, something worth doing will, after all, have been done, laws been passed, evil discouraged, blots removed, and the world made better and wiser, for all which things thank God !

But meanwhile, above the screeching and the bawling, a long, sad cry is heard—it is neither angry nor hysterical, it is the *wail of the male*. He does not want to put down anything or anybody, he objects to no woman having her rights, the poor thing is merely calling aloud for a *wife* !

She comes ! she comes ! It is our dear English girl whom we

used to know ; only a little more up to date, a little better educated than her grandmother, a little more thoughtful perhaps, but quite merry, full of rosy life, with the sunlight in her hair, the lithe limb and the blithe laugh, and eyes that are not ashamed to weep, and a true and tender heart withal,

“ At leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathise.”

There is room for you still, my dear—the reaction has already begun—you and such as you will always be wanted ; you don't wear rough coats with huge buttons and waistcoats and billycock hats ; you don't smoke and call men by nicknames ; perhaps you have not graduated in honours, nor made a speech, nor read Zola ; but you are just charming and sensible, and quite clever and thoughtful too ; and you will be a good mother and a loving—not an abject—wife ; and as you develop you will be not quicker-witted than you are now, but wiser ; and your husband will not only adore you but he will seek and take your counsel upon all sorts of subjects. In your pretty drawing-room where there are always flowers, in your house where the voices of the children make music and are not snubbed or silenced, and where tears are not scolded but soon wiped away, where pain and sickness awaken a thousand tender attentions and sorrow draws out hearts and softens them even more than joy, there is a sound of cheerful talk—friends gather where they are welcome—there is music, there is recitation, and perhaps acting, and I should not wonder if the children sang hymns on Sunday ; but there is one sound which is never heard in your house, my dear : it is the WAIL OF THE MALE.

RIVULI MONTANI.

OF the many pleasures of life which fall to the lot of the leisurely in summer-time, none is more grateful than to lounge with a rod among green pastures, and by quiet waters. When the sky is blue and haze fringes the meadows, and the lark keeps time with its song to the ripple of the stream, earthly cares take to themselves wings, and content comes over the mind. Yet ever and anon—mayhap a breath of cool air from the hills is the cause—a man awakens to the fact that he is merely dreaming away his time in a lotos-eater's paradise; that he is getting as lazy as an ox, and as weak and enervated as a tailor; that, in truth, his only rewards have been a brown skin, and a certain irrational peace of mind. So he girdeth up his loins and hasteneth homewards, vowing to spend his days henceforward in climbing mountains, and tramping over moors, and fishing in rocky burns in the far recesses of the hills.

So much for a good resolution. Manfully he sets out on his travels, with well-packed wallet and capacious basket, with a good book in his pocket, and high hopes in his heart. The first taste of his new-found pleasure is sweet enough. He enjoys the sharp, bracing air; the short mountain turf makes a pathway fit for a king; the scenery fills his soul, and makes him long to tell it in fitting words. But by-and-by the corporeal part of him triumphs over the æthereal. A man in these degenerate days may not walk with impunity over miles of rough heather and rock. Before evening he has longed many times for the flesh-pots of Egypt; and, when he does reach home footsore and weary, for him the noble sport of burn-fishing has lost its charm.

But why should this be so? Is not the air purer? Are not the trout more plentiful, and the waters clearer than below in the valley? And if the way, perhaps, is arduous and full of obstacles for the timid, is there not sufficient recompense in that feeling of pride which comes from difficulties surmounted? Moreover, there are burns which meander quietly through their glens and rise in some green, cup-shaped hollow; to these the man of weak heart and feeble

legs can resort. For the strong and hardy, the rocky watercourses and craggy ravines are reserved.

A day on the hills is full of varied pleasures. A feeling of exhilaration seizes a man as he tramps over the dew-covered grass and the green shoots of the young heather, with the "caller" mountain air blowing about him. He heartily despises lie-à-bed loungers, albeit he was one himself the day before. Every little incident or sound gives him delight—the finding of a curlew's nest, or a group of parsley ferns, the cry of the black grouse, the confused murmur of awakening life from the valley. He stops now and then to bury his head in a bank of wild thyme, or watch an adder gliding among the brackens. His heart leaps with joy, when he reaches the stream, to see the clear brown water eddying round grey whinstone rocks, and falling in cascades into pools where the black moorland trout lie. One great source of pleasure in this sport is the never-ending variety of scene. Here are no long stretches of sluggish water or shallow current, which weary the soul of a lowland fisherman. Here are no alder bushes to catch the flies. The banks are bare but for trailing sprays of heather and whortleberry. The fish are very easily caught if you once understand their habits. It is no use to stand on a bank with your shadow falling on the stream. In such a position you might whip the water till Doomsday, and get nothing. But if you can cast from behind some rock toward the foot of one of the dark linn pools, you will often have the pleasure of getting a dozen or two in one place. It is no uncommon thing here for a man with three flies, at one cast, to get a trout on each.

Further up, where the burn is small and we leave the glen and come out on the moor, the stream is a succession of little jets of water spouting into cup-shaped hollows in the rock. If there has been rain lately good trout can be got in places where one least expects them. They come up, I suppose, in the spawning time, and never go back ; but linger, each in his separate pool, fattening themselves during the summer. In many little runlets where there is hardly enough water to cover them, you may catch trout from a quarter to half a pound in weight. Worm is the only lure to use; the fly, I have found in my experience, does well lower down. The fish are peculiar in their colour. Near the river they are yellow-bellied and abundantly spotted with red ; higher up the spots become fewer and the backs darker ; and near the source, except for a small band of white from tip to tail, they are as black as pitch, so that the country fellows of these parts call them "coal-heads."

But, were angling all the pleasure, one might quote with reason

the neat Latin proverb: "Nimium sudoris, præmii parum." It would hardly be worth our while to tear our clothes and scratch our legs for the sake of a basketful of small burn-trout. For the lover of the beautiful and the student of Nature there is much interest in the moors. In the corries, where the shingle is interspersed with juniper bushes, you may find the rock-brake and the rose-bay willowherb. In the crevices of damp rocks, where the spray of the cascades ever falls, I have found the filmy fern with its pretty, silvery fronds. There are many small caverns where the green spleenwort grows amid thickets of oak and beech ferns. The little Alpine lady's-mantle and the mountain saxifrages shine among the white pebbles like gems set in silver; and high up among the heather and crags you may see clumps of mountain polypody and beds of cloudberry. Plant-hunting is most exciting work, more especially if it be ferns you are looking for. Frequently you have to climb dizzy rocks and wade through treacherous bogs if you would gain your heart's desire.

For the lover of birds the moors should be a happy hunting-ground. I have often wondered why some capable naturalist has not thoroughly explored the bird life of our hills. The Highlands proper have been searched; likewise the Lowlands proper. But those places which are neither highland nor lowland, where the highest hill is scarcely three thousand feet, contain, I am sure, many rarities little dreamed of by scientific societies. I consider myself a fairly good ornithologist; yet I have met with many a bird up there which I had never seen or heard of before. The shepherds have their own names for them. "Heather lintie" covers at least five different species of birds; and such words as "hill blackie," "keelie hawk," "crow," "felty," seem to be loose generic terms. The ring ouzel is a common bird with us. It may be seen flitting among the heather bushes any day in summer, and occasionally with it the little mountain finch. I know one rift in the hillside where a colony of rock-doves dwells; but they are much disturbed by incursions of merlins, the blue-hawks of falconry. In the bogs, snipe, redshanks, and wild duck are as plentiful as thrushes in the woods; and in higher parts golden plovers are common. In the winter wild swans and geese are shot by the farmers. An old man, who was almost crippled with rheumatism, told me that he got it by shooting wild geese. He used to go out before three o'clock in the cold mornings and lie patiently for hours among the wet rushes. You may occasionally meet a heron fishing; but they seem, as a rule, to prefer more lowland streams. In the springtime curlews and lapwings scream their wild cries, in the hope of scaring away a chance intruder from their nests;

the meadow pipit (moss-cheeper in Scots) pipes over the heather through the summer ; and in the autumn the whirr of the blackcock is the most frequent sound. A man might revel for days in the paradise of animal and floral life which these moors afford.

Yet to me the first and greatest attraction is the scenery. Up the burnside there are numberless little nooks and dells glowing with colour and beauty. You may have had little success in fishing ; your vasculum may be empty of specimens ; and you may be toiling upwards under a broiling sun, which makes the rocks burn like hot iron. But suddenly you come on a little green glade among birch trees, with the water curling through great masses of saxifrage. The turf is strewn with the star flowers of the "grass of Parnassus," and the air redolent of wild thyme and sweet-scented fern. You fling yourself down and long no more for the valley.

Sometimes the sights which one sees by these streams are quite unique. I know one burn where the colour of the water is the purest sapphire. The ruddy brown of some of the mosses and lichens, the warm green of the oak ferns, and the emerald grass contrast strangely with the grey rocks and white shingle. But to see such places you must tramp many miles. They are only to be found in the heart of the great upland region of Tweedside. Wordsworth never penned a truer line than when he wrote—

" True beauty dwells in deep retreats."

At one time Nature must have been more attractive than she is nowadays. When a Kelpie dwelt in every stream, and fairies danced on the greensward, and an honest herd was in hope (or fear) of meeting a brownie when he went out to the hill, with what strange feelings a man must have fished these waters. But science and matter-of-fact philosophy have driven away these idle dreams and left us only the rocks and the heather. It is easy to see how simple people believed in such beings. A curl of foam is often like some living thing, and the sound of angry waters might be mistaken for the cry of a malignant demon. Here we are on classic ground. Yon blue, broken-backed hill in the distance is Bodsbeck Law, the scene of Hogg's famous tale. You can see from the tops of some of these fells the green Eildons, cleft in three by the Devil at the command of Michael Scott, where Arthur and his knights, as the story goes, lie sleeping until the chosen warrior comes to blow the magic horn and set them free to right the wrongs of the earth. Perhaps after all it is better that such fancies should be left to fools and children—better for the hard business of life. But many a man, I

doubt not, regrets at times that Titania and Oberon have recalled their legions, and that much of the poetry of earth is dead.

Some fishers prefer a companion on the hills. I, for my part, would rather be alone. Where there is any chance of a large fish, it is pleasant to have a brother angler at hand to see your skill. But where the trout are small there is no need of such a one. You have to keep up a continuous flow of small-talk ; and if you begin to recount your exploits, you leave the realm of sober fact ; that is, unless you are of a different moral make from most men. Your friend, too, can hardly be expected to have the same tastes as you. While you are exulting over some rare plant, he is complaining of the rough road ; or, when you are lost in admiration of some glorious view, he growls over the bad quality of the lunch. You may meet with a man once in a while, whose company is worth the seeking ; but the odds against it are too great for any rash experimenting.

Now and then you meet one of the moormen on his rounds. They are early up and away round their hill to "look" the sheep. If you chance to pass in the lambing-time you will find a busy scene. Shepherds and dogs are abroad from morning to night ; sometimes even from morning to morning. They snatch a short sleep whenever they can get it, so that I have often come on one sleeping behind a dry-stone dyke. They are a bold race and a hardy, with their faces tanned as brown as spring, summer, and autumn suns can make them. As you go up from the valleys the type of the inhabitant becomes higher. Your ploughman and farm labourer is mostly a very cloddish fellow, without any mind or enterprise in his composition. His brother of the hills is full of spirit and dash, a great reader, and even thinker, in his way. I once walked a round with one of them, and he talked of Tennyson and Carlyle with as much intelligence as a university graduate. This man, though living six miles from a station, had *Good Words* regularly every month, and a newspaper twice a week, which he read from beginning to end, including the advertisements. They are keen fishers, and will show you many hidden pools and streams known only to themselves. And if, by any chance, you go into one of their homes, you will be most hospitably entertained with scones and milk.

Sometimes I have gone for long walks over the moorlands, and slept at night in herds' cottages. It seemed like a journey into fairyland. Each day brought new pleasures and new scenes. Freedom and clear air work a wonderful change in a man's disposition ; and, when I came down to the valleys again, I looked

with a kind of compassionate condescension on all lowlanders. But if you are young and strong, what is there to hinder you from sleeping *sub cælo* with a plaid round your shoulders? In a mild night of June, in some sheltered corrie, a bed of brackens is a couch for a king. The good lady at the Clachan of Aberfoyle had strong views on this subject, for she assured Bailie Nicol Jarvie and his friends that "a night amang the heather wad caller their bloods—that they might sleep in their claes, as mony a gude blade does in the scabbard." Yet one is thankful that the worthy Bailie did not take her advice, for he "wad hae been sair hadden doon wi' the rheumatics" if he had.

Most anglers in moorland waters take a book in their pocket to read when the fish are shy or their legs tired. It is a good thing so to do ; for the man lives not who enjoys that special branch of unsuccessful fishing known as "drowning a worm." Our likes and dislikes are many and varied. Mr. Stevenson has a fondness for carrying a volume of Hazlitt's essays or Heine's songs with him. Hazlitt himself thinks Charles Lamb the worst possible companion for the hills, because he is so delightful an author to read at home. One nook beside a stream is inseparably connected for me with Bacon ; for as often as I went thither I read his essays. But, when you have left the glens for the high moorlands, you will be in need of books of another kind. The quiet gossip of Izaak Walton may delight you in the valleys ; up there he nods and grows wearisome. Away with peace and reflection, you say, give us the poetry of war and great deeds. In the heart of the Border country, that "holy land of the ideal," what can be more suitable than the ballads of the minstrels ? For the first time you fully appreciate such noble lays as "Kinmont Willie," or "Jamie Telfer o' the Fair Dodhead." The old Saga writers, with their modern followers, have an added charm ; and I think that the long-resounding lines of Homer have never so much grandeur as when read aloud in the clear air of the hill-tops.

A man's whole nature is freshened. He may be a porter, or underpaid clerk in town ; but here he feels himself on a level with the kings and great ones of the earth. In the valleys he may have little substance and much sorrow ; on the moors he is rich with the riches of nature which are not bought with money, but fall to the lot of the man, be he peer or peasant, of good and honest heart. He wins freedom and lightheartedness—a freedom, not of turbid revolutionaries, and a gaiety possessed by no feather-brained reveller. He may be ambitious of vain things, but the cool breath of Athena in the heavens blows away all idle fancies from his brain. In the old days

men of ruined fortunes—broken men—took to the hills and lived a free and easy life. So we, who have not done all we wished in the world, can find much comfort and not a little pleasure in the mere borderland of such an existence. The great hills, with a more than Catonian gravity on their brows, make mundane matters seem as trifles ; and often, lying among the heather, or listening to the water crooning the soft Latin words which stand at the head of this paper, we may taste the root of the herb called Peace of Mind, and enjoy the blessing of the third beatitude.

It is pleasant to be here at all times, but especially in the warm mornings of early June or the sultry afternoons of August. It is somewhat bleak (if it be not treason to talk so), in the spring and autumn. We miss the flowers and numberless insects of summer. The day to my mind is one which is

“ Sunny before and sunny behind
Over the heather.”

You will get little enjoyment and scarcely more trout by going up the burns on a wet day. A good angler can get fish in the driest weather from the deep pools. So in this matter I hold with my worthy friend, Mr. By-ends, of Fairspeech—a man grievously traduced by one Bunyan—who declared that “some, after their headstrong manner, conclude that it is their duty to rush on journey all weathers ; but that he is for waiting for wind and tide.”

So to all good fellows who may essay to try their art in these streams, I give greeting, and bid them persevere. For among these rough rocks and hills they may chance to come to “a delicate plain called Ease, where they may go with much content.”

JOHN BUCHAN.

ROBERT FERGUSSON:
SCOTTISH POET.

I.

ON November 28, 1786, Robert Burns entered Edinburgh for the first time. We are told by his biographer Cunningham, who had special opportunities of knowing, that though he came with high hopes, good prospects, and valuable letters of introduction in his pocket, he remained in a state of irresolution for several days. He wandered about the city, apparently listless and aimless. He ascended Salisbury Crag and gazed upon "Auld Reekie"; he visited Holyrood, stared at the shops, surveyed the Castle, and went into Allan Ramsay's house, uncovering his head as he entered. But in a noteworthy hour, while engaged in his peregrinations, he strolled into the old churchyard in the Canongate. His visit was not a purposeless one, for he sought out a simple grave that held the remains of "an elder brother in misfortune," whose memory he fondly cherished. There was no stone to mark the spot, only the green grass, nipped by the winter's cold, covered the grave. Burns was in tears, his head bare, and he sobbed as he stood. Kneeling down, he embraced and kissed the sod. It was the tribute of his great heart to the genius and sad fate of Robert Fergusson, who, more than any other poet, had been his inspirer and his model. Burns had already written of him as "Fergusson the writer chiel, a deathless name!" Meeting with Fergusson's poems in the town of Irvine, at a time when his own muse was dormant, he had "strung anew his wildly-sounding lyre with emulating vigour." This visit of the Ayrshire bard, taken with the circumstance that followed it three months afterwards, when Burns caused a tombstone to be placed over Fergusson's grave, links in immortal remembrance these two "brothers in the muses."

In the days that have followed, Burns has had at least his fair share of the world's honour. Fergusson has not had anything like

his fair share. "Auld Reekie," whose laureate he was in a more intimate sense than that which can be ascribed to any other poet, has most unrighteously neglected his memory. The Scotch metropolis is a veritable pantheon of statues and undying memories, but it has no statue of Robert Fergusson, and his name is seldom honoured. Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, keen Scotsmen both, have given utterance to wise and seasonable words on this subject.

These utterances are at once so timely and so wise, that I venture to transcribe them at some length. Mr. Lang, speaking at the Burns' Anniversary Dinner in Edinburgh in 1891, said: "Some people are inclined to ask—Are we quite sure that we are worshipping the right poet? It is true that there are many poets, and I sometimes yield so far to the suggestion as to think that we might worship some of them a little more than we do. There is Fergusson, Burns' master, who died at twenty-four, a true poet, but so unfortunate after death as in life, that I doubt if we have a proper critical edition of Fergusson, and certainly we have not such an account of his life as might well be written." Then Mr. Stevenson, in his charming book, "Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes," says, with reference to a certain monument on the Calton Hill: "The scene suggests reflections on fame, and on man's injustice to the dead. You see Dugald Stewart more handsomely commemorated than Burns. Immediately below, in the Canongate churchyard, lies Robert Fergusson, Burns' master in his art, who died insane while yet a stripling; and if Dugald Stewart has been somewhat too boisterously acclaimed, the Edinburgh poet, on the other hand, is most unrighteously forgotten. The votaries of Burns, a crew too common in all ranks in Scotland, and more remarkable for number than discretion, eagerly suppress all mention of the lad who handed to him the poetic impulse, and, up to the time when he grew famous, continued to influence him in his manner and choice of subjects. Burns himself not only acknowledged his debt in a fragment of autobiography, but erected a tomb over the grave in the Canongate churchyard. This was worthy of an artist; but although I have read, I think, nearly all the biographies of Burns, I cannot remember one in which the modesty of nature was not violated, or where Fergusson was not sacrificed to the credit of his follower's originality. There is a kind of gaping admiration that would fain roll Shakespeare and Bacon into one, to have a bigger thing to gape at; and a class of men who cannot edit one author without disparaging all others. They are mistaken if they think to

please the great originals ; and whoever puts Fergusson right with fame, cannot do better than dedicate his labours to the memory of Burns, who will be the best delighted of the dead." Mr. Stevenson was younger than he is now when he wrote this. It is expressed with all his accustomed liveliness, and with quite his usual vigour. But the statement is true, nevertheless, and those who have read most in "Burns' literature" will certainly agree with the writer. It is not my intention here to attempt such "an account of Fergusson's life as might well be written." Space forbids that ; but I shall be satisfied if I can present a succinct outline of the young poet's short, though by no means uneventful career ; and, following that, a brief criticism of his work.

Robert Fergusson was born in Edinburgh on September 5, 1750. Some biographers have given the 17th as the date of his birth, but this was an undoubted mistake. He was the fourth of the family, and the third surviving child. His father was William Fergusson, a native of Tarland, in Aberdeenshire, and his mother, Elizabeth Forbes, youngest daughter of John Forbes, tacksman or tenant, of Templeton, Hillockhead, and Wellhead of Kildrummy, also in Aberdeenshire. William Fergusson had served an apprenticeship to a merchant in Aberdeen, and on the death of his master, in whose service he had, on the completion of his apprenticeship, presumably remained, he removed to Edinburgh in 1746, shortly after his brother-in-law, John Forbes, had returned from fighting the Highland clans at Culloden. Mr. Fergusson held several clerkships in Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, but wind and weather seem to have been dead against his fortunes. He came to his last haven as managing clerk and accountant in the offices of the British Linen Company, Canongate, Edinburgh. This was in 1762, and here he remained, a trusted and valued servant till his death in 1767. William Fergusson was a man of industry and integrity. Yet he seems to have been one of those mortals who deserve success without ever really achieving it. The poet's mother also was a woman of great worth, and it would appear that she was a busy housewife as well, for her husband, in one of his earlier letters, says : "My wife has had a web for several months on the stocks, which, I hope, will soon be ready for launching." The web, whatever it consisted of, must have been badly wanted in a household where the annual income, at its best, was only a few degrees higher than that shown by the following abstract of expenses, prepared by William Fergusson himself :

ABSTRACT OF EXPENSES, ANNO 1751.

House rent	£1	10	0
Coals	2	12	0
Candles	0	19	6
Bread	4	6	8
Milk	2	4	5
Flesh and fish	3	6	2½
Salt, greens, and barley	0	8	8
. . . (torn away with wafer)	1	10	4
Washing	0	13	0
Quarter payments for children, &c.	1	15	0
	<hr/>		
	£19	5	9½
	<hr/>		

N.B.—4s. 2½d. and chance for shoes, shirts, clothes, &c.

Both the parents, it is well to note, came of a poetic stock, so that Fergusson by blood was allied to the Muses. In view of our author's last tragic days, it is also of importance to understand that his parents had a deep sense of the value of religious training. Mrs. Fergusson, especially, is spoken of as a woman of sterling piety.

William Fergusson had been four years in Edinburgh when the poet was born. The family were then living in a little house in the old Cap and Feather Close, which was situated close to the neighbourhood of the present North Bridge Street. The young child's lot was not cast in pleasant places, for poverty may be said to have haunted the doorstep. In the year following his birth, 1751, his father writes of him in a letter, "Rob, the young one, is a thriving boy." As he got a little older, however, he became a sickly child, and throughout his life he was never free from constitutional weakness. His earliest education was received from his mother, who taught her "darling gentle Robert" his "letters." In the seventh year of his age he went to school, his tutor being a Mr. Philp, in Niddry's Wynd, situated in the spot where South Bridge Street now stands, and nearly opposite Allan Ramsay's famous shop. The Wynd abounded in curious, antique houses, many of which had formerly been the residences of notable townsmen. Here he remained for only six months, but during that time he must have made extraordinary progress, for at its close he was entered as a scholar in the Latin class of Mr. John Gilchrist, one of the masters in the Edinburgh High School. This famous institution was not then established, as it is now, under the Calton Hill, but it stood on the ancient site of the Blackfriars Monastery of King Alexander II., at the bottom of Infirmary

et and in the vicinity of the Cowgate. Fergusson continued at school for about four years, from 1758 to 1761. All this time was a weak lad, with frequent illnesses, which occasioned as frequent absences from school. But he held his own in the class, being a better scholar than many, and nearly on a level with the best. Indeed, according to some of his biographers, he was a kind of thoughtful prodigy in general aptitude; and the following story, belonging to High School days, has been told with much gusto. It was while his studies were interrupted by ill-health that he first acquired a taste for books, and it is a somewhat remarkable fact that even yet a mere child (in his eighth year) his chief delight was to pore over the Bible, the Proverbs of Solomon being his especial favourite. One day he entered his mother's apartment in tears, appealing upon her to 'whip him.' On inquiry being made as to the reason for such a very extraordinary request, he sobbed, 'Oh, mother, spareth the rod hateth his own child'—a noticeable illustration," says his naïve biographer, "of the vivid impression that his schooling made." Say rather, if there be any truth in the story, that Fergusson had already developed his talent for mimicry and humour, and that he was playing tricks with his pious mother. His High School master, Mr. John Gilchrist, is described by Henry Mackenzie, "The Man of Feeling," as "a good-humoured person with a good deal of comedy about him." Fergusson, no doubt, proved an excellent pupil in comic matters as well as in construing Latin. With regard to the High School curriculum of those days, "The Man of Feeling" says: "The scholars went through the four classes taught by the under masters, reading the usual elementary Latin books—at that time no Greek was taught in the High School—and so on up to Virgil and Horace, Sallust, and parts of Cicero. . . . The hours of attendance were from 7 to 9 A.M., and, after an interval of an hour for breakfast, from 10 to 12; then, after another interval of an hour for dinner, the scholars returned for two hours in the afternoon." This was pretty stiff daily work for an ailing boy, and it was mainly required to be lightened by a little "comedy." In those days the High School lads were a disciplined republic, sometimes even resorting to taking the law into their own hands. When the "black-birds" of the Cowgate broke out into open attack, the "puppies"—that is to say, the High School bull-dogs—were wont to arise in their defence and growl down the attack. Many a battle was thus fought, and won by no muse; and the "puppies," though the superior party, did not always get the best of it. Fergusson was too young, and possibly too weak, to take part in these pitched battles, but he

must frequently have heard the stones rattle, and seen the fists do their work. And even if he did not take part in the fighting himself, he was no doubt familiar with those who had been taught, as Darsie Latimer was by Alan Fairford, to “smoke a cobbler, spin a lozen, head a bicker, and hold the bannets”—in other words, to break a window, head a skirmish with stones, and hold the bonnet or handkerchief which used to divide High School boys when fighting. He had seen those (I quote from the greatest of Edinburgh High School boys, Walter Scott, in “Redgauntlet”) who had become “the pride of the yards and the dread of the hucksters in the High School Wynd.” Like them he had not been contented “with humbly passing through the Cowgate post without climbing over the top of it.” “You taught me,” says Darsie Latimer to Fairford, “to keep my fingers off the weak and to clench my fists against the strong; to carry no tales out of school; to stand forth like a true man, obey the stern order of a *Pande manum*, and endure my pawmies without wincing, like one that is determined not to be the better for them.” These were the glorious republican rules in which Fergusson was trained. At this time there was a small voluntary “Library Fund” in connection with the school, and when we remember his father’s poverty, it is worth while to notice that Robert Fergusson’s contribution towards the “Fund” in 1758 was one shilling, and in 1761, two shillings and sixpence.

In 1761, Fergusson was transferred from Edinburgh High School to the Grammar School in Dundee. This circumstance has puzzled some of his biographers, but its reason is now perfectly clear. William Fergusson’s means were scant, and he could ill afford to pay for his boy’s education. Through the kindness of Lord Finlater, whose factor Fergusson’s brother-in-law had been, in Aberdeenshire, a presentation to a bursary, or scholarship, was obtained in favour of Robert at the Dundee Grammar School. This scholarship came from a benefaction (*Scoticè* mortification) left by the Rev. David Fergusson, of Strathmartine, in terms of a deed dated December 20, 1695, in which he stated that, “being now aged, and wanting heirs of his own body to inherit the same,” he bequeathed a certain sum of money for the “pious use after mentioned, viz. : for the use, maintenance, and education of two poor male children not under the age of nine years at their admission, or above fourteen years while they are at the School of Dundee, of my own surname and nearest degree of blood to me, whom failing any other two young indigent male children of my own surname.” Fergusson, no doubt, became entitled under the terms of the last clause only. He was a “poor scholar” now, in the literal sense, enjoying free education, free board and

lodging in the house of "a burgher of good report," with sufficient "clothes and necessaries for his body, head, and feet," his coat "being always of a grey colour lined with blue sleeves." Fergusson continued at the Dundee Grammar School as a bursar lad from 1761 to 1764, when, being over fourteen years of age, he was no longer eligible for the benefits of the "mortification." His parents, however, were anxious that their lad should live to "wag his head in a pu'pit" (the most glorious destiny, in their opinion, for such a son), and William Fergusson had made up his mind that, if possible, Robert should go from school to the University. Fortunately, the good clergyman's benefaction provided that "how soon and whensoever the said (two) children, or either of them, shall attain to the said age of fourteen years complete," the patrons were "to make trial if they, or either of them, be capable of learning, and has an inclination to be scholars, and if found so capable," they were "to be put to Saint Leonard's College, of Saint Andrew's, for the space of four years, and the said patrons" were "to entertain, maintain, and furnish them at bed, board, and with clothes, and other necessaries." Under this provision Robert Fergusson by-and-by proceeded to the University of St. Andrews, but, in the autumn of 1764, being no longer a Grammar School boy, he accompanied his mother on a visit to an uncle, Mr. John Forbes, of Round Lichnot, a farm in the neighbourhood of Old Meldrum, in Aberdeenshire. In a letter from William Fergusson to his wife (written from Warriston's Close, High Street, Edinburgh, where the family were now living), under date August 17 of this year, he says, "It gives me no small satisfaction to find you have had so agreeable a meeting with your brother and sisters, *and that Rob has held out the journey.*" This was probably Fergusson's first visit to Aberdeenshire. He was now in his parents' native region, and had opportunities of seeing the varied life of the stout-hearted country folks. It was the time when "banks o' corn bent down wi' laded ear," of which he afterwards sang in his "Farmer's Ingle." The fields were white unto harvest, and it is possible that he may have followed the reapers at their work. From Round Lichnot, Fergusson returned to Warriston's Close, and he resided with his parents there for over two months, his father now being in the service of the British Linen Company.

On December 7, 1764, "William Fergusson, writer in Edinburgh," "compeared" before the trustees of the mortification in Dundee, and "produced to the patrons proper certificates of his son, Robert Fergusson, being properly qualified for going to the College; the

patrons did, therefore, by missive letter of this date, present the said Robert Fergusson to the United Colleges of St. Leonard's and St. Salvator, at St. Andrews, for the time limited by the Mortification (four years), from and after the first day of November last, with an allowance of ten pounds sterling yearly. . . ." That Fergusson had made good progress at school is proved by the fact that he encountered no difficulty in obtaining "letters from the Presbytery," certifying his competence to enter the University. The missive letter was duly lodged with the secretary of the University on December 8, but Fergusson did not matriculate until February 1765, when he joined the Latin and Greek classes respectively of Professors Wilson and Morton. Already he had begun to describe himself as "Robert Fergusson, Student of Divinity," the calling to which he looked forward being that of the ministry of the Scottish Kirk. At St. Andrews he remained a student for about four years, viz. until 1768, when he had reached his eighteenth year. That he was a distinguished student cannot be asserted; there is reason, however, to suppose that his attainments as a scholar were highly respectable. But he does not seem to have taken very kindly to the classics; indeed, his biographer, Mr. Ruddiman, is responsible for the statement that Fergusson asserted "that Virgil and Horace were the only Latin authors he would ever look at while he was at the University." Whether that be true or not, it is certain that he was a considerable proficient in mathematics, and it may be supposed that Natural Philosophy was a favourite study, for he commended himself very highly to Dr. Wilkie, who held the Professorship of that subject in the University. Wilkie was a kindly but eccentric man, an agriculturist and a poet, and he admitted Fergusson to his friendship. Together they were accustomed to visit the Professor's farm four miles distant from St. Andrews, and other expeditions, too, appear to have been undertaken by them. Fergusson's life at this time in the famous old university town was undoubtedly a rollicking one. He had never taken very warmly to the idea of entering the ministry of the Kirk. He was now one of the *bons vivants*; a humorist; known as an excellent good fellow and boon companion; fond of practical jokes; a versifier given to satire; and he became mixed in occasional escapades which scarcely became the character of "Robert Fergusson, Student of Divinity." But his satire and his tricks seem never to have left a sting. One of the janitors, years afterwards, described his character to the poet's nephew, Mr. James Inverarity, in a single sentence. He was asked if he recollected Fergusson. "Bob Fergusson!" he exclaimed, "that I do! Many a time I've put him to the door. Ah! he was a tricky callant, but a fine laddie for a'

at." Various interesting anecdotes have been collected with regard to his student days, but these must here be passed over. During the last year of his attendance he suffered expulsion from the University for being concerned as an accomplice in "a riot committed . . . on Lewis Grant about one o'clock of the morning of this 26th of March (1768)." He had also "wantonly given up John Adamson's name to be prayed for." There must have been strong extenuating circumstances in the case, for he was "received in again at a meeting of the masters" four days afterwards. All this time he was a dabbler in poetry, receiving occasional sensible advice from his elder brother Henry, who was a fencing-master in Edinburgh, and a person of great intelligence. His wits were sharpened no doubt by the criticism of his student friends, several of whom afterwards became famous, while the more mature counsel and advice of such men as Professor Wilkie must have been very helpful. None of these early poetic efforts survive (with the possible exception of his "Elegy on the Death of Dr. Gregory"). But a crisis had now come in his life. His father had died in 1767 ; his college days must needs terminate, for the years in which he could benefit from the "Mortification" were now past ; so he returned sad and without a purpose to his widowed mother and sisters in Edinburgh.

Meanwhile his brother Henry, who was eight years his senior, had gone to sea. Mrs. Fergusson was bravely endeavouring to keep house over her head by "letting a spare room to lodgers." She was now living in Jamieson's Land, in the neighbourhood of the Grass-market. Young Fergusson was tossed on a sea of doubt and difficulty. What was he to do? Like Othello, his occupation was gone. The weeks sped past, and the spring of 1769 still found him idle and irresolute. But at length he determined to pay another visit to his uncle, Mr. John Forbes, in Aberdeenshire. Mr. Forbes was a man getting on in the world. He was both farmer and factor. He had held the farm of Round Lichnot, about two miles to the north of Old Meldrum, on the road to Turriff, and he was now tenant of Forrester Hill, another farm about two miles to the north-east of Old Meldrum, on the road to Methlick. It was through this gentleman's means that Fergusson had obtained his bursary, for Mr. Forbes had the ear of Lord Finlater, Chancellor of Scotland, whose factor he had been, and whose influence was great. When Fergusson formerly lived in this neighbourhood it had been the time of early harvest ; now it was the season—

When nature hung her mantle green
On every blooming tree,

when birds began to sing in the wood of Lichnot, and the primroses came out on the braes. With his uncle Fergusson remained for about six months, and we are warranted in saying that they were an ill-assorted couple. A painstaking, plodding, "bawbee"-making, matter-of-fact, albeit most worthy farmer and factor, was just as ill-fitted to understand and sympathise with an irresolute, romantic, and wayward young poet, as was that great senior partner in the house of Osbaldistone & Tresham to understand or sympathise with the vagaries of young Francis Osbaldistone. If it be true, moreover, that Fergusson, in addition to week-day escapades in the Lichnot Wood and the fields, was accustomed "to assemble the servants who had been detained from public worship on the Sabbaths, and, taking his stand at the mouth of the peat-stack, he would address them for more than an hour at a time in language so eloquent and fervid that Mr. Forbes (the poet's cousin) distinctly remembers to have often seen them bathed in tears"—if this be true, the worthy man must have been sadly puzzled to understand the young lad, and may have doubted whether "he was ower guid or ower ill." At any rate the time came when they quarrelled and "parted, ne'er to meet again."

One day Fergusson appeared in sorry guise at his uncle's dinner-table (he had taken an hour or two's diversion in the wood of Lichnot, climbing trees and swinging on the branches, with the result that his garb bore too many marks of rent, and wear and tear). Lord Finlater and another local magnate were guests on this occasion, and the factor was horrified. He indignantly ordered Fergusson from the room; a marked insult, as the poet's young cousins were allowed to remain. Fergusson, a shy, sensitive youth, was stung to the quick. He went forth, packed his little all in a bundle, and without even the Scotsman's proverbial "saxpence" in his pocket, set out for Edinburgh and home. Shakespeare had sung long ago that—

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasaunce,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather.

Mr. Forbes, it is true, was not a very old man, but he was old in the ways of the world, and the above incident had probably been "the last straw" in the load he had to bear. When he found that Fergusson had vanished, his passion began to cool, and, guessing his nephew's route, he sent a messenger after Fergusson to beg his return, or at any rate to press upon him a sum of money to pay his

way. The poet was in a mighty rage, and he resolutely refused either to go back or to accept a penny. So he footed it to Edinburgh, living on his wits and the sympathies of strangers, just as Oliver Goldsmith had done many a day in kindred plight.

The journey had its effect, however, upon Fergusson, and it sent him to bed for a fortnight. Then once more he had to face the problem of how to get a livelihood. Like many an ex-“divinity student” similarly circumstanced, he might have become a school-master; but Fergusson was scarcely constituted of the stuff from which pedagogues are made. For the other learned professions he had not, as we have seen, the means to prosecute the necessary studies. He took, therefore, as a last resource, that which came to his hand, this being the post of “writer,” or copyist, in the office of the Edinburgh Commissary Clerk, Mr. Charles Abercromby. The poet was an expert penman, but his remuneration never rose higher than a mere pittance, and he had to write, write, until his fingers ached. He was now brought into contact with many persons who were connected with the Law, and he formed numerous friendships. He became a theatre-goer and cultivated the society of “several players and musicians”; associations quite congenial to his character as a poet, but not too well-fitted in those convivial times to aid his advancement in the world. Chief among these boon companions was Mr. Woods, then the leading actor in the Scottish capital. During this time Fergusson was the author of several pieces more or less fugitive, but it was not until 1771 that the poems which have rendered him famous began to appear in *Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine*, a publication which had been started in 1768, and had obtained an almost immediate popularity. The price of the magazine was 1½*d.*, and it had a brilliant staff of contributors, numbering many of the chief literary men of the day. Fergusson's first attempts were feeble, and they were far from warranting the praise bestowed upon them by the editor. They consisted of English poems couched in the most artificial style, and unrelieved by a single brilliant line. But with the publication of the “Daft Days” in 1772 Fergusson may be said to have “come to his own.” The first lines in the poem, and indeed every line, are instinct with the spirit of artistic grace and fine poetic genius. No strain like—

Now mirk December's dowie face
Glowers ower the rigs wi' sour grimace,
While, through his *minimum* o' space,
The bleer ee'd sun,
Wi' blinkin' light and stealin' pace
His race doth run—

had been heard since Allan Ramsay ceased to sing. "Honest Allan" had now been dead fourteen years, and no worthy minstrel had yet arisen to strike the Scottish lyre. Allan himself had gone to his grave without a single skilled versifier to sing his elegy. Robert Falconer, the author of "The Shipwreck," had been in Edinburgh in 1751, and "Minstrel" Beattie had now become famous, but people were waiting for a poet who would speak to them in their own rich Doric. The success of the "Daft Days," and the pieces that followed in "Ruddiman," was enormous. The magazine was widely read, and far and near through bonnie Scotland, leal-hearted men and women acclaimed the rising bard. If a Scots poet laureateship had then been vacant, Robert Fergusson would have been voted the only worthy candidate for the bays. "Minor" poets arose to welcome him. Fergusson was now a personage in the Scottish capital; his society was coveted; and he continued to be "the king o' guid fellows, and wale o' young men."

His friendships were not limited to the city, but extended also into its neighbourhood. Broomhouse, North Belton, Balledmund, and Dunbar were places which he frequently visited, and some of his best poems are dated from the country. In a letter addressed to Burns, Mr. Peter Stewart, then editor of the *Morning Post*, and formerly one of Fergusson's associates, says he had "such a richness of conversation, such a plenitude of fancy. His manner was so felicitous that he enraptured every person around him, and infused into the hearts of the young and old the spirit and animation which filled his own mind." Tom Sommers, another intimate friend, who was afterwards one of the poet's earliest biographers, describing himself in the little book as "His Majesty's Glazier for Scotland" (and who kept a shop in Parliament Close, which Fergusson often visited, as it was in the neighbourhood of the Commissary Clerk's Office, where he was employed), also states that the poet had "an amazing variety of qualifications for social life." He further says that Fergusson had "an uncommon flow of Hudibrastic humour." When we learn, further, that he possessed a magnificent voice, and could sing better than most the sweet songs of Scotia; that he could take his "drap o' drink" and ne'er say nay, we need not be surprised that he was eagerly sought after by all convivial souls, of whom Edinburgh had at that time a greater progeny than probably any other city of similar size in Europe. *Facilis est descensus Averni.* For Fergusson it was easy, too easy, and ultimately it led to madness. In the words of "A. B. G[rosart]," the most painstaking of all Fergusson's biographers (to whom I here express the deepest

obligations): "Fergusson was at this period plunged into a course of dissipation, hostile to all steadiness of purpose, and calculated artificially to increase the difficulty of emancipating himself from the low condition of life in which he was placed." This testimony is true, and it is set forth with kindly generosity. Meanwhile the poems which were laying the foundations of his literary immortality came thick and fast from his pen. In some of them he described with rollicking gusto and admirable fidelity the free and easy life of his time; in others his spirit wandered to rural solitudes—the calm face of nature—and there it was soothed. Thus, toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing—more frequently sorrowing than rejoicing—onward through his brief life Fergusson went.

For a short space he left the office of the Commissary Clerk for that of the Sheriff Clerk, but he soon returned, and continued there chained to the oar till the end came, receiving a small sum per page for his "writing." As he turned off the folios day by day, one can imagine him saying, as Charles Lamb was wont to say in somewhat similar case, "These be my *Works*"! It was an age of dependence. Good things came to few who were without patrons. Fergusson had many friends (consisting mainly of those connected with the Law), but he had no influential patron who could extend a helping hand. His companionship was courted; he was a fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy; people applauded, and gaped with admiration; but no one came forward to lift him out of the mire.

My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye E'nbrugh gentry!

one may here exclaim, repeating the malediction of Burns. Help did come at last, from his brother Henry and a kind friend; but it came too late, when the poet was cold in the earth!

Walter Ruddiman, the publisher, seems to have fairly remunerated him for his contributions to the Magazine. Fergusson is said to have received "not large but regular payment, and two suits of clothes—an every-day and Sabbath suit—every year," and Mr. Ruddiman himself testifies that the profit upon a little volume of the collected poems, published by subscription in 1773, was at least £50. Fergusson was a great lover of the theatre, and, like Falstaff, he loved to take his ease in his inn. The Edinburgh Theatre Royal was then a popular and a celebrated house; but the poet's "inn" was of no great pretensions. His favourite resort of this kind was Luckie Middlemist's Oyster Tavern, in the Cowgate, situated at the

spot where the southern end of the South Bridge now stands. In one of his earliest poems he has sung—

When big as burns the gutters rin,
If ye ha'e catch'd a droukit skin,
To Luckie Middlemist's loup in
And sit fu' snug
Owre oysters and a dram o' gin
Or haddock lug.

He was a member also of the famous Cape Club, a fraternity of "Knights," amongst whom he was known as "Sir Precentor," in allusion to his gifts as a singer, and whose social charms he has himself celebrated in "Auld Reekie":

But chief, oh Cape! we crave thy aid,
To get our cares and poortith laid.
Sincerity and genius true,
O' knights have ever been the due.
Mirth, music, porter deepest dyed,
Are never here to worth denied;
And health, o' happiness the queen,
Blinks bonnie wi' her smile serene.

But, alas! health did not "blink bonnie wi' her smile serene" on poor Fergusson. His constitution became thoroughly undermined. At one time he thought of flying from his miserable life, and following his brother Henry to sea. But his mother, who was deeply attached to him, would not hear of this project, and he gave way to her entreaty. It was at this time that he wrote—

Fortune and Bob, e'er since his birth,
Could never yet agree;
She fairly kicked him from the earth
To try his fate at sea.

But though he did not go to sea, he relinquished the city, and took lodgings in the village of Restalrig. Here he did not long remain, however, but either from choice or necessity returned to his former haunts. Meanwhile nature, whose mills, like those of God, grind slowly, yet grind exceeding small, was still silently registering her protest against his excesses. Though scarce twenty-four, Fergusson's natural force was already abated. He still frequented Luckie Middlemist's, but he could no longer eat the "cauler oysters" whose praises he had sung. "He was obliged to take them pickled," says the sympathetic Sommers.

And now we approach the tragedy of Robert Fergusson's life. Deep down in his inner nature were the seeds of a strong religious emotion. In a sense he may be said to have inherited this feeling,

and it had been diligently fostered in his youth. Nor must we forget that scene when, in his younger days, he had held forth on Sundays from the "mouth of the peat-stack" to the Aberdeenshire rustics. Sommers tells us that during the last years of his life the poet had "serious impressions of religion." In 1772 he had occasion to run down to Haddington, and going into the old churchyard there, he met the celebrated preacher and writer, Dr. John Brown. Brown was an able man, who had risen from being a "herd laddie" to a great position as a scholar and a divine. He was very zealous, too, and he took this opportunity of "improving the occasion." The personal ascendancy of such a man must have been great. David Hume, a person of very different mental calibre from Fergusson, felt it, sceptic though he was. Hume declared that Dr. Brown was a preacher who spoke "as if Jesus Christ were at his right hand." The conversation sank deep into Fergusson's soul, though it does not seem to have had any immediate effect. Tom Sommers saw Fergusson on the day before he went to Haddington. He also saw him on his return, and he testifies that Fergusson was quite self-possessed. But the tragedy still kept brewing!

With Fergusson's religious struggles I cannot deal. I simply state a few facts. In 1774 we are told by Sommers and others that an incident happened which forcibly recalled the Haddington conversation to mind. Fergusson had a favourite starling, and one night a cat, which had stolen its way down the chimney into the poet's room, seized upon the poor little bird. It cried piteously, and Fergusson awoke, but he was too late to save its life. The poet, in whose brain incipient madness was already developing, worked himself into a frenzy, and applied the moral to his own case. Like the poor starling so suddenly done to death, he, too, was on the edge of doom, and the great reaper, whom no mortal may resist, might at any moment cut him down, and then—— then there was eternal torment! In the black and dark night, the blackness of darkness crept into the poet's soul, a blackness of darkness that was never again fully lifted. Henceforward he read no book but the Bible, and its message for him seemed to have no joy in it. He ceased to write poetry and burned all his MSS. He communed much with Dr. Erskine (immortalised by Scott in "Guy Mannering"), whose church of the Greyfriars was near his mother's residence. In all his gloom he yet talked at times about becoming "a bright and shining light." His old associates knew him no longer. All this time death had him in his grip. The end was hastened by an intemperate outburst at a county election in which he had taken

part. For a brief space his vivacity and spirits did return, and the event was hailed by a "minor" poet in the *Caledonian Mercury* of July 9, 1774. But this was only a passing ray in the dark sky, and the result of a fall down a staircase one evening after he "had taken a glass with a few friends," was that he became totally insane.

The tragedy was now nearing its close. His fond mother nursed her son at home for a time, but, as it sometimes required two strong men to restrain him, and she was very poor, he had to be removed to the public madhouse. This ancient Eedlam stood in a nook of the old city wall near the Bristo Port. His conveyance was effected by means of a kindly stratagem, but when the hapless poet looked round the gloomy abode and recognised where he was, he raised a terrific yell, which, responded to by the other madmen from their cells, filled his friends with horror. The light of a great, though young life, was now fast setting in darkness worse than that of death. There is no sadder tale than this of the young poet's last days, in the whole history of genius, and fate itself has thus contrived to immortalise Robert Fergusson. The first night he slept little. In the morning he kept his hand to his forehead and complained of pain. "Who brought me here?" he exclaimed. "Friends," said Forrest, the keeper. "Yes, friends indeed," replied the poet; "they think me too wicked to live, but you will soon see me a burning and a shining light."

His life-long friend, Tom Sommers, the glazier, of whom he had once irreverently written—

Tom Sommers is a gloomy man,
His mind is dark with sin;
Oh, Holy Jesus, *glaze* his soul,
That light may enter in—

visited him one evening shortly before his death, in company with another friend, Dr. Robert Aitken. They found the poet cheerful, and were allowed by the keeper to give him a bottle of ale and some rolls and cheese. For this little luxury he expressed great gratitude. The three friends afterwards walked together for two hours in the courtyard, and the doctor still further cheered Fergusson by assuring him that he would soon be set at liberty. They parted with the poet, promising to see him again next day. Neither of them, however, was able to go, and they never afterwards saw him in life. He had lingered for two months in the asylum, his ravings throughout being tinged with a sad religious strain. From time to time he had lucid intervals, and his mother and sister were accustomed to visit him. On the night of October 15, 1774, they saw him for the last time. It

was a raw and chilly evening, and the dying poet complained of the cold. He lay on a straw mattress, and he begged his mother to wrap the bedclothes tightly around his feet and sit upon them. She did so, and he looked fondly into her face, and said, "Oh, mother, this is kind indeed!" But he still complained of the cold in his feet. His mother and sister could not restrain their tears. "What ails you?" said Robert. "Why sorrow for me? I am very well cared for here and want for nothing—only it is cold, very cold. You know I told you it would come to this at last." The time arrived when the visitors must needs leave. When they were going Fergusson cried, "Oh, do not go yet, mother—I hope to be well soon!—oh, do not go yet!—do not leave me!" But the keeper was firm, and they had to retire. That night, alone in the darkness, with no pitying eye save that of Heaven upon him, lying on a miserable bed of straw, the mad poet died.

A few days afterwards a small company of sorrowing friends assembled at Bristo Port and followed the body to its resting-place in the Canongate churchyard. There it lay for over twelve years without a stone to mark the spot, until Robert Burns caused the memorial, which still remains, to be placed over the grave, in April 1787. It bore a simple inscription, and the following epitaph:

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
No storied urn, nor animated bust!
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

Alas, that Scotland—that Edinburgh in particular—should so forget to "pour her sorrows"!

The following is Sommers's description of Fergusson's personal appearance:

"He was about five feet six inches high, and well-shaped. His complexion fair but rather pale. His eyes full, black, and piercing. His nose long, his lips thin, his teeth well set and white. His neck long and well-proportioned. His shoulders narrow and his limbs long, but more sinewy than fleshy. His voice strong, clear, and melodious. Remarkably fond of old Scots songs, and the best singer of the 'Birks o' Invermay' I ever heard. When speaking he was quick, forcible, and complaisant. In walking he appeared smart, erect, and unaffected."

I may add that the only authentic portrait of Fergusson is that executed by his friend Alexander Runciman the painter, the original of which may be seen in the portrait gallery, Queen Street, Edinburgh.

II.

FERGUSSON'S best poetic work is slender in quantity, but it is priceless in merit. Much of it, indeed, is of the finest gold. The late Mr. Matthew Arnold has said of Wordsworth that in his happiest efforts, Nature herself seemed to take the pen out of his hand and write for him, and consequently his most perfect work was what his critic called "inevitable." It was there—he hardly knew why. Without this inspiration, he was "weak as is a breaking wave." A great deal of Burns's best work partakes of this quality of inevitableness. "He did but sing because he must, and piped but as the linnet sang." This note, which is the rarest and most distinctive characteristic of Nature's favoured poets, her inner *pii vates*, is not always, or even usually, discernible in Fergusson. He resembles Tennyson rather than Wordsworth; he is the finished artist in verse. No one has handled better than he Edinburgh's "brave metropolitan utterance," as Mr. Stevenson calls it; the rich, racy Doric of Auld Reekie in the eighteenth century. Allan Ramsay is generally placed above Fergusson, but it seems to me that Fergusson had a finer and richer genius; that his work as a whole is superior to Ramsay's; and that Burns, our chief of song, though an immeasurably greater poet, was not more than Fergusson's equal as an artist in the choice of words. Fergusson himself was conscious of this gift—this magic gift of conjuring with words; and he has given expression to his sense of it in the lines upon his muse:

At times when she may lowse her pack
I'll grant that she can find a knack
To gar auld-wairld wardies clack
In hamespun rhyme,
While ilk ane at his billy's back
Keeps guid Scots time.

This knack of making auld-wairld wardies clack in hamespun rhyme Fergusson possessed in the highest degree. His vocabulary has a strength, a fulness, and a vigour about it which secure instant recognition. Fergusson wields the brave utterance of Scotia as the potter wields and moulds the finest clay. Like all noble and well-chosen speech, Fergusson's commended itself to every sort and condition of men, and readers of all classes instinctively recognised that a new magician had arisen; that in these thoroughly original and unique Scots poems it was indeed true of the words, in the fullest sense, that

ilk ane at his billy's back
Kept guid Scots time.

This gift of perfect manipulation of human speech, either in prose or verse, is one that has come very rarely in the history of genius to a writer so young as Fergusson. It has more usually been the growth of maturer years. This peculiar gift is something different from divine afflatus—the poet's inspiration; there may be less of genius in it, but there is infinitely more of talent. In a few lines, in a vivid word picture, Fergusson succeeds in giving us a living, breathing transcript from Nature. The right note was sounded in the opening stanza of the very first *Scottish* poem he contributed to "Ruddiman." It was this quality which struck the "minor poet" of the day, usually the dullest of mortals, and caused him to sing—

*Sae soft and sweet your verses jingle
And your auld words sae meetly mingle,
'Twill gar baith married fowk and single
To roose your lays ;
When we forgather round the ingle
We'll chant your praise.*

It was the same quality, too, which struck the honest country folk as well as those "in city pent" :

*Ye've English plain enough nae doubt,
And Latin, too, but ye do suit
Your lines to fock that's out about
'Mang hills and braes.
This is the thing that gars me shout
Sae loud your praise.*

Now, the wonder of all this is increased when one recollects that Fergusson was but a lad of twenty or so when he obtained his supremacy. His English poems were almost, if not quite, worthless. They had the ring of the conventional, artificial period about them, without any redeeming felicity, or originality of genius; and though they obtained some vogue, they are now, except in the personal or antiquarian sense, absolutely without interest. I have read them, and re-read them, and read them again, and I must honestly testify that from the first line to the last I have found but two or three stanzas which have struck me as having any genuine ring of true poetic metal. Here is one of these stray pieces—lines which Thomson, perhaps, might have written. The subject is "Nature," and he says :

*From the deep bosom of the watery main,
Arrayed by thee, majestic Venus rose,
With waving ringlets carelessly diffused,
Floating luxurious o'er the restless surge.*

This other has a distant cadence of Gray's "Elegy" :

Sweet are the waters to the parched tongue ;
 Sweet are the blossoms to the wanton bee ;
 Sweet to the shepherd sound the lark's shrill song ;
 But sweeter far is solitude to me.

With these two exceptions (which to some may scarce seem exceptions), the English poems may, in my opinion, rest in deep oblivion. But when Fergusson comes back to the "brave utterance," he has always a natural note. The note may sometimes be simple, the imagery may be bald, but, as in the following, it is always an effective picture :

Mankind but scanty pleasure glean
 Frae snawy hill or barren plain,
 When winter midst his nipping train
 Wi' frozen spear,
 Sends drift ower a' his bleak domain,
 And guides the weir.

Numberless examples of Fergusson's knack in handling the measure which inspired Burns and which he adopted, might be given, but a few specimens must suffice. Take the following :

Could lavrocks at the dawnin' day,
 Could linties chirmin' frae the spray,
 Or todlin' burns, that smoothly play
 Ower gowden bed,
 Compare wi' "Birks o' Invermay" ?
 But now they're dead.

The winds blow cold and chill through Auld Reekie in the rough winter as every one of her sons knows right well, and here are the joys that may soothe a hapless poet, when Nature is against him, admirably set forth :

When Phœbus did his winnocks steek
 How aften at that ingle cheek
 Did I my frosty fingers beek
 And prie guid fare !
 I trow there was nae hame to seek
 When stechin there.

This was the song of Luckie Middlemist's, for at home in "Jamieson's Land" perhaps the usual "guid fare" was porridge and cold milk, the latter a poor substitute for that more generous cheer spoken of in Virgil's "Bucolics" and quoted as the motto to the "Farmer's Ingle" :

Et multo imprimis hilarans convivia Baccho,
 Ante focum, si frigus erit.

Again, there are many, no doubt, who, like the present writer, have spent a night upon Arthur's Seat, and have witnessed the sun

rise over Auld Reekie. The sight is one not readily forgotten, but Fergusson hits off the picture in a few words :

Upon the tap o' ilka lum
The sun began to keek.

In his "Ode to the Bee," too, what a sweet melody is in the line :

Whose soughs the saftest slumbers bring.

How vivid is his portraiture !—

In July month ae bonny morn,
When nature's rokelay green
Was spread ower ilka rig o' corn
To charm our rovin' e'en ;
Glouring about I saw a quean,
The fairest 'neath the lift,
Her een were o' the siller sheen,
Her skin light snawy drift,
Sae white that day.

To take lines or couplets from a particular poet and compare them with lines or couplets from some other poet, is always a proceeding of doubtful wisdom, albeit it was a practice much favoured by the late Mr. Arnold, one of the acutest of critics ; but, avoiding this snare, there can be no harm in our claiming the highest excellence and distinction for such lines as the following from the Edinburgh poet :

Till death slip sleely on and gie the hindmost wound.

or,

The mind's aye cradled when the grave is near.

or,

'Twas e'enin' when the speckled gowdspink sang,
When new fa'en dew in blobs o' crystal hang.

or this quartet in a different strain, from the earliest of his poems :

For Gregory death will fairly keep
To tak' his nap ;
He'll till the resurrection sleep
As sound's a tap.

or this—rich with suggestion for folks of Auld Reekie :

Now morn wi' bonnie purple smiles
Kisses the air-cock o' Saunt Giles.

and, finally, might not these lines have been Burns's own ?—

Is there on earth that can compare
Wi' Mary's shape and Mary's air,
Save the empurpled speck that grows
In the saft fauld o' yonder rose ?

—verses set in the midst of a jovial poem—be it remembered—dealing with a rollicking city life. It is this rollicking city life that is generally spoken of as the main theme of Fergusson's poetry. Well, that may be so; indeed it is so; but I venture to think it is not the poetry of city life which gives us Fergusson's finest work. The author of the "Farmer's Ingle," the "Ode to the Bee," and kindred pieces, was a man whose heart stole away from town to the woods and fields and dells of the outlying country. The blood of children of the soil flowed in his veins; he had himself lived with the farmer and sat around his ingle; we have seen, moreover, that time after time he escaped from the riot of the capital into the quiet by-paths of nature; and lastly, there is strong evidence in the poems themselves that the real Fergusson, the better man, speaks his fullest soul in the language of the folks that were "out about 'mang hills and braes." Fergusson could present Nature and natural things with a fidelity as admirable as that of Burns. It was the "Farmer's Ingle" that suggested the "Cottar's Saturday Night"; and, though we must own that Burns approached his subject with a higher and more passionate ideal than Fergusson, we may yet agree with Mr. Andrew Lang in thinking that the "farmer" is a more realistic personage than the "cottar."

Thus far I have allowed Fergusson to speak pretty freely for himself in his poetry, but it is still necessary to give one or two further examples of the town-bred poet in his rustic manner. Take the following from the "Ode to the Bee":

The trees in simmer cleadin' drest,
 The hillocks in their greenest vest,
 The brawest flowers rejoiced we see
 Disclose their sweets and ca' on thee
 Blythely to sing on wanton wing
 Through a' the fairy haunts o' spring.
 When fields hae got their dewy gift
 And dawnin' breaks upon the list,
 Then gang your ways through hight and howe,
 Seek cauler haugh or sunny knowe,
 Or ivy craig or burn-bank brae,
 Where industry shall bid you gae
 For hiney or for waxen store,
 To ding sad poortith frae the door.

True, there is not here the strong passion and masculine fire of Burns, but the song of the homely bird chirping about the farmstead is just as genuine in its note as the music of the nightingale or the lark. And no poet is too great to have written:

Like thee by fancy winged, the muse
Scuds ear and heartsome ower the dew,
Fu' vogie and fu' blythe to crap
The winsome flowers frae nature's lap,
Twinin' her livin' garlands there
That lyart time can ne'er impair.

or this, in a different strain :

For they were never made to dree
The adverse gloom o' fortune's e'e ;
Nor ever preed life's pinin' woes ;
Nor pu'd the prickles wi' the rose.

And does not the whole sweet breath of spring breathe in the words ?—

Frae fields where spring her sweets has blawn
Wi' cauler verdure ower the lawn,
The gowdspink comes.

Has ever the misery of a bird in its prison cage been sung more exquisitely than this ?—

In window hung how aft we see
Thee keek around at warblers free,
That carol saft and sweetly sing
Wi' a' the blytheness o' the spring.
Like Tantalus they hing you here
To spy the glories o' the year,
And though you're at the burnie's brink
They downa suffer you to drink.

All readers recollect Milton's gorgeous description of the stream that ran through Paradise. In Fergusson it is :

A cauler burn o' siller sheen
Ran cannily out ower the green.

Referring to the ancient custom of the maidens of Auld Reekie on the morning of May-day, our poet writes :

On May-day in a fairy ring
We've seen them round St. Anthon's spring
Frae grass the cauler dew-draps wring
To weet their een.

In all this it is more than a city poet who speaks. But then Auld Reekie is as much a country as a town. From many a quarter to-day—and how much clearer a century ago was the prospect !—one may look out on blue sea, grey crag, green hill, or “gowany” field ; and Fergusson, amid all his riot, lived a double life, feeling in his inmost heart the solace that is Nature's gift to her children.

The winter winds, too, sweep through this city of many hills with a fury as keen as they do amid the mountain Bens. Fergusson felt them, and blenched!—

Cauld blaws the nippin' north wi' angry sough,
And showers his hailstones frae the castle cleugh,
Owre the Greyfriars.

But while I think that the real Fergusson is the Fergusson who gave us his best in the "Farmer's Ingle," it is, nevertheless, as the poet of townward life, the glorifier of Edinburgh, that his claims to immortality are unique. No one loved Edinburgh more; no one has chanted her praises better; no one has given us the humours of her citizens and pictured their habits, their revels, their eccentricities with a tithe of the truthfulness, dash, and gusto of Robert Fergusson. The poor copying clerk, whom the gay men of his day admired, flattered, spoiled, yet allowed to drift into misery and "darkness palpable" of spirit, will live for ever as the "laureate o' the toun," while most of them are fated "to lie in cold oblivion and to rot." Other men have sung *about* Auld Reekie: Fergusson is her inner high priest. His love of the town and her citizens, and his powers of describing them have been abundantly recognised from the first. His heart always warms at mention of the capital:

Auld Reekie, thou'rt the canty bole,
A bield for mony a cauldrie soul,
Who canty at thine ingle loll
Baith warm an' couth.

It would be superfluous to cite further examples of the poet in this vein. But I must just quote the following, because it gives us the link, as it were, between Fergusson the poet of the country, and Fergusson the laureate of the town:

Auld Reekie! wale o' ilka toun
That Scotland kens beneath the moon;
Where couthy chields at e'enin' meet,
Their bizzin' craigs and mou's to weet;
And blythely gar auld care gae by
Wi' blinkin' an' wi' bleerin' eye.
Owre lang frae thee the muse has been
Sae frisky on the simmer's green,
When flowers and gowans went to glent
In bonnie blinks upon the bent;
But now the leaves o' yellow dye
Peel'd frae the branches quickly fly;
And now frae nouter bush nor brier
The spreckled mavis greets your ear,
Nor bonnie blackbird skims and roves
To seek his love in yonder groves.

Then Reekie ! welcome, thou canst charm
Unfleggit by the year's alarm.
Not Boreas that sae snelly blows
Dare here pop in his angry nose ;
Thanks to our dads whase biggin' stands
A shelter to surrounding lands !

Fergusson was always spoken of by Burns as his inspirer and his model. I will not compare the lesser with the greater ; the lesser master with the greater pupil. Burns stands immeasurably high and alone. Nor will I go back to the "ancients," James I., Lyndsay, Gawin Douglas, or Dunbar. A century ago, Dr. Johnson predicted that in fifty years the Scottish dialect would become "provincial and rustic even to the Scots themselves." In our own day, Mr. Stevenson has said that the brave Scottish Doric is fast hastening to oblivion. If Mr. Stevenson be correct, it is pretty certain that the mournful shades will soonest close over these "ancients," whose vocabulary is even now a somewhat unintelligible tongue. Allan Ramsay is, possibly, through fulness and maturity of work, a greater writer than Fergusson ; but in fineness of genius, and in all that constitutes the fully-equipped poetic artist, Fergusson is still, in my humble opinion, the only compeer of Robert Burns. 'This is Nature's own great link binding them together in perpetual comradeship, even as Burns himself, by his indebtedness to Fergusson, by his esteem, by his affection, and by the circumstance which he chose should connect them even in death, desired that they should go down to posterity as brothers in misfortune and brothers in the Muses. If anything could give delight to the chief of Scottish bards in that serener sphere,

Where Homer and where Shakespeare are,

it would surely be to find that at length Edinburgh had done something to perpetuate her laureate's fame, and that Scotsmen, the world over, who read the "Cottar's Saturday Night" and "Tam o' Shanter," should likewise read and hold in affectionate remembrance the words of him who has given us the "Farmer's Ingle," and such inimitable vignettes as the "Daft Days," "Cauler Oysters," and "Leith Races." "It is cold, very cold," said Fergusson when he was nearing Acheron and the mournful shades ; we have been cold, too cold, in our treatment of the poet during the century that has intervened. But it is not too late to do something for the fame of one whom Burns describes as "the so justly celebrated poet, a man whose talents for ages to come will do honour to our Caledonian name."

ALEXANDER GORDON.

UNDER THE CÆSARS IN BRITAIN.

IT is difficult in these days of cultivated fields, trim pastures and hedgerows, with roads and railways in all directions, and when scarcely a spot can be found out of sight of a house, to form an adequate idea of what Britain was like in the Roman times. That here and there it was well cultivated is certain, for corn was exported upon a considerable scale; but there must have been great forests and silent uninhabited wastes even down to the latest days of the Latin domination.

When the Romans landed in Kent under Julius Cæsar for the second time, B.C. 54, they soon forced a way into the country, but lack of local knowledge rendered their progress through the dense and tangled woods slow and toilsome. Sudden attacks were frequent, and had to be guarded against by cutting down the trees sufficiently to prevent the wearied troops being surprised in their sleep and routed before they could fall into the ranks. The forests must have rendered the climate much wetter than it is now, whilst the choked-up rivers spread out into great swamps through which the obstructed waters slowly found their way to the sea. Here and there on the hill-tops could be seen the circular entrenchments of the rightful owners of the country, whence they descended to cut off the invaders struggling through the marshes below. By degrees, however, as the new-comers not only maintained their footing, but steadily gained ground, fortifying point after point with rare skill and judgment, the unfortunate Britons, unable to get at their persecutors where their peculiar mode of forest-fighting could be employed to advantage, retired beaten into the less accessible portions of the country. The Romans, with their thoroughly practical turn of mind, were well content to be left in peaceable possession of all the best parts of the island, and took exceedingly good care not to be disturbed if they could help it. The power of the Britons was broken by drafting numbers of the prisoners of war into the Roman armies and sending them abroad, others were retained as slaves, whilst the pick of the native forces perished in the many hard-fought battles in

which the undisciplined Britons went down before the steady order of the cohorts and vexillations, like dry grass before the flames.

Two strongly-fortified posts, placed with admirable judgment at Caerleon-on-Usk, near Newport, in Monmouthshire, and at Chester, kept back the mountaineers of Wales. These places were garrisoned for a long period by the Second Legion, called "the Augustan," and the Twentieth, "the valiant and victorious." Detachments of these legions occupied a line of minor fortresses extending over the country between the two principal depôts.

Once secure in their new possession, the Romans speedily began to alter its appearance. Great avenues were cut in the woods, and roads made through them, the solidity and excellence of which we could hardly surpass even now, with all our scientific knowledge and accumulated experience. These roads were seldom more than about fifteen feet wide, but varied both in width and in mode of construction according to their importance. They ran with exceeding directness from place to place, turning aside neither for river nor mountain. In most cases they were raised a little above the surface of the ground; they were provided with mile-stones, and at intervals, upon some of them at any rate, were posting-houses where relays of horses could be obtained. The curator viarum, or superintendent of roads, was an officer of much importance, and was responsible for the maintenance of the bridges and the general efficiency of the whole system of communications. Most of the main-roads are still in use, but many a straight green lane in rural England, little known even to the people of the locality, was at one time a Roman road, and has witnessed the sturdy march of the bronzed warriors from Italy and Spain, from the sandy plains of Northern Africa or the wild woods of Germany.

As communication became easier, colonies of veterans and time-expired soldiers were established at various places along the principal roads. The lands were apportioned amongst them, clearings were made and farms set up; largely tilled probably by the slave-labour of the Britons themselves.

Whenever it was possible, the Romans placed their most important cities in the angle formed by the junction of two rivers, or with a river on one side and a marsh on the other. York is a good example of the former, lying between the rivers Ouse and Fosse. As the principal seat of the government of the Province of Britain, its safety was of the first importance. It was strongly walled, its garrison, the Sixth Legion, called "the victorious," was kept up to its full strength and formed a reserve from which the troops, hard tried with keeping

back the wild hordes of Caledonia on the frontier, could be reinforced or relieved.

Many of the Roman towns lie buried beneath their modern successors ; others are represented only by a few grassy banks in a field or some pieces of thick wall of iron-hardness ; whilst of others, again, the " cester " or " chester " forming part of the village name affords proof that in the Saxon days there were still existing remains of the Roman camp or station whose very name has perhaps been forgotten for centuries.

As the country became peaceable and settled, in addition to the towns, country-houses sprang up in considerable numbers. They seem to have been most numerous in the western, southern, and south-eastern districts, perhaps with a view to assistance from Gaul or escape to that country, where the Roman power was very firmly established, in case of necessity. Other parts of Britain, however, were not destitute of beautiful country seats, provided with superb tessellated floors, elaborate heating arrangements, and the never-forgotten bath. As to the latter, indeed, the Romans were ahead of ourselves, for there must be many country houses even now unprovided with a bath-room. It was, however, in the great matter of warming that they were so much our superiors. The system of hypocausts, or underground flues extending beneath paved floors, must have produced far better results than our clumsy method of warming one side of a room only. The hypocaust was fired externally, as a greenhouse is now ; no fuel was brought into the house, there were no smoky chimneys to spoil the furniture of the rooms and the tempers of the occupants. As the fire burnt up, the pavement would acquire and diffuse a pleasant warmth, and when once sufficiently heated, probably very little firing would be required. No doubt the system is applicable only to houses built, as those of the Romans were, entirely on the ground-floor, but we have often wondered why someone to whom ground-space is no particular object does not erect a house warmed upon this most scientific and admirable principle. The walls of the villas, when uncovered, are usually found to be only a very few feet in height, which seems to indicate that the upper part of them was of wood. That these houses were in many cases ultimately destroyed by fire seems pretty certain, from the quantity of wood-ashes found lying upon the burnt and discoloured pavements.

The approach to some of the larger and older towns would have presented a curious appearance, to our ideas. Imagine a narrow paved lane with stone sarcophagi and small sepulchral buildings, somewhat resembling perhaps those at Père-la-Chaise, placed along

the sides of it. Box and yew trees planted between the tombs lent an appropriate solemnity to the resting-places of the dead. The low grey walls of the town, composed of stones and tiles set in concrete of the best quality, stretched on either hand, and had two or three narrow gateways defended by round towers. Within the gateway, the traveller found himself in a perfect maze of extraordinarily narrow lanes and alleys, with little houses and shops like those of an Oriental bazaar. With all this apparent crowding, the Roman towns may have been more healthy than those of the middle ages. As we have seen, the bodies of the dead, sometimes buried, sometimes burned, and at others enclosed in liquid plaster of Paris and placed in sarcophagi above ground, were invariably disposed of outside the towns. The public sanitary conveniences were also outside, whilst the water supply was brought from springs at a distance, instead of being largely obtained from filthy shallow wells in the town. As it was just in these three most essential respects that the mediæval town-dwellers were so utterly ignorant and careless, it is, we think, probable that the Roman towns were by no means insalubrious places of residence.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the Roman fortifications still existing in this country is Pevensey Castle, in Sussex. Not that it or any other Roman work at all answered to what we call a "castle." In this case the name is derived from a Norman castle built within the semicircular wall which constituted the defence of the Roman settlement. Here and there fragments remain of a Norman breast-work or parapet which has been added upon the Roman work. The latter is wonderfully perfect throughout much the greater part of its extent. With its solid half-round towers at frequent intervals, its splendid masonry with bands of tiles, it requires but the sound of the *lituus* and the serried ranks of spears to carry us back 1,600 years to the great days of Imperial Rome. At one place the wall, undermined by mediæval seekers after its cut stone, has fallen outwards, and lies in huge solid masses which nothing short of explosives could possibly break up. The situation as usual is admirably chosen. Probably the open or south side was then directly washed by the sea, now receded about a mile, but it is within signalling range of Beachy Head on the one hand, and Hastings Castle Rock on the other, whence look-outs could command an immense range of the Channel. Inland, the view over the Weald of Sussex is singularly large, although the place lies low in perfectly flat country. The remarkable outlook from most of the Roman camps or stations is indeed one of their most striking characteristics. At Templeborough,

near Rotherham, in Yorkshire, there are in a cornfield well-marked traces of a square encampment. Defended on the north side by the river Don, on the east by the marshes into which the Rother probably then spread out, the place is scarcely noticeable from the high-road to Sheffield passing along its southern side. Leave that road, however, although but a few yards off, and ascend the slight upheaval in the cornfield, and at once the view opens out in a marvellous manner. Very perfect British works frown upon it from Wincobank Hill, only two or three miles away to the west; but in spite of their elevation it seems to us that in days when neither side possessed any long-range weapons, the Roman position was the stronger of the two. Some years ago excavations were made at Templeborough resulting speedily in the discovery of the basement of a temple, and of a stone recording the presence of the Fourth Cohort of Gauls; but as usual, lack of funds rendered it impossible to continue the work, and it was covered up again. The camp now seems likely to be soon obliterated beneath the advancing slag-heaps of a large steel-works; a degradation from which we devoutly hope it will be for ever preserved.

The excavations now making at Silchester, near Reading, by the liberality of the Duke of Wellington, promise to throw much light upon many vexed questions connected with the economy of the Roman towns in Britain. After the usual destruction which befell the place on the departure of the legions, the site seems to have been deserted, with the result that the Roman foundations, instead of being buried many feet below those of modern houses, lie but a few inches under the soil of the fields. The arrangement of the streets especially has been already largely traced out, and much more may be hoped for by degrees as the work progresses. *Calleva Atrebatum*, as Silchester was in all probability termed, was perhaps the most important town on the great road to Bath and South Wales. The road to Clausentum, a port supposed to have been at Bitterne, on Southampton Water, diverged here from the western road, and passed through *Venta Belgarum*, or Winchester. The latter name, by the way, seems to be very plainly a corruption of *Venta Castrum*.

Although the towns possessed local government in a high degree, electing their own rulers and being quite independent of the Imperial officers, save as regarded the sum of money fixed as their tribute to Rome, the general government of the Province was essentially military. It rested indeed entirely upon the army, and when that was withdrawn the whole fabric, built up with such skill and patience during four hundred years, fell to the ground. In many ways the

Roman occupation of Britain resembled our tenure of India at the present day. Besides its military character, like us they made much use of the native raw material in holding the country in subjection. The chief commands were usually held by officers sent direct from Rome, and a certain number of Italians were always to be found in the ranks. Whilst careful to let no tribe get too powerful, they were skilful in availing themselves of the jealousies and discords existing amongst the various chieftains, and after the suppression of the risings under Caractacus and Boadicea, do not seem to have had much trouble with the natives.

The mineral wealth of Britain attracted the especial attention of the Romans. There is reason, in fact, for thinking that it was one of the chief objects of their conquest of the island. Copper, tin, iron, and lead were what they chiefly sought, and they seem to have obtained possession of the chief sources of those metals at a very early period of the occupation. The art of separating silver from lead ore seems also to have been known to the Romans. Their little furnaces, fired with wood or coal as either was most handy, were at work in the forest glades of the Wye Valley and the Weald of Sussex and Kent, smelting iron ores for export, during probably the whole time the Roman rule endured.

The troops were by no means allowed to lead idle lives in time of peace. They constructed the roads and fortifications, were employed in surveying work for various purposes, and in draining the marshes. Near the important station of Lindum, now called Lincoln, extensive dykes and causeways remain in the fen country, which there is every reason to believe were carried out by the Romans. Perhaps the most remarkable of the great works executed by the soldiery were the lines intended to keep back the warlike inhabitants of Caledonia. The first of these consisted of a chain of forts across the Lowlands of Scotland from the Forth to the Clyde, and was executed about eighty years after Christ by Julius Agricola, one of the most able of the Roman pro-prætors or governors of Britain. About forty years later the Emperor Hadrian erected a massive stone wall running for 70 miles over hill and dale, from near Carlisle to the Tyne at Wall's End. A stout earthen bank and deep ditch formed part of this work, which was further strengthened by walled and garrisoned towns about every three miles, with watch-towers at intervals between them. These works seem to have answered their purpose on the whole, but the northern frontier remained to the last a weak spot in the defences of the country.

Besides the important mining industry, considerable manufac-

tures of pottery and glass, jewellery and hardware, existed, and must have supported a considerable trading population. The undoubted wealth and prosperity of the island, with its various exports and the constant intercourse with the Continent, quite account for the ease and luxury in which we know that many of the merchants and high military and civil officers must have passed their lives in this country.

Gradually, as peace became the rule rather than the exception, the Italian and other troops of the army of occupation intermarried with the natives, and a mixed race sprang up, speaking, it is supposed, chiefly Latin, and differing much in its habits from the wild savages who had opposed the landing of Cæsar. This Romano-British race does not seem to have inherited the warlike qualities of either of its ancestors, for the Saxons had apparently little trouble in taking possession of the country after the departure of the legions early in the fifth century. It is supposed, however, that they were aided by the large numbers of Teutons by whom the army had been for some time recruited. The troops in Britain had been carried over to Gaul by their chosen leader Constantius, where he was made Emperor of the West. This was the closing scene of the Roman domination of Britain. Besides the Saxons, the Picts and Scots from Scotland and Ireland swarmed into the country from the north-west. Overpowering the small garrisons left behind, they plundered and devastated with fire and sword. The Teutons, however, proved the stronger in the long run, and by degrees became the ruling race amid the ashes of the Roman civilisation. It is certain that many traces of the latter remained for a long time. Saxon records mention the towns, with their temples, bridges, and walls, many of which lasted into mediæval times, but have long since been levelled and their materials used for other purposes.

Much might be done by explorations upon a large scale to increase our knowledge of Roman Britain, but we have said enough to show that the truly imperial race which once swayed the greater part of Europe exercised on the whole a beneficent influence in our country, and laid the foundation of a far-reaching civilisation which has spread over the world in a manner hitherto only equalled by their own.

W. B. PALEY.

“THE DARKNESS BEHIND THE STARS.”¹

PEOPLE who do not give the matter sufficient consideration seem to think that the number of the stars is practically infinite; but this idea is totally incorrect, and due to complete ignorance of telescopic revelations. It is certainly true that the larger the telescope used in the examination of the heavens, the more the number of the stars seems to increase, but we now know that there is a limit to this increase of telescopic vision. And the evidence clearly shows that we are rapidly approaching this limit. Although the number of stars visible in the Pleiades at first rapidly increases with an increase in the size of the telescope used, and although photography has largely increased the number of stars in this remarkable cluster, it has recently been found that an increased length of exposure—beyond three hours—adds very few stars to the number visible on the photograph taken at the Paris Observatory in 1885, on which over 2,000 stars can be counted. Even with this large number on so limited an area, vacant spaces of considerable extent are visible between the stars, and a glance at the original photograph is sufficient to show that there would be ample room for many times the number actually visible.

On a photograph of the great globular cluster Omega Centauri recently taken in Peru with a telescope of thirteen inches aperture, the individual stars composing this superb cluster can be distinctly seen and counted, although to the eye it seems to be a mass of “innumerable” stars. The enumeration has been carefully made by Mr. and Mrs. Baily, and gives 6,389 for the number of stars in this cluster. They are of opinion, however, that the actual number is really greater, and we may perhaps conclude that it contains about 10,000 stars. If the whole sky were as thickly studded with stars as in this cluster—which of course it is not—the total number visible in the whole heavens would be, I find, 1,650 millions, a very large number, of course, but not much in excess of the present human

¹ The title of this article was suggested by a passage in Mr. H. Rider Haggard’s interesting work, *Montezuma’s Daughter*, p. 186.

population of the earth, and I am not aware that the number of the earth's inhabitants has ever been described as "infinite."

Clusters such as Omega Centauri, and even the Pleiades, are of course remarkable and rare exceptions to the general rule of stellar distribution, and the heavens in general are not—even in the richest portions of the Milky Way—nearly so rich in stars as the globular clusters. The fact of these clusters being remarkable objects proves that they are unusually rich in stars, and there is strong evidence—evidence amounting to absolute proof in the case of the globular clusters—that these clusters of stars are really and not apparently close, that they are actually systems of suns, and fill a comparatively limited volume in space. We cannot then estimate the probable number of the visible stars by counting those visible in one of these globular clusters. We must draw our conclusions from other portions of the sky. On a photograph of a rich spot in the constellation Cygnus, taken by Dr. Roberts in August 1887, in that luminous region of the Milky Way which lies between Gamma and Beta Cygni, no less than 16,206 stars have been counted on a space of four square degrees. On this beautiful photograph—a paper print of which, kindly presented to me by Dr. Roberts, lies before me as I write—the stars, although thickly strewn, have numerous and comparatively large blank spaces between them, and "the dark background of the heavens" is very conspicuous even in this rich region. A glance at this photograph shows that there would be ample room for at least ten times the number of stars actually visible. The same fact is evident on the beautiful photographs of various portions of the heavens taken by the brothers Henry at the Paris Observatory. The number of stars visible on Dr. Roberts's photograph gives a total of 167 millions for the whole sky, but as the region in question is evidently a very rich one, this number is too large to be taken as an average, the stars in many other regions being much more thinly scattered. Even for the stars visible on the Paris photograph of the Pleiades, I find that were the whole sky as thickly strewn with stars as this cluster, the total number would be only thirty-three millions, or less than the present population of France. Taking the comparatively poor regions of the sky into consideration as well as the rich regions of the Milky Way, it is now generally admitted by all astronomers who have studied this particular question that the probable number of stars visible in our largest telescopes does not exceed 100 millions, a number which, large as it is, absolutely, may be considered as relatively very small, and even utterly insignificant when compared with an "infinite number."

That this number of 100 millions will not probably be largely increased by any increase of telescopic power is shown by the fact that M. Celoria, using a small telescope of power barely sufficient to show stars to the eleventh magnitude, found that he could see almost exactly the same number of stars near the northern pole of the Milky Way as were visible in Sir William Herschel's great reflector! thus indicating that—here at least—no increase of optical power will materially increase the number of stars visible in that direction. For Herschel's gauging telescope certainly showed far fainter stars than those of the eleventh magnitude in other parts of the heavens. It should, therefore, have shown fainter stars at the Galactic Pole also, if such stars existed in that region of space. Their absence seems certain proof that very faint stars do *not* exist in that direction, and that, here at least, our sidereal universe is limited in extent.

An examination by Miss Clerke of Professor Pickering's catalogue of stars surrounding the North Pole of the heavens shows that “the small stars are overwhelmingly too few for the space they must occupy if of average brightness; and they are too few in a constantly increasing ratio.”¹ Here again a “thinning out” of the stellar hosts seems clearly indicated, and suggests that a limit will soon be reached, beyond which our most powerful telescopes will fail to reveal any further stars.

Let us see what richness of stellar distribution is implied by this number of 100 millions of visible stars. It may be easily shown that the area of the whole sky, in both hemispheres, is 41,253 square degrees. This gives 2,424 stars to the square degree. The moon's apparent diameter being slightly over half a degree (31' 5"), the area of its disc is about one-fifth of a square degree. The area of the whole star sphere is consequently about 200,000 times the area of the full moon. A total of 100 millions of stars gives therefore 500 stars to each space of sky equal in area to the full moon. This seems a large number, but stars scattered even as thickly as this would appear at a considerable distance apart when viewed with a telescope and a high power. As the area of the moon's disc contains about 760 square minutes of arc, there would not be an average of even one star to each square minute. A pair of stars half a minute, or 30 seconds apart, would form a very wide double star, and with stars placed at even this distance the moon's disc would cover about 3,000, or six times the actual number visible in the largest telescopes.

But in addition to this conclusive evidence as to the limited number of the visible stars, derived from actual observation and the

¹ *Nature*, August 9, 1888.

results of photography, we have indisputable evidence, from mathematical considerations, that the number of the visible stars *must necessarily* be limited. For were the stars infinite in number, and scattered through space with any approach to uniformity, it may be proved that the whole heavens would shine with the brightness of the sun. As the surface of a sphere varies directly as the square of the radius, and light inversely as the square of the distance (or radius of the star sphere at any point), we have the diminished light of the stars exactly counterbalanced by the increased number at any given distance. For a distance of say ten times the distance of the nearest fixed star, the light of each star would be diminished 100 times (10 multiplied by 10), but the total number of stars would be 100 times greater, so that the starlight would be the same. This would be true for *all* distances. The total light will therefore (by addition) be proportional to the distance, and hence for an infinite distance we should have an infinite amount of light. For an infinite number of stars therefore we should have a continuous blaze of light over the whole surface of the visible heavens. Far from this being the case, the amount of light afforded by the stars on even the clearest nights is, on the contrary, comparatively small, and the blackness of the background, "the darkness behind the stars," is very obvious. According to Miss Clerke (*System of the Stars*, p. 7), the total lights of all the stars to $9\frac{1}{2}$ magnitude is about $\frac{1}{80}$ th of full moonlight. M. G. l'Hermite found for the total amount of starlight $\frac{1}{10}$ th of moonlight, but this estimate is evidently much too high. The number of the *visible* stars cannot therefore be infinite.

To explain the limited number of the stars several hypotheses have been advanced. If space be really infinite, as we seem compelled to suppose, it would be reasonable to expect that the number of the stars would be practically infinite also. But, as I have shown above, the number of the *visible* stars is certainly finite; and to explain this fact it has been suggested that there may be an "extinction of light," caused by absorption in the ether, beyond a certain distance in space. This hypothesis was supported by the famous astronomers Olbers and Struve. In a recent paper on this subject, Schiaparelli, the well-known Italian astronomer, suggests that if any extinction of light really takes place it may probably be due, not to absorption in the ether, but to fine particles of matter scattered through interstellar space. He refers to the supposed constitution of comets' tails, of falling stars, and meteorites in support of this hypothesis, and he shows that the quantity of matter necessary to produce the required extinction would be very small,

so small indeed that a quantity of this matter scattered through a volume equal to that of the terrestrial globe, if collected into one mass, would only form a ball of less than one inch in diameter ! We can readily admit the existence of such a minute quantity of matter in a fine state of subdivision scattered through space, but it seems to me much more probable that the limited number of the visible stars is due, not to any extinction of their light by absorption in the ether or by fine particles of matter, but to a real “ thinning out ” of the stars near the limits of the visible universe. Celoria’s observation, mentioned above, seems to prove that near the pole of the Milky Way very few stars fainter than the eleventh magnitude are visible even in a large telescope. Now this absence of the fainter magnitudes cannot well be due to any absorption of light, for numerous faint stars of the sixteenth and seventeenth magnitudes are visible, in other parts of the heavens ; and if in one place why not in another ? Sir John Herschel’s observations of the Milky Way in the Southern hemisphere appear to render the hypothesis of light extinction very improbable. He says that the hypothesis, “ if applicable to any, is equally applicable to every part of the Galaxy. We are not at liberty to argue that at one part of its circumference our view is limited by this sort of cosmical veil which extinguishes the smaller magnitudes, cuts off the nebulous light of distant masses, and closes our view in impenetrable darkness ; while at others we are compelled by the clearest evidence telescopes can afford, to believe that star-strewn vistas *lie open*, exhausting their powers, and stretching out beyond their utmost reach, as is proved by that very phenomenon which the existence of such a veil would render impossible, viz. infinite increase of number and diminution of magnitude, terminating in complete irresolvable nebulosity.”

How then are we to explain the limited number of the visible stars ? If space be infinite the number of the stars would probably be infinite also, or at least vastly greater than the number actually visible. It has been suggested that, owing to the progressive motion of light, the light of very distant stars may probably have not yet reached the earth, although travelling through space for thousands of years ; but considering the vast periods of time indicated by the geological record, and the probably longer period during which the stellar universe has been in existence, this hypothesis seems very unsatisfactory. It seems to me that the most probable hypothesis is that all the stars, clusters, and nebulae visible in our largest telescopes form together one vast system which constitutes our Visible Universe, and that this system is isolated by a starless void

from other similar systems which probably exist in infinite space. The distance between these separate systems may be very great compared with the diameter of each system, in the same way that the diameter of our Visible Universe is very great compared with the diameter of our solar system. As the sun is a star and the stars are suns, and as our sun is separated from his neighbour suns in space by a sunless void, so may our universe be separated from other universes by a vast and starless abyss. On this hypothesis the supposed extinction of light, which may have little or no perceptible effect within the limits of our Visible Universe, may possibly come into play across the vast and immeasurable distances which probably separate the different universes from each other, and may perhaps extinguish their light altogether.

Another hypothesis which also seems possible is that the luminiferous ether which extends throughout the Visible Universe may be confined to this universe itself, and that beyond its confines the ether may thin out, as the earth's atmosphere does at a certain distance from the earth's surface, and finally cease to exist altogether, ending in an *absolute* vacuum, which would of course arrest the passage of all light from outer space, and thus produce the black background of the heavens, "the darkness behind the stars."

J. E. GORE.

ECCLESIASTICAL PAMPHLET WARS.

THE pamphlet as a controversial weapon, or, indeed, as an active literary force, is dead, or at least moribund. Three or four times within the last quarter of a century it has been galvanised into a spasmodic existence. The first occasion was in 1870, when the extraordinary success of the Rev. H. W. Pullen's little skit called "The Fight at Dame Europa's School," produced an astonishing multitude of imitations, translations, and parodies, written from a great variety of points of view. Like everything else in these days of collector-mania, these pamphlets were carefully collected by several enthusiasts—the Marquis of Bute has a specially large collection—and one of these collectors, a well known bibliographer, Mr. Falconer Madan, published a list thereof some twelve years ago, with all the usual bibliographical apparatus, in the invaluable pages of *Notes and Queries*. Nearly 200,000 copies of the original pamphlet were sold, and the list of imitations and translations which were published between 1871 and 1878—a few referring to Irish policy or the Russo-Turkish war of 1877—contains about 150 items. Most of these were published in 1871 and 1872, and this was the first spasm of pamphlet revival.

The second came a year or two later, when an imperial title for the Queen, as Empress of India, was proposed by Lord Beaconsfield. In opposition to this proposal Mr. Edward Jenkins issued a pamphlet entitled "The Blot on the Queen's Head; or how little Ben, the head waiter, changed the sign of the 'Queen's Inn' to 'Empress Hotel, Limited,' and the consequences thereof. By a Guest;" and a mild pamphlet war ensued. The third revival came a little later still, when Mr. Gladstone issued his famous brochures on the "Vatican Decrees." The appearance of his first challenging little publication led to quite a brisk engagement of controversial pamphlets, in which both sides to the dispute were fairly represented. Besides these three special occasions, there were one or two minor outbreaks of pamphlet fever, as at the time of the Alabama settlement, and

again when the Russo-Turkish war was approaching a crisis. Each general election, also, brings forth a great host of leaflets and pamphlets of a kind ; but these are all so exclusively for party, or indeed local consumption, and have so few claims to be considered in any respect as literature, that they may safely be neglected by any student of pamphleteering.

The pamphlet as a weapon of controversy has been superseded by the modern magazine article, which discusses every possible and impossible proposition with serene impartiality. Both sides of a question may often be found presented with equal ability within the covers of one number of a magazine or review—a triumph of toleration almost impossible of conception to our forefathers. We supply the poison and the antidote side by side ; to those who went before us poison was poison, and was to be treated as such, while antidotes were applied in ways more forcible than is compatible with the all-tolerant temper of the present day. The growth of the magazine article of the modern type has been the death of the pamphlet. Ecclesiastical subjects were formerly in marked favour with pamphleteers, but the gravest questions of theological belief and of ecclesiastical government and discipline are now dealt with in the all-embracing arena of the periodical discussion forum, and the theological pamphlet as a living force is almost extinct. It used to be far otherwise. In the whole history of modern religious life and thought, that is, during the three centuries and more that have elapsed since the triumph of the Reformation in England, there have been not a few noteworthy ecclesiastical pamphlet wars.

The first, and one of the most famous, of these paper conflicts, bears the name of the Martin Marprelate controversy. It was sharp but short, for it only covered a period of about two years—that is to say, the controversy strictly so called. There were various fore-runners preceding this precise period, and the echoes of the controversy did not finally die away until they were drowned in the thunder of the guns that ushered in the great Civil War. When the Commonwealth was overthrown, and Charles II. returned to his father's throne, both the political and the ecclesiastical conditions of the country were so entirely different to what they were in the days of Queen Elizabeth, that the Martin Marprelate controversy was as dead as Julius Cæsar.

The essence of the Martinist dispute may be defined as the struggle of the early Puritans against the civil power of the Anglican prelates, and against episcopacy in general. The fight was not fought from any love of theological or ecclesiastical liberty in the abstract.

If Archbishop Whitgift and his colleagues on the episcopal bench were hard and intolerant, the Puritan leaders were equally so when they obtained the power. It can hardly be wondered at that the prelates fought hard, for they were attacked on two sides. On the one they had to hold their ground against the Roman Catholics, who worked steadily and relentlessly to recover their ancient hold upon the church and kingdom of England ; while on the other they had to combat the assaults of the Precisians, or Puritans, who attacked especially their temporal power—the secular arm of the prelacy, so to speak—with the greatest determination. But *beati possidentes*, and not least when possession includes the use of secular prerogatives. This first great encounter between Puritanism and Prelacy, of which the pamphlets known by Martin's name are the relics and the monument, was, as was said, short but sharp. Several of the church's assailants were hung—the three hundredth anniversary of their deaths was commemorated last year by many Nonconformists—others died in prison, and the controversy was temporarily extinguished, only to be revived in still more deadly earnest on the fields of Naseby, Marston Moor, and Worcester, with the ultimate result that, although prelacy was restored, its old temporal powers, its secular prerogatives, were destroyed for ever.

The pamphlet that fairly started the controversy was called "The Epistle" of Martin Marprelate. It bore the fantastic imprint: "Printed oversea in Europe within two furlongs of a Bouncing Priest at the cost and charges of M. Marprelate gentleman." As a matter of fact, it was printed secretly at East Molesey in October 1588. Who "Martin" really was is still a matter of uncertainty. He may have been John Penry, who was hanged in 1593, or either of his companion Puritans, Job Throckmorton or Henry Barrowe. But this is not a matter of very great importance. Between the publication of the "Epistle" in 1588 and the cessation or suppression of the paper war in 1590, some twenty-six or seven pamphlets were issued, distributed fairly equally between the two sides, Prelatical and Puritan, and including one or two which impartially attacked both sides. One of these neutral pamphlets professed to be by "Plaine Percevall the Peacemaker of England. Sweetly indevoring with his blunt persuasions to botch up a Reconciliation between Mar-ton and Mar-tother." Plain Perceval's intentions were excellent, but peace was not then possible. The Puritan pamphlets were printed at secret presses in various parts of the country, and many of those issued on the other side were privately printed in London. Many and strict were the searches for the wandering

presses, which Penry and Barrowe and their friends worked to such good purpose ; but with no great success. The leading spirits on the Puritan side, however, were captured, and their execution or imprisonment brought the controversy to a close for the time ; for the hangman's rope and the gaoler's keys are in their several ways arguments of unanswerable force.

Forty years later, when the prolonged struggle between King and Parliament was rapidly nearing the arbitrament of the sword, the controversial pamphlet again made its appearance. The Puritans sent out from secret presses sheaves of tracts against Laud and the Court party, and against the undue exercise of the royal prerogative, but especially against the power of the prelacy. "The patience of Englishmen, in fact," says Green, "was slowly wearing out. There was a sudden upgrowth of virulent pamphlets of the old Martin Marprelate type. Men, whose names no one asked, hawked libels whose authorship no one knew, from the door of the tradesman to the door of the squire." And throughout not only this preliminary period of storm and stress, but right through the years of armed struggle which ended in the execution of Charles and the establishment of the Commonwealth, an innumerable host of pamphlets poured from the presses on both sides. Some, especially those published during the years of war, were purely military, and some were purely political ; but in the mass of them ecclesiastical and political questions were hopelessly entangled, for in those stormy times there was, and could be, no distinction between the two.

The quantity of ephemeral literature produced during the Civil War period is really astounding. Many large private collections of such publications have been formed, and there are, says Carlyle, in his introduction to "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," "thirty to fifty thousand unread pamphlets of the Civil War in the British Museum alone ; huge piles of mouldering wreck, wherein, at the rate of perhaps one pennyweight per ton, lie things memorable." The pamphlet continued to be an effective party weapon throughout the seventeenth century ; but, passing by many minor controversies over which plenty of printers' ink was shed, we come to the first decade of the eighteenth century—that reign of Queen Anne which may fairly be regarded as the golden age of the pamphlet.

A bibliography of the tracts of Queen Anne's time would be intolerably voluminous. It would have to include in its political section the brilliant papers of St. John, Swift, and Prior, and an endless host of printed missiles by many writers now quite unknown. Among tracts relating to literature—not to those daily

pamphlets the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and their imitators—it would include much controversy in which the names of Pope, Dennis, and other writers and critics would figure very prominently; and in matters ecclesiastical a considerable collection of pamphlets would have to be grouped under the name of Henry Sacheverell.

The ecclesiastical pamphlet war represented by this well-known name was not of the same immediate nor ultimate importance as that associated with the Marprelate tracts; but, like the latter, it was short, and while it lasted, very violent. The whole story of the Sacheverell controversy is exceedingly dry and uninteresting to most modern readers, but those who wish to study the subject can easily do so in the pages of Burnet's "History" and Burton's "Reign of Queen Anne," or in those of Macaulay and Green. The original pamphlets are dull and dry enough. "Perhaps the driest and most intolerable passage in all political domestic history," says Miss Strickland, "is that called the 'Affair of Dr. Sacheverell.' All old libraries in country halls are provided, among other literary nuisances pertaining to the last century, with two or three duplicate copies of duskiy-bound tomes bearing the above title; the paper the vilest yellow-stained, wire-wove; the print and orthographical arrangement ugly enough to be in unison with the dulness of the inexplicable contents. No person can open these books without perpetrating a succession of yawns; no person, excepting for the purpose of professional information, ever endured the reading of two pages of the narrative." Yet historians have had to turn over the arid pages of these dead pamphlets, and at least one enthusiastic bibliographer has been found willing to make a careful catalogue of the ancient weapons of controversy.

The two leading features of the famous sermon preached by Dr. Sacheverell in St. Paul's Cathedral on November 5, 1709, which led to his trial and all the paper war which raged around his name, were the denunciation of religious tolerance, and the upholding of the doctrine of non-resistance to the Crown in its extremest form. The Sacheverell pamphlets consist of short and catch-penny lives of the reverend hero, several sermons preached by him at various dates, attacks by dissenting writers on such sermons and their preacher, and other sermons and replies in support of the High Church doctrines. The list of Sacheverell pamphlets is a record of sermons, speeches, answers, letters, replies, thoughts, vindications, and considerations, with endless variations of title, in long and wearisome procession. The total number of distinct and separate publications connected directly or indirectly with the controversy,

enumerated by Mr. Falconer Madan in his "Bibliography of Sacheverell," amounts to no less than 226 ; and most of these are tracts, broadsides, and pamphlets of the most ephemeral kind. Their enumeration is a triumph of bibliographical industry and patience, and an astonishing proof of the strength and, indeed, violence of party feeling, both ecclesiastical and political, at the crisis of Queen Anne's reign.

Throughout the remainder of the eighteenth century but little is heard of the ecclesiastical pamphlet. It was a time of quiet and repose. Its enemies regard the eighteenth century as a period of somnolency and stagnation, its friends as a Saturnian age of peace. From whatever point of view it is regarded, the absence of the ecclesiastical pamphlet war may be noted with complacency. Through the same period the political pamphlet had a quiet and evenly uninteresting history, unbroken by any violent storms, until the outbreak of the French Revolution produced Burke's "Reflections" and subsequent tracts, and inaugurated an epoch of stormy political pamphleteering. The ecclesiastical pamphlet slumbered until its revival by Newman and his coadjutors in the publication of "Tracts for the Times," between 1833 and 1837. The issue of these pamphlets led, of course, to the publication of very many replies and answers, and commentaries of all kinds. The history of the "Tracts" and of the controversy to which they gave rise, may be read in the pages of Newman, Pusey, and Mozley. It will be sufficient here to say that this last great ecclesiastical pamphlet war, both in its immediate and in its ultimate results, so far as they can be discerned, has been of greater importance to the Church of England and to the nation at large than any previous conflict of the kind, save only, perhaps, the controversy represented by the Marprelate tracts, which led to the Civil War, and in the end to the complete remodelling of our institutions, both ecclesiastical and political.

With the "Tracts for the Times" the history of our ecclesiastical pamphlet wars comes to an end. Mr. Gladstone's "Rome and the Latest Fashions in Religion," and his "Vaticanism" brought about a spasmodic revival of the pamphlet form of controversy : but the matters at issue were at least as much political as ecclesiastical, and the dispute soon flickered out. The newest or oldest notions in theology and in matters of ecclesiastical government are now regularly aired, controverted, put forward, and demolished, in the pages of magazines and reviews, and pamphleteering is practically extinct.

OLD SCOTTISH CURES.

MANY and varied have been the methods adopted by mankind for the removal of those ailments with which their flesh is afflicted. Superstitious and religious ceremonies, miraculous talismans, the herbs of the field, the flowers of the woodland and the garden, empirical potions, skilfully concocted drugs, mechanical devices, and allopathic and homœopathic medicines have all been resorted to, and the advocates of each could adduce more or less satisfactory testimony as to the beneficial results attributable to the use of his own particular remedy. Every age has different cures from those of its predecessor ; fashion holds sway even here. How many remedies familiar enough to our grandparents are unknown to us ! Yet they had quite as much to commend them as the widely-puffed nostrums of our own day, and perhaps it would be well for sufferers if they oftener placed reliance upon what are contemptuously called "old wives' cures." Let me recall some of these which had the sanction of the most famous physicians of their day. In a country with such a variable and severe climate as that of Scotland is, the inhabitants have been always specially prone to chest complaints. What was at one time considered by many people almost a specific for pleurisy was a decoction of the seneka rattlesnake root, rendered agreeable by the addition of cinnamon water. The dose was from two to four tablespoonsful thrice daily. Young cabbage leaves applied warm to the side were also used in cases of the same ailment. For obstinate coughs, or that dire disease consumption, asses' milk was prescribed. It was drunk at its natural temperature, and half a pint was usually taken thrice daily along with a little bread. Goats' milk was also much favoured, and both on that account and also owing to the sheltered situation of the village at the base of the Ochils, Blair Logie was frequented by consumptive patients in days before the discovery of the Airthrey Wells attracted invalids to the neighbouring Bridge of Allan. To live almost entirely on butter-milk and to eat freely of raw oysters were also remedies which were prescribed. For a sore throat the popular cures were to keep black-

currant jelly constantly in the mouth, swallowing it slowly ; to gargle either with sage tea mixed with a little vinegar and honey or with a decoction of the leaves or bark of a black-currant bush ; or to keep a piece of sal prunelle in the mouth, allowing it slowly to dissolve. Sal prunelle was much favoured by precentors as a preventive of huskiness. Among the external applications to a sore throat was a poultice of the Jew's ear, a velvety, gelatinous fungus frequently seen on old elm and elder trees, whose resemblance to the human organ of hearing gave it its name. For hooping-cough, or the chin-cough, as it was called in those days, a drink of hyssop or pennyroyal tea was recommended, honey or sugar-candy being used to sweeten the infusion. Burgundy pitch plasters placed on the chest or between the shoulders, and an emulsion of spermaceti and sugar-candy were esteemed curatives for coughs. In the case of erysipelas it was customary to apply a mealy cloth to the part affected. Old women who suffered from flatulency chewed caraway seeds, ginger, aniseeds, juniper berries, or green tea, and the odour of peppermint lozenges is still a familiar perfume in country churches. Cold water and vinegar were used for strengthening the eyes, and fomentations were made of elder or camomile flowers. Sulphur and cream of tartar were remedies for rheumatism, and a favourite, and effective, cure prescribed by an Edinburgh doctor of last century was the rubbing of the affected parts with tincture of cantharides. A plaster of Burgundy pitch, a teaspoonful of white mustard seed in water twice or thrice daily, and infusions of ground ivy and camomile were also in favour. Among the popular cooling drinks were orange whey, made by boiling a sliced bitter orange in water till the curd separated, balm and apple tea, and barley water. Such are a few of the remedies which were in vogue among our forefathers, and some of these are still resorted to by homely folks, and that with beneficial results. But our ancestors trusted to many curative agencies which had much less to recommend them than these herbal medicines. The trite saying that "Imagination kills and cures," more particularly the latter part of the proverb, seems to have been specially applicable to dwellers in Scotland up to a time not very far remote from the present. Long after methods consistent with the medical science of the times had been established in the larger towns, and duly qualified doctors had become the recognised prescribers of healing remedies, the common people in country districts continued to have implicit faith in the superstitions handed down to them from a past era. Such inanimate objects as flint arrow-heads glass beads, natural crystals, perforated stones, and jet

ornaments were held in high esteem for their supposed curative powers, while certain waters were currently believed to possess healing virtues equal to those of the Biblical Pool of Bethesda. I do not here refer to those wells formerly dedicated to saints, nor to those mineral springs such as St. Bernard's at Edinburgh, Airthrey at Bridge of Allan, or Strathpeffer in Ross-shire, whose therapeutic qualities are still acknowledged. But there were here and there throughout the country small lakes and pools to which superstition had ascribed virtues untraceable either to martyr or mineral. One of these sheets of water was the Dhu (*i.e.* black) Loch, a mountain tarn in Dumfriesshire a few miles westward from the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig Castle. The prescribed mode of cure adopted there was to bring a piece of rag from the sick person and cast it into the water. If the rag floated it was a sign that the patient would recover. The messenger had then to carry some of the miraculous water to the sufferer. It did not matter how long the journey might be ; but the bearer of the precious fluid must neither salute nor speak to any person on the way. If the rag sank on being thrown into the loch, then it was useless to do anything else ; the recovery of the patient was beyond hope. Reference to this and other uncanny cures is made in connection with a case which came before the Justiciary Court in 1607, and is quoted by Robert Pitcairn in his "Criminal Trials." Bartie Paterson, tasker in Newbottle, was accused "of the crime of sorcery and witchcraft in abusing of the people with charms and divers sorts of enchantments, and ministering under the form of medicine of poisonable drinks, and of art and part of the murder of John Miller in Ford Mill about Martinmas last, and of umwhile Elizabeth Robertson by the said poisonable drinks. For curing of James Brown in Turnydykes of an unknown disease by ministering to him of drinks, rubbing him with salves made of divers green herbs, and causing him to pass home to his own house, and at his own bedside to sit down on his knees three several nights and every night thrice nine times to ask his health of all living wights above and under the earth in the name of Jesus. And thereafter ordained the said James to take nine pickles of wheat, nine pickles of salt, and nine pieces of rowan tree, and to wear them continually upon him for his health, committing thereby manifest sorcery and witchcraft. Item, for abusing the people with a certain water brought by him forth of the loch called the Dhu Loch beside Drumlanrig, and cursing of his own bairn with the said loch water, by washing of said bairn at every neuk thereof thrice, and casting in of the bairn's

sark in the said loch, and leaving of the sark behind him, affirming that if anyone should come forth of the loch at that time the patient would convalesce, and if naething appeared to him the patient would die."

Sea-water, used in a certain way, was supposed to have a beneficial effect on the human body, quite distinct from that which we still associate with bathing. In the Island of Mull, and also across the beautiful sound in the land of Morven, there are to be seen at the seashore thin ledges of rock in which large holes have been excavated by the tear and wear of centuries. To these were brought consumptive patients, and the tops of nine waves having been collected in a vessel, the water was thrown over the person's head. The top of the tenth wave was also collected, but it had to be spilled on the ground. Thereafter the patient walked thrice through the hole, taking care to move according to the course of the sun, a manner of progress traceable back to the Druidical rites of our ancestors.

A stream which had a southward course was also supposed to possess special virtues. In 1623, according to the "Ancient Records of Justiciary," a man named Thomas Greave was charged with witchcraft, "making the sick persons pass through hesps of yairn several times, washing their sarks in south-running water, and the like."

Our mother earth, besides forming a resting-place for the dead, was also resorted to as a curative agency in not very dissimilar fashion to that of the present day, when mud baths find favour with patrons of certain continental spas. It was formerly the custom in Breadalbane, when any person was suffering from a lingering fever, to lay the patient for a few minutes under clods of earth, the process being repeated either thrice before or thrice after sunset.

Reference has already been made to sacred stones and such-like articles. One of these is to be seen in the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh. It is a flat piece of ivory which formerly belonged to Mr. Campbell of Barbreck, and was therefore popularly known as "Barbreck's bone." It was supposed to cure madness. The "Leugh," or sacred stone, was at one time common throughout the Highlands. It was shaped like a hen's egg, but was of larger size. Some of these stones had a crystalline, others a pebbly appearance, and to derive benefit from them it was customary to dip the stone in water, which the patient then either drank or was washed with. Perhaps the most famous of these charmed stones is the pebble set in an ancient coin and known as the "Lee penny." For over five hundred years it has been carefully preserved in Lee House, the picturesque seat of Sir Simon Macdonald Lockhart, Bart., near Lanark. The "Lee penny,"

which has acquired a world-wide reputation as the original of Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman," specially escaped condemnation when the Church of Scotland impeached many similar articles, the reason being that "it had pleased God to annex certain healing virtues to the Lee penny which the Church did not presume to condemn." The therapeutic reputation of the "Lee penny," which was once very great in Clydesdale, was latterly mainly restricted to the cure of persons who had been bitten by mad dogs, but nowadays the unfortunate victims of rabies have more faith in M. Pasteur than in the venerable Saracen charm. A more sensible remedy for the effects of dog-bite is given by a correspondent of the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of September 25, 1772. He advocates the application of dry salt as soon as possible to the wound, and the keeping of it there for some time. If the salt gets wet with the bleeding, he says it should be renewed, for the salt readily imbibes the moisture, thereby expelling the canine poison.

Silver, which was held in high esteem as a protection against evil charms, was also supposed to cure skin diseases. It may surprise many people to learn that the use of electricity as a remedial agent is not a modern idea. The *Philosophical Transactions* for 1758 mention several cures effected by means of it in Berwickshire. A young woman residing in Ayton, who was unable to put her right foot to the ground owing to a contraction of the knee muscles, was benefited by a course of electrical shocks, which, it is stated, extended over two months, fifty or sixty being given daily during that period. The narrative continues: "She sat close by the machine, and, grasping the phial in her hand, she presented the wire to the barrel or conductor, and drew the sparks from it for about half a minute. The phial being thus charged, she then touched her knee with the wire, and thereby received such severe strokes as would sometimes instantly raise a blister on the part." In the other cases the ailments were palsy, ague, and rheumatism. A woman was cured of deafness by holding the phial in her hand while another person standing on a cake of resin put the end of the wire into her ear, causing profuse perspiration.

An account of these old-fashioned remedies for mortal ills would be incomplete without reference to a quaint volume, which was well known in its day as "Tippermalloch's Receipts." The book circulated extensively throughout Scotland in the early part of last century, but is now very scarce. Indeed, so far as the writer is aware, the only accessible collection where it is to be found is the library of Writers to Her Majesty's Signet in Edinburgh, which is

particularly rich in archæological works. The author was not, as might be supposed, a regular doctor, but a certain Sir John Moncrieff, of Tippermalloch, in Strathearn, a gentleman who seems to have benefited by his medical studies, inasmuch as he lived until his eighty-sixth year, and, to quote the words of the chronicler of his death, "he was fat and flourishing in his old age." The preface of the little volume describes its author as "a worthy and ingenious gentleman, whose skill in physic and successful and beneficial practice therein are so well known that few readers, in this country at least, can be supposed ignorant thereof." Alas, for the mutability of human fame! Who knows Sir John now? Of the ingenuity of the worthy knight no one will doubt who peruses his receipts, for certainly some of his prescriptions are the most extraordinary ever devised by mortal man. Some of the details would give a rude shock to delicate readers in this polite age. Even the baldest-headed man would hesitate before following Sir John's advice to "make a lee of the burnt ashes of dove's dung, and wash the head well," although there is some consolation in learning that the same beneficial results would accrue from using "the ashes of little frogs." The hair, according to this authority, may be changed to a golden tint by using a simple lotion composed of the ashes of the ivy plant. Ladies who sigh for a fair complexion may secure it by such a pleasant method as washing the face with "the distilled water of snails"; and the application of "liver of a sheep, fresh and hot," will make the whole face well coloured. Should the nose unfortunately bleed, and the familiar remedy of thrusting a bunch of keys down the back of the neck fail of the desired result, then the assured styptic is to put into the nostrils a mixture of the hair of a hare and vinegar. Sir John bears testimony, "I myself know this to be the best of anything known." Blood flowing from a cut may be instantly staunched by simply holding a jasper in the hand or by putting cow's blood into the wound. The reader will be apt to remark that neither of these is a handy remedy for such an emergency. An ointment made of earthworms will cure paralysis if the affected parts be anointed with the compound. Sleeplessness, so common an ailment in our own time, can be removed, according to Sir John, by applying "living creatures to the head to dissolve the humour"; and Sir John narrates that for measles "many keep an ewe or wedder in their chamber or on the bed, because these creatures are easily infected and draw the venom to themselves, by which means some ease may happen to the sick person." In a similar manner, if the trouble be a colic a live duck or frog

applied to the part "draweth all the evil to itself and dieth." Epilepsy may be prevented by wearing a girdle of wolf's skin. Should anyone have been so negligent as to omit this necessary precaution, "powder of a man's bones burnt, chiefly of the skull that is found in the earth, cureth the epilepsy ; the bones of a man cure a man ; the bones of a woman cure a woman." Lethargic individuals should follow the sage Moncrieff's advice : "Burn the whole skin of a hare with the ears and nails ; the powder thereof, being given hot, cureth the lethargy perfectly." Deafness may be removed by pouring a mixture of onion juice and ants' eggs into the ear, and "the blood of a wild goat given to ten drops of carduus water doth powerfully discuss the pleurisy."

Other times, other customs. We are amused by these ludicrous prescriptions for restoring the human body to a healthy condition. But may not the men and women of a future generation have made such advances in the science of therapeutics that they in their turn will smile at the methods of the allopathists and the homœopathists of to-day, and laugh outright at our credulous trust in nostrums ? Faith is a more potent factor in cures than most people either believe or would admit.

ALEX. W. STEWART.

*DATE OBOLUM BELISARIO.**WILTSHIRE BALLAD.*

M AI zhēp—they do injoy ther thyme,
 Athert thic cistus-bells ;
 Vrom yan grāy tower, zwings nuncheon-time,
 Acrass they downland dells.

Abuvv I, race the heddyng clouds,
 Boun vor zum traupic hisle,
 A vantom vleet, wi' ghostly zhrouds,
 'Eaving vor menny a mile.

Nothing but twoil, vor fifty year,
 No hollidays vor me ;
 No gleam ov 'ope ; one grinding veer
 Ov wukhouse Pauverty !

God ! it do mek I laff to 'ear,
 Bretanniar rools the waves ;
 Fever hand ague queens it 'ere,
 'Ere we be Britton's slaves !

Vreedom ! she vlings us pauper vare,
 Parts the auld mon and wife ;
 Leaves the moonraker in despair,
 To cuss his starving life !

Thrift ! when we have no bread to eat,
 Thrift ! mid life's zlavish zweet ;
 Blind ! blind ! I 'ears the people's veet,
 That med avenge us—yet !

“Hobble em Bella Sairey O !”
 Thet's wot our Pāson zed !
 O cruel stones of Jericho !
 O lonely warrior head !

ALAN BRODRICK.

TABLE TALK.

MOTIVES OF INFANT MARRIAGE.

IT is very difficult to find any adequate reason for Infant Marriages—to recur to the subject of my last month's Table Talk—though such unquestionably have existed. Now and then a money bargain is made. The father of a boy of two gets from the father of the bride, who is older, "monie to bie a pece of land," and executes a bond to repay it if the boy does not keep to the bargain. Sometimes, however, the inducement is inconceivably trivial. James Ballard, of the age of ten to eleven, complains to his uncle that Anne Ballard had enticed him with two apples to go with her to Colne and to marry her. The marriage ceremony was performed, without the consent of any of John's friends, by Sir Roger Blakey, then curate of Colne. The next morning and ever since John has repented of his indiscretion. It is satisfactory to find in this case that Sir Roger, the said curate, was "ponished by the Archbushop of York his grace for marieing at inconvenient tymes and unlawfull persons after the tyme of the Solempnization of the said mariage." Such reasons for marriage as are advanced are, of course, mercenary. John Fletcher thus marries his son Thomas, aged ten, to Anne Whitfield, aged nine, the daughter of William Whitfield, being in debt, in order to "get somme money of William Whitfield to the discharge of his debts." Elizabeth Hulse says that in "the chappell of Knotisford, what time she knowis not, bie reason hit was done when she was but three or iiij yeares old," she was married to George Hulse, because her friends thought "she shuld have had a lyvinge bie hym." George, however, was apprenticed for ten years in Congleton, and on his return she found herself unable "to fansie or cast favour to hym." In the case of Elene Bentam, her grandfather was known to be rich, and it was hoped that he would do good to the young couple, and perhaps settle a farm upon her. Elene proved, I am sorry to say, a light of love, and lost both her farm and her husband. The grandfather, dis-

approving of her conduct, left her nothing, and George, with excellent cause, since she would have brought him a family ready-made, pleaded for and obtained a divorce. Other reasons advanced are of the same kind—some vague hope of providing for a child at the expense of others.

EARLY PARENTAGE.

ONE cannot but pity the victims of these untimely experiments, especially a girl married, as she sometimes was, when too young to speak the words of the ceremony, which had to be said for her by the person holding her in her arms. The position of the boy, moreover, engaged in labour in one town or village, and knowing that in another parish a wife is growing up to womanhood, is not easily conceived. There is small wonder that so many of these marriages came to nought or ended in divorce. It is with those alone that finish in separation that Dr. Furnivall is concerned. He is of opinion, however, that very many marriages were ratified when the children reached the age of choice, and proved as happy as other cases of normal selection. The age of choice was fixed at twelve for a girl and fourteen for a boy; which seems to indicate that children were more forward then than now, since to bind in irremovable bonds infants of an age so tender would now be regarded as cruelty and infamy. A lad thus married for the family advantage, if he had any spirit of adventure, was likely to cast off his bonds and change his abode. We thus hear of more than one youth going to trail a pike in the wars. Dr. Furnivall has travelled outside the Chester Registers and has collected a few cases of early marriages. One case is given of a bridegroom of three who, in the arms of the clergyman, declared that he would learn no more that day. The priest answered, "You must speak a little more and then go play you." Instances are advanced of children who are parents before they are fourteen, and in one case before they are twelve. The most interesting historic record is that of the marriage of Sir Simonds D'Ewes and Anne Clopton. In this case the bride was thirteen years and a half and the groom twenty-three.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF SHAKSPEARE.

SUCH light as these strange proceedings cast is almost wholly social. As such, even, it is edifying. Fancy in these days a father thrashing his daughter with his walking-stick until she troth-plights herself to the man of his choice! As becomes a Shakespearian editor, Dr. Furnivall finds some illustration of Shakspeare, and gives

an account, which I dare not repeat, of the proceedings of John Colgreve and Alice Belen, which proceedings, as he says, render conceivable as fact the statement of Brondello in *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. i. 95-6 : "I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuffe a rabbit." A more amusing book Dr. Furnivall has not given to the world. I dare not, however, commend it to general perusal. It is decidedly not a "Babies' Book," to quote the name of another work edited by the same writer for the same series.

AN ANARCHIST POET.

ANARCHY has found a poet, a genuine poet, deficient neither in lyrical faculty nor in inspiration. I am not going to give his name nor introduce his works to the notice of a single reader. He is, or was, obviously an epileptic, and died by suicide, a merciful jury found, while of unsound mind, and he left behind a drama, since published, of remarkable passion and power, from which it seems that he was growing out of the most violent of his opinions. It gives us "pause," however, to find a man of powerful intellect and genuine talent advocating the wildest theories of murder. One of the most violent of his poems is directed against "the husk-hearted gentlemen and the mud-hearted Bourgeois." Again he urges a man, on the point of suicide, at least to kill someone in dying :

Are there no masters of slaves,
Jeering, cynical, strong—
Are there no brigands (say)
With the words of Christ on their lips,
And the daggers under their cloaks—
Is there not one of these
That you can steal on and kill ?

The author is an Irishman too earnest and savage to possess any humour. His grave counsel is, however, strangely like the comic recommendation of another Irishman in the pit of a theatre, when an unpopular denizen of the gallery was about to be thrown over. Moved, perhaps, by the instinct of self-preservation, he called out : "Don't waste him, boys ; kill a fiddler with him !"

BY WOODS AND PASTURES.

AT the time when the rest of the world is disporting itself at Scarbro', Ilfracombe, or Cromer, seeking health at Homburg, climbing peaks in Switzerland, or shooting grouse in Scotland

or partridges in Hampshire, the present transmitter of the name of Sylvanus Urban remains faithful to his name, and confines himself to urban, or at least to suburban, London. In successive years his peregrinations have extended over much of the ground depicted in Lysons' "Environs," an excellent book standing in great need of augmentation and modernisation, and have indeed stretched to places so far off as Knole, Chesham, St. Albans, and Havering-atte-Bower. This intelligence possesses, I own, but little interest for my readers, whom I urge, however, to imitation of my practice. No city in Europe has suburbs so picturesque, delightful, and accessible as London. The one great misfortune is that they are being so rapidly built over, that what are really environs begin almost at the twelve-mile radius, to which Lysons and his imitators and followers confined them. Some genuinely rustic walks may be found within the four-mile radius or thereabout. These are, however, but few, and are annually diminishing. The very existence of the most attractive among them is threatened. If we take the great roads, a man may go a score miles without coming on a genuine piece of country, and even along a road so delightfully (mis)named as Green Lanes, one has to go many miles before one gets clear of villas. It is needless for me to enumerate spots. Conditions of residence will influence men. A resident at Surbiton will not readily begin his peregrinations at Ilford, nor will a denizen of Streatham prepare to start from Southgate.

ON FOOT.

IN explorations of the kind I recommend I bar the cycle. I have no special antipathy to the wheelgoer's wheel, though the danger and discomfort of a rural journey are largely augmented when a swarm of bicyclists comes noiselessly upon you from behind. My real objection is that the cyclist, as a rule, sees nothing. With head bowed down almost to his knees, he hurries through the sweetest parts of pastoral England, and, insensible apparently to their beauties, can only realise Longfellow's description how, under his

feet the long white road
Backward like a river flowed.

That cycling is a healthy and an invigorating occupation I am told, and am not indisposed to believe. To beat a record and reach Portsmouth in a minute and a half less time than any predecessor may be, if you are fortunate enough to be believed, a comforting experience, filling the soul with a glowing assurance of virility.

The very conditions of the race deprive it, to me, of all variety and delight. You are compelled to keep to the roadways and the dust. You cannot take the delightful cut across the fields or pause and watch the kingfisher beneath the willows. From all the delights of the country you are barred, except glimpses of the hedgerows and a blown scent of the lime-flower or the meadow-sweet. What does it matter that over your head the elm-trees interlace, forming endless aisles and cloisters? You cannot lift up your head to behold them. You pass through a lovely rustic village, and your time is spent in spreading dismay and consternation among geese too frightened to indulge an anserine dignity, or in guarding your own flank from the assault of the village cur. Stop at home is my advice, if the only condition of seeing suburban London is on a bicycle.

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

ONE of my most favourite walks is from Enfield to Cheshunt or the country adjoining. The walk is open to the disadvantage that for a mile or two along Baker Street it is in the midst of houses. These are, however, not seldom pretty and flower-laden, the air is bright and invigorating, and you feel yourself in the country. Trees and fields are immediately behind the houses, and you are sensible of their vicinage. So soon as you pass Forty Hill you come upon Tibballs (Theobalds) Park, and you are in the midst of the loveliest verdure that pastoral England can boast. The house, as historians know, belonged to Lord Burleigh, whose son exchanged it with James I. for Hatfield. The old building no longer exists, but a good house, including a museum of Egyptian antiquities and belonging to Sir Henry Meux, has been erected on the site. This, which may, I believe, be viewed, I have not seen. Just off the road through the park, where one path branches off to Waltham Abbey and Cross, I met an old friend, one of the oldest and least communicative of friends. I had heard that he had taken up his abode at Theobalds, but I had forgotten it. This was none other than Temple Bar. Thoroughly well groomed and in splendid condition, he stood sheltered by secular oaks and gazing meditatively on green lawns and smiling meadows. It is impossible to imagine a change more complete than was suggested. For the endless roar of London traffic the quiet of an endless Sabbath. Now and then a farmer's cart, or even a carriage, went by, and anon a cyclist whirred along, not even turning aside to look at a thing perhaps fifty yards out of his way.

VANITAS VANITATUM, OMNIA VANITAS.

I FELT something like Voltaire when, among the statues of Popes, Emperors, and Saints of Rome, he came across a discrowned and deserted bust of Jupiter. Taking off his hat he made a low reverence to the father of gods, and addressing it said, "If ever you are brought back into power, I hope you will remember the man who was polite to you in the days of your misfortune." I have little in me of Sterne-like method of address and reflection. I own, however, to having taken off my hat to the old gate, and to addressing it aloud. "Well, old friend," I said, "what a change is here! Not very long ago decorated with the bloody heads of traitors, then swathed in banners, watching the procession of a hero to his tomb, or a 'king's daughter' to meet a royal bridegroom, deafened with thunders of cannon and clamour of bells, and now silent, sunk to the knees in grass and flowers, and hearing little that is louder than the coo of the ring-dove or the scream of the jay. How call you this? Is it dignified retirement, or is it banishment?" I got no answer but such as myself supplied to my idle questioning. The old gate seemed smiling cheerful and unresentful, which is more perhaps than, in view of my futility, my readers will be. To one who had not previously been there the spot was pregnant with associations, and he would be dull of soul who passed it wholly unmoved. Lamb was once a resident at Chaseside, Enfield, but a mile or two away, and is buried not very far distant in Edmonton churchyard. Could he in one of his wanderings have come upon a site such as this, the world would have been the richer by another essay of "Elia." Charles Lambs, however, do not grow like the blackberries in the lanes of Theobald's, and the present writer hopes for pardon rather than commendation for indulging in an unfamiliar strain of sentiment.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
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LORD MACAO'S WATCH.

By JOHN W. SHERER, C.S.I.

I.

“**W**ILL you come, presently, for a walk? I have something particular to say to you.”

The speaker was Rowland Warbeck, and the girl he addressed, in acquiescing, showed unmistakable signs of gratification.

She was Isabella Martyn; well-grown and of a fine figure, but more than swarthy in complexion. She had ample dark hair, dark eyes with yellowish whites, full cheeks, large lips, fine teeth—a trace, indeed, of tropical luxuriance in all her endowments which spoke of birth in some distant, fragrant island nearer the Equator than we live, and set in emerald seas.

Flora Martyn was her half-sister; for their father—an army surgeon—who, through a share in a Government contract, had been enabled to retire early, had married, in his early youth, a West Indian. This was when his regiment was at Barbadoes. She died in giving birth to a daughter, and the widower married again in England. Dr. Martyn, on leaving the service, had taken a roomy old house in a village near Warwick, and its gardens and orchards and closes made him believe that his dream of ending as a country gentleman had come true.

There was in the same place a real country gentleman of a description fast disappearing. The Warbecks had for many generations occupied Compton Manor, but had at length fallen on days unfavourable to their continued existence. The family had never had much ready money, but only possessions which gave the impression of affluence.

The larder was full ; the cellar renowned. Two menservants, one in livery, attended the door, and the coachman helped to wait at dinner-parties. Horses and a vehicle of some sort could be produced, and if the latest Long Acre was not attained in style, still locomotion was decently conducted. All was waning. No one would take the farms, and the squire lost money in holding them himself. The funds for keeping up the establishment became difficult to find. A page succeeded the footman ; the coachman had to attend to the flowers ; the kitchen-garden was let to a greengrocer in Warwick ; part of the manor-house was shut up. There were three sons ; two in the colonies ; the eldest, still called the young squire, alone remained at home.

Rowland had been for some time assiduous in his calls at the doctor's house. He was really in love with Flora, the fair, the purely English, the sweet, simple girl. But there was a young curate about, who was supposed to be earning his living (his father was a baronet), and Rowland took it into his head that Flora might fancy him. And he resorted to the dangerous game of masking his real feelings by attentions to Isabella.

When, therefore, the dark one was summoned to hear something very particular, she became intensely eager and excited ; and before she started, had pondered the exact words she should use for answer, if the "something particular" took the form of a personal question. At the time fixed, the two passed through the shrubberies of the manor and entered a labyrinth of woodland walks which led in different directions to the limits of the estate. After preliminary commonplaces, the real business in hand was reached, and Rowland told Isabella he had such a persuasion of her kindness that he wished to take her into his confidence. He loved her sister. (Ha! the girl's heart stopped ; a blow on the head would not have made the light dance in her eyes more.) Would she tell him—she must know—had he a chance? or did Flora really like Sancroft, the curate, and had his dream better be given up? Isabella was mad with rage and disappointment, but the race from which she got her colour assisted her to dissemble and restrain herself. A sudden inspiration seized her. She would hurry on the affair, that the bliss of marring it might come sooner. Mar it—but how? She did not know, but trusted to the ingenuity of malice. In a Columbian forest Rowland could have told by a slut puma's look that it was not safe to stroke her head or tickle her ear ; and yet in the sweet distraction of passion he never remarked the whites of Isabella's eyes, or watched her twitching mouth. She declared with earnestness that it was

her belief that Flora in every way reciprocated the young man's affection ; only as he had chosen not to be demonstrative, she had had no opportunity of indicating the real state of the case. Sancroft was only a blind. In the first place, the curate held that a priest, as he called himself, should not marry. Next, he was not at all the sort of youth Flora cared for. No—Rowland should come forward in his true colours at once ; he would be surprised at the change in Flora's demeanour. She was only waiting to display her real sentiments. Isabella could promise, for herself, every assistance.

Rowland was radiant with self-complacency. What a happy hit—confiding in the half-sister ! It was most fortunate he had thought of making a clean breast of it to one so worthy of reliance.

“ Dear Isabella ! ” he cried, “ you are the best of women. I will implicitly follow your advice. To-morrow forenoon shall see me up at your place prepared for the campaign. What excuse can I make for coming again so soon ? I know. I have it. Flora has asked to see Lord Macao's watch. I will bring it up with me.”

“ Lord Macao's watch ! I have heard you speak of it. Yes, that pretence will do as well as another.”

And soon after the two parted. But Isabella, as she paced homewards, repeated the words “ Lord Macao's watch,” and a peculiar shadow darkened the West Indian eyes, as a sinister idea entered her brain.

II.

ALL that Isabella had told Rowland was true. Truth had happened to suit her book as well as fiction ; and a relation of facts is always easier than the creation of fancies.

Next day, the lover, bent on conquest, appeared as he had proposed, and he brought the watch with him. His mother had been the daughter of the first Lord Macao, a public officer sent on an embassy to China, bearing friendly messages and presents to the Emperor from George III. Among the latter, a gold watch studded with diamonds and bearing the royal initials on the back in sapphires. An elegant work of art, and valuable both intrinsically and for its historical associations. In 1860 it was found in the drawer of a cabinet in the Summer Palace at Peking, and being considered as *loot* was annexed by a military man, and subsequently sold for his benefit in London. The purchaser was the second Lord Macao, who presented it to his sister, Mrs. Warbeck, for her lifetime. It was ultimately to revert to the holder of the title. The

giver a king and the recipient an emperor, the precious object never, of course, belonged to the ambassador. But it was called his, and as it became the property of the second lord by legitimate transfer, there was a sense in which the appellation was correct. The watch was kept in a strong leather case, and this again enclosed in a wooden box with brass clamps and a patent lock whose key was usually attached to it by a cord.

After the examination of the curiosity had been prolonged till all were satisfied, Rowland proposed to Flora to take a stroll with him.

“Put this case safely by,” he suggested, “till we return;” and the girl was about to place it in a cupboard, but Isabella whispered—“So many in and out of this room; pop it in a drawer upstairs.” Flora went up to dress, and took the little box with her. When she came down and was starting, her sister cried: “I have to go down the village, and may as well accompany you two till our paths separate. I will be ready in a few minutes.” Isabella went straight to Flora’s chamber, divined the right drawer—found the case—and, having taken the watch out, replaced it. Her booty she locked up in her own wardrobe. Then the walk took place, and the lover and his lass having parted with sister, went off on their own pleasant errands into the woods. That evening Rowland carried back, as he supposed, the watch in its box. The wood was strong and heavy, and it was not possible to say, by the weight, whether the watch was or was not there. No suspicion existed, and therefore no scrutiny was made. Isabella had a half-year’s allowance of fifty pounds for dress, and it was paid a day or so after the exhibition of the watch.

And in a short time again after the payment of this money Flora received a present of the same amount—fifty pounds—purporting to have been sent by a blind aunt who resided at Brighton. It arrived on her birthday, and was, of course, the subject of a warm expression of thanks.

In due course Rowland proposed and was accepted—subject to approval from the higher powers. Papa had naturally to ask what were the prospects of the young squire, and it was frankly explained to him that all hopes of retaining the Manor had been given up. It would ultimately be sold, and with the proceeds Rowland proposed starting in the Colonies. During his father’s lifetime he should occupy one of the farms. Old Mr. Warbeck was too defeated by fortune to have projects of his own, and acquiesced in any propositions which were laid before him. Dr. Martyn had intended to give

Flora a handsome dowry, and decided that, on the whole, the match promised well.

All parties were satisfied, and the marriage was fixed for June.

Some time after the incident of the watch at Compton Lodge, one of the maidservants was dismissed. Her name was Susan Figge. She was not suspected of dishonesty, but being good-looking was flighty, and had disobeyed orders. She had asked leave to go to Warwick, and it had been refused. The same evening Flora had met her in a distant part of the Manor park with a soldier. Mrs. Martyn was told, and an inquiry made. Susan's excuse was that she thought the prohibition only applied to Warwick, and that she had gone to her aunt, who lived in Compton, and had sent a message asking her to call. She had no idea she should meet this soldier. Mrs. Martyn was considerate, and willing to believe Susan's story might be true. But the aunt had gone charing, and for a day or two the matter stood over. When the aunt returned the story proved untrue, and Susan was dismissed. And directly afterwards Rowland began to receive letters signed S. F.

The girl had been a Sunday-school attendant, and wrote well.

One said, "Can you expect happiness if you marry a thief?" Another, "Are you sure you have got Lord Macao's watch?" A third, "Who sent the fifty pounds?" Rowland took no notice of the first communication: it seemed pure insult. But after the second he naturally examined the wooden case. The watch, of course, was gone. He determined to have no secrets with Flora. He would simply relate what had happened. As he was starting for the Manor the third missive came. He took the doctor as well as Flora into his full confidence. The girl was not embarrassed, and suggested an inquiry after Susan. She had left the neighbourhood, and it was suspected, with the soldier. He was a bad character and had purchased his discharge. Then Flora laughingly said: "The first thing in a police investigation is to search the premises. Come to my room." Half in joke, they went. She locked the door, and began explaining her arrangements. "Here I keep my cuffs and collars," she cried, opening a box on the dressing-table; and she showed all receptacles in the same way. At last she remarked: "But you must see my desk, papa, the one you gave me." It was carefully displayed—but Dr. Martyn casually observed: "I forget how you open the secret drawer." Flora recalled to mind that it contained a lock of a school-fellow's hair. She thought there would be a laugh; perhaps a quizzical inquiry as to the sex of the tress. She blushed and stammered—"Oh, you do not wish to see that." The

doctor smiled and replied : "The police investigation must be complete." There was no escape. Flora removed the restraining pin, touched the spring, and the drawer flew out. It contained Lord Macao's watch.

III.

THE position was awkward, and Flora, naturally, greatly distressed. But the affectionate eyes of her father and her lover discovered an entire absence of the confusion likely to accompany disclosed guilt. "I see you believe me," the girl whispered to Rowland ; "it is *such* a support." She added, however : "If there is anything wrong about my fifty pounds, the suspicion of a plot will be greatly strengthened. I will write at once about the matter." The blind aunt had a little *protégée* who took care of her and managed all her business affairs. The questions put by Flora were, "Did aunt send the money?" and if she did not, "Why did she not inquire what my thanks and gratitude meant?" The young factotum replied : "Aunty has never sent any money, and has never received any thanks." A calumnious mind might very well have concluded from this information : "Miss Flora sold the watch, and wanted to account for having so much money as its price." But if the factotum's answer increased the mystery, it relieved Flora : she was convinced of a conspiracy, and fully believed that time would unravel it. And both her father and Rowland acquiesced in this view. Indeed, the latter was so convinced of the girl's entire innocence, that he was most urgent that the date of the marriage should not be altered, and that all preparations should proceed as before. The watch was recovered : no investigation was necessary, and the whole story might pass into oblivion. If some booby had spent fifty pounds to create a suspicion, and that suspicion was not created, the money had been very badly laid out. But this was lover's optimism, and it is not to be wondered at that Dr. Martyn said "No. It was not fair," he urged, "to either family that an alliance should be formed till the mystery had been cleared up."

Of course Mrs. Martyn and Isabella had to be told all that had occurred. The latter showed such an unfeigned surprise that the watch had been found in Flora's possession, that Dr. Martyn expressed his opinion very strongly to Rowland in these words : "Unless Isabella is the best actress in England, she knows nothing about the affair."

Mrs. Martyn was a woman of good principles and of a kindly

disposition ; and from the time of her marriage had determined to be considerate to Isabella, and make her life as enjoyable as circumstances permitted. She never liked the West Indian, but she veiled her antipathy. But now that events had so come about that it was obvious that if Flora was guiltless, somebody had committed a spiteful crime, her bias overcame the excellent lady, and her dislike of the step-daughter, long smouldering, burst into flame at last, and she pronounced, without circumlocution, that "Isabella is at the bottom of the whole thing."

When the doctor entreated his wife to state on what grounds she based her accusation, she replied in heated but illogical language : "I suppose, my dear, you acquit Flora ; if you do not, say so at once. Let everyone know that you consider my daughter a thief and a story-teller. Come, Martyn, answer one plain question : If Isabella is not guilty, who is ?"

"Well, Bessie, of course that is a question I cannot answer. If I could, the embroglio would be at an end. All I ask is, do not bring an accusation against any person whatever that you cannot prove."

"Cannot prove ! Are we to be guided in life by the rules of the Old Bailey ? Is there no such thing as moral proof ? Every circumstance points to Isabella, and yet I am not to speak. My own precious child is to be dragged to the bar, and yet I am not to speak. Why, some one very likely will declare that *I* took the watch. And then people will sneer and snarl, 'If you did not take it, mention who did.' And I *will* mention. It was Isabella. There ! You are really too ridiculous, Martyn, sometimes."

These excited diatribes threw no fresh light on what was obscure, and they tended obviously to make the step-daughter's position a most painful one. Flora behaved very sweetly. In a calmer moment she gained her mother's ear. "Dearest," she whispered, "I am sure you will listen to me. Isabella knew nothing about my desk. I have never shown it to her. She could not have been aware it even had a secret drawer, much less know how to open it. Now I do not wish to accuse anybody, but I must tell you that when papa first gave me the desk I *did* show the drawer to Susan. And then, again, what spite could Isabella have against me ? We have never been bosom friends : we take different views of things, but we have never, on the other hand, had any misunderstandings. Now I did lose Susan her place."

"I think," answered her mother, "that it is our duty as Christians to be very careful in our estimates of character. Susan was a flighty

girl, and had some excuse for it, in being pretty. But there is a great difference between a flirt and a thief ; and as great between men and property. I have known girls very untrustworthy about men, but thoroughly trustworthy about property. I should be sorry that an idle word should injure Susan's prospects in life."

These gnomic utterances made it difficult for Flora to know what to say next. But she determined not to alter her behaviour to Isabella ; and this consideration was valued by the West Indian, who, after Mrs. Martyn's outspoken denunciation, had to put up with many slights and flouts from persons previously civil and attentive. And Dr. Martyn, seeing that there was a set against his elder daughter, thought it would be a good thing that she should go away for a time. There was a family residing at Brighton, named Roseau. It consisted of a widow and daughters. The husband had held a post in the Codrington College, Barbadoes, and was cut off when contemplating retirement. The youngest daughter, Nettie Roseau, had been a playmate of Isabella's at Bridgetown, and they constantly corresponded. A visit to the Roseau's had often been projected, and now, under suggestion from Dr. Martyn, the idea was carried out. Isabella left Compton Lodge, the name of the good surgeon's home, as subordinate to the Manor.

We all know how wearying a time of suspense and uncertainty is : the days crawl, hopes languish, usual occupations seem colourless. *Ennui* marks such a period for her own. But the doctor was determined to wait the turn of events.

And an incident was not long in occurring, which, though it did not at first seem to have any necessary connection with the deadlock, created excitement, and in the case of the father—distress. A telegram was received after breakfast one morning, containing the following words :—"Isabella missing. Last seen with a Mr. Cavendish. Police communicated with." It had been sent by Mrs. Roseau, and on its receipt Dr. Martyn at once left for Brighton.

IV.

ON arriving at the Roseaus the doctor found the family in genuine agitation. Nettie was an exceedingly undesirable companion for Isabella, or anyone else ; but, though full of deceits and unwholesome imaginations, she had too little heart to do anything reckless. Her great ambition was—to be like a man. She dressed, as far as was possible, in masculine costume ; was,

very brusque, talked slang, and ogled the other sex, as she perhaps had remarked or experienced that the other sex ogled *their* other sex. As she had no opportunity of riding or driving, she could not show the courage so often possessed by girls, so she could only emphasize her desire of manhood by collars, waistcoats, walking-sticks, and by smoking cigarettes, or, at least, lighting them and throwing them away when no one was looking. Still, with all her proclivities, she did not lose her head. Of course she was closely examined, and freely admitted that she and Isabella had met a person, whom they supposed to be an officer, on the West Pier, and had talked to him. Nettie had even stood at the railings and watched the moonlight on the sea, whilst the other two took a turn by themselves. The Lothario was a tall, handsome man, who said his name was Cavendish, and that he was heir to a rich uncle, who did not wish him to remain in the cavalry any longer. Isabella was certainly much taken with her admirer, but she—Nettie—never supposed it was more than an ordinary flirtation, till the morning that her friend disappeared, leaving a note to say that she had made up her mind to entrust her happiness to her dear Cavendish.

When the local police had been first communicated with they made inquiries from their metropolitan brethren, and it came out that the man Cavendish was not unknown in Scotland Yard. It was believed he had been in the army, but he was mixed up with many doubtful transactions, and indeed was suspected of complicity in one or two prominent robberies. Up to this time, however, he had escaped detection, and being very alert was known in police circles by the name of the "Weasel," as he was understood to be the party thus alluded to, in localities where bad characters congregate. The guardians of the public security were profuse in promises of unceasing vigilance, and expressed a confident hope of soon tracing Cavendish (the name said to be one of many aliases), and of affording satisfactory information of what had really taken place, to the Roseaus and Dr. Martyn.

The prospect, however, of following up an evildoer when once absorbed in the labyrinths of the immeasurable city did not seem bright, or at any rate immediate, and Martyn returned sorrowfully home, not satisfactorily wiser than when he set out.

He was still obstinately opposed to Flora's marriage, whilst the Watch affair remained a mystery; and the lovers never thought of taking matters into their own hands, or thwarting the earnest determination of the old man. And so the tedious days crept along, and

time began to stamp all the faces at Compton with marks of anxiety and distress.

Winter had come again ; come again, too, with severity, and snow was falling, but not with a still, dreamy descent of feathery flakes. The north wind blew fiercely ; the snow was borne aslant, and deep drifts were piled up against every opposing object. By the warm household fire the Martyns sat, congratulating themselves that no business or pleasure was calling them to battle with the wild elements. And as they sat there came among the gusts a sound like a human moan. It was repeated more than once, and the doctor, jumping up, hurried to the front door, which he unbarred and opened. Lying across the porch, inadequately dressed, in a fainting and almost senseless condition, was stretched Isabella, with a thin and worn face, on which the marks of violence were plainly visible. The three who had occupied the comfortable room vied with each other in tender offices, and the unfortunate woman was soon in bed and supplied with suitable possets, and such food as she could afterwards take. When she was sufficiently well to relate her adventures, she had a sad story to disclose. She could not explain her madness in going off with a virtual stranger, further than by declaring that she was at the time the prey of chagrin and remorse, and thought that any change would be better than enduring the lot she had inflicted on herself. Cavendish had married her, as he had promised, and for a time was not unkind. But when she would not join him in an elaborate plan for extracting blackmail from her father, the wretch cruelly ill-treated her, and left her to provide for herself during long absences. And whilst one of these was prolonged unusually, she made every arrangement to escape from him ; but he came in and found her bundle tied up, and herself prepared for travelling. He locked the door, and beat her so unmercifully that the police interfered and burst into his lodgings. Cavendish made off by the window, and the miserable woman started as she was, and notwithstanding the terrible weather, to walk into Warwickshire. Touched by the gentleness of the household, Isabella was soon prepared to make what reparation she could, by a frank confession of her fault. She *had* taken Lord Macao's watch ; she *had* sent Flora the fifty pounds, with the help of Nettie Roseau ; she *had* abstracted her half-sister's letter of acknowledgment from the post-bag. The watch had been put under lock and key :—but here, at the exact point where Flora and Rowland were on the tenter-hooks of expectation, and momentarily anticipated a complete vindication, they were doomed to disappointment.

Isabella solemnly declared (and who, under such circumstances

could disbelieve her?) that what happened to the watch she did not know. It was removed from its place of security, although Isabella had concealed the key of the wardrobe about her person.

Mrs. Martyn had been, however, sufficiently right for much self-complacency, and though she would not hazard a prophecy, she thought it legitimate to look knowing, and with a nod of the head to intimate that there was "more behind."

But to the lovers and to Dr. Martyn the old weariness returned; the longing for clearance and justification; the distaste for duties which seemed provisional only; and a sense of oppression at the heedlessness with which the world pursued its course, not noticing the dead flowers by the wayside, or the cloud that frowned ahead.

One evening, when the old father was smoking and musing in his study by himself, a servant announced that a beggar-woman wanted to see him. He always granted interviews to the distressed. A tramp, drunk and dirty, entered the room with unsteady steps. Dissipated and defaced—but still Susan Figge! Martyn recognised her—and she must have been recognised in the kitchen. But downstairs respectability had settled to ignore her.

V.

THE slithering words, the half-mastered consonants, betrayed Susan's sad decline. But the imperfection of her speech did not lessen the earnestness with which she delivered what she had to say. The disclosure was painful enough for Dr. Martyn to hear. It was to the effect that the Cavendish who had married Isabella was the soldier with whom she—Susan—had absconded. With that reverence for true marriage which even the most giddy of her class often possess, she had secured her certificate—"the lines," to use her own words—and cherished it like an amulet.

It was curious, but the girl showed no resentment against Isabella; on the contrary, seemed drawn to her by sympathy as a fellow-sufferer. But her whole nature was dominated by that desire of revenge on the betrayer, which indicates the trace of a passionate attachment. She called herself Quaife, that being the name under which her husband had enlisted; though his previous career was indistinct, and it was thought he had entered the army to escape observation for the time.

Susan described that he occasionally became better off—on a sudden—and that it was during a period of abrupt prosperity he

deserted his wife, and went off, as it turned out, on his swindling expedition to Brighton. The doctor postponed further details till another day—for his quick eye perceived that delirium was hovering near—and he directed that Susan should be placed in a spare room over the coach-house, where he could treat a case of a class familiar to him in military hospitals. Then Isabella had to be told. Her father's mind was distracted with conflicting emotions. There was immediate shame—but then, also, there was release. And it pleased Heaven (whose counsels in such matters who can fathom?) to turn the great affliction to Isabella's good. The stormy tropical propensities were subdued; the recklessness was gone; and a tranquil endurance had supervened, pathetic to behold; while a desire sprang up to aid others. She would go out to India and try to solace the often unhappy captives of the Curtain. It has been objected, and not without reason, that the pure and guileless daughters of our soil are ill-suited to understand or alleviate the fierce wishes and stormy disappointments of the seraglio. This disadvantage would not be experienced by Isabella.

When Susan was beyond the reach of serious nervous disorder, and could face trying questions, it may be supposed the doctor interrogated her closely about Lord Macao's watch. She, however, denied all knowledge on the subject, and seemed to resent the intrusion of another topic, as likely to distract attention from the one that was weighing on her mind. The inquiries were repeated at intervals, but with the same result. As Susan got better she was seized with increasing desire of retaliation. She disclosed that she had come upon her husband again in his old London haunts, and had feigned entire forgiveness.

The wretch, though unwilling to take her on again, had had the effrontery to boast of his Brighton adventure (no news, indeed, to Susan, who had found the story out for herself). And he actually proposed that his wife should help him to get hush-money out of the Martyns. As soon as the woman was allowed to go abroad again, she eagerly embarked on her schemes. Her coming and going were left unfettered by Quaife, who, in truth, had formed another alliance. She hinted her plan to Dr. Martyn, and set about carrying it out effectively. A charge of bigamy was quietly laid at a police-office, in whose district the church at which she was married was situated. A summons was obtained, but Quaife could not be found, and ultimately a warrant was issued for his apprehension. Then Susan visited him and proposed that they should go down to Compton Lodge and put pressure on the Martyns. Her husband agreed. But

Susan was to start first and arrange the interview. This was done. She wrote to Quaife and gave him the day and the hour fixed—eight in the evening. When he had explained the position, she would come in and support him.

The night arrived. A London detective and one of the county force were secreted in a room next the doctor's study.

More than an hour before the time, Susan called, and asked to see Dr. Martyn. He could perceive that she had had recourse to stimulants and was strange in her manner, but perfectly self-controlled. She brought with her a letter, which it was of importance, as she declared, the Martyn family should see : but it was not to be opened till the next day, when she had got clean off. She was betraying her husband, and his pals and associates would do her a mischief if they could catch her. But she would give them the slip. Might she take leave now? "Yes," said the doctor, "but you will come in presently when Quaife is here?"

"That was agreed upon," Susan replied. And off she went. At eight, a tall, well-featured, upright man arrived, decently dressed, and with great assurance in his manner. He began to unfold his subject, but after a while looked towards the door, and was evidently expecting some one.

But Susan came not. And at length the doctor, thinking further delay unnecessary, gave the signal. The officers entered, and in two minutes the hand-cuffs were on Quaife's wrists. But at that instant a maid rushed into the room, full of excitement and alarm.

What was the matter? Tom, the gardener's son, coming from the village, had found a bonnet and shawl on the bank of White's pond, just outside the shrubbery gates.

The garments were Susan's. Tom was a noted swimmer, and had stripped to dive.

And then others appeared, breathless with running. The body had been found, but cold and dead. And so love had been too strong after all : it could not quench itself in revenge. Susan had betrayed her husband, but, when it came to the point, she could not appear against him.

The letter she had delivered ran thus :—

"As I am going away, I should like to clear up the Watch business. During the few days I staid on at the Lodge, before Mrs. Martyn could inquire from my aunt, I saw Quaife, and he asked me to look out for something he would like. I am ashamed to put all this down, but it cannot be helped now. I found Miss Isabella's wardrobe locked and the key taken away. This made me curious.

I knew of a key in another room which would open the wardrobe. The watch was in Miss's glove-box. It was given to Quaife, but he would have nothing to do with it. It was too peculiar, he said, and too valued. There would be a fearful row over it. No receiver would take it. I remembered Miss Flora had done me a bad turn, and she had long before shown me the secret drawer in her desk, and I put the watch there. I have nothing more to say. My duty to Mrs. Martyn and the young ladies. I wish to part—friends."

BOZLAND.

THE peregrinations of the interesting "Little Nell" and her grandfather have always exercised a fascination ; and it is curious that in the general taste for tracing out Boz's localities no one has yet thought of tracking the travellers from place to place and of identifying the localities. Dickens has not only ennobled, as he generalised, various types of living character, but he has cast the same spell over the places where they lived and moved. Few of these ramblings offer so dramatic an interest as those of Little Nell and her companion ; and yet none are more difficult to trace, as our author, deserting his usual practice, seemed purposely to aim at a poetical indistinctness and generality. Stranger still, though he does not name a single place, yet, with surprising art, he contrives to impart an air of familiarity.

The first point to be settled is, Where was the "Old Curiosity Shop" ? In various works the house itself has been confidently settled on and named. In Portsmouth Street, near Clare Market, for the past ten or fifteen years, a tumble-down little shop has proclaimed itself "The Old Curiosity Shop—immortalised by Charles Dickens," in a regular inscription across the front ; and numbers of Americans and other travellers inquire after it, gaze on it reverentially, and interview the owner. I recall the very year when the place was first introduced to notice, and the owner of the time told his story to the reporters, describing how the author used to come there, which he might have done. Various members of the family have, however, assured me that the whole theory is imaginary, and that they had never heard of such a place. Master Humphrey described his nightly walks, in one of which he had "roamed into the city" and first met Nell. She begged to be directed to a certain street at a considerable distance away, indeed, "in *quite another quarter of the town.*" This "quite another quarter of the town" was not likely to have been anything on that side of the City, say in the Tower direction, but the words seem to point to something in the West End. Old Humphrey, after leaving the shop, mentions his meeting "with a few stragglers from the theatres," which shows that he was not far from the Strand.

Not long ago it was stated that a lady, whose name is given, was assured by Boz himself that his Old Curiosity Shop was situated just behind the National Gallery, on the ground where the baths now stand. I think that on the whole this is not unlikely to be the true situation.

Next as to the course of their weary pilgrimage. They started, on a June morning at daybreak, passing church towers and steeples, of which there were plenty to note at the beginning of the journey, such as St. Martin's, St. Anne's, Soho, and the heavy structure between Oxford Street and Endell Street. "Before they had penetrated very far into the labyrinth of men's abodes which lay between them and the outskirts" seems to point to Tottenham Court Road. Then they came "to the haunts of commerce" and great traffic, possibly Oxford Street itself, thence to a "straggling neighbourhood full of mean houses," lodgings, and hucksters' shops, and poor streets. This may have been Islington, where there are plenty of shabby terraces, "where faded gentility essayed to make its last stand," an impression left to this hour by the rows of starved houses, such as Colebrooke Row, and others—with plenty of "small dissenting chapels and new churches."¹ Here were brickfields and gardens paled with staves of old casks, to which succeeded the few country gardens, and odd cottages, tea gardens and a bowling green. On the other hand, I have often thought that the description almost equally applied to the route along Oxford Street to Hyde Park Corner, then along the Edgware Road on to Finchley.

By breakfast time—we may suppose about eight or nine o'clock—they were on a hill, whence they could see all London lying at their feet and make out St. Paul's. This was certainly Hampstead or Highgate, for the child said it was "too near" London for them to delay. They walked on all that day through the open country, and slept at a cottage. They travelled all the next day, and towards evening, about five o'clock, halted at a "cluster of labourers' huts," where they had been treated kindly, and after pursuing their road a short distance obtained "a lift" in a cart, which carried them on nearly five miles to the next place. They were set down, and the driver, pointing to some trees at a very short distance before them, said that the town lay there, and that they had better take the path which led through the churchyard. A pretty picture awaited them here. The sun was setting when they reached the wicket gate. The church was old and grey, with ivy clinging to the walls and around

¹ In an old map of 1832 I find numbers of "new churches" set down in the district.

the porch. The clergyman's horse, "stumbling with a dull blunt sound among the graves," was cropping the grass. It was here they met Codlin and Short, the "Punch and Judy men." They found a lodging at the public-house, and next morning found that it was "a very quiet place, as such a place should be," save for the cawing of the rooks who had built their nests among the branches of some tall old trees.

I have always fancied that this was intended for Bushey—Bushey would be about two days' march from London for an old man and a child—that most tranquil and inviting of roadside villages or towns, to which Mr. Herkomer has since lent a sort of celebrity. Boz has exactly caught its tone and placid charm. The first time I saw it it struck me as like one of Cattermole's sketches, and no description could give an idea of the old church and its spreading churchyard, and the tall trees with the rooks.

After leaving Bushey—as we take the place to be—the travellers marched for two days in company with the Punch and Judy folk. We may perhaps wonder a little how a child and a very old man could have found strength to walk for five days in succession from morning till night, covering, as we may suppose, from fifteen to twenty miles a day. At a tolerably brisk pace—for we are assured that Codlin and his friend were anxious to "push on" so as to arrive in time for the races—they must have walked at the rate of at least two miles an hour. Boz, however, himself a passionate lover of walking—and we ourselves have found it hard to keep up with him—would endow his characters with almost superhuman powers in this direction: witness that wonderful Pickwickian walk after the marriage at Dingley Dell. On the evening of the fourth day they drew near the town where the races were to be held. From the general excitement and the importance of the preparations and the vast crowds that were hurrying to the scene, it is plain that it was an important festival held at a large town. "Here all was tumult and confusion; the streets were filled with throngs of people, many strangers were there, the church bells rang out their noisy peals, and flags streamed from windows and housetops. In the large inns waiters flitted to and fro, horses clattered on the uneven stones, carriage-steps fell rattling down, and *sickening smells* from many dinners"—an odd touch—"came upon the sense. The public-houses were full; vagabond groups gathered round the doors." All which shows that it was a large important town, and that the races were an event of no less importance. The town was certainly Warwick—the racecourse is described as being outside, "on an open heath, situated on an

eminence a full mile distant from the furthest bounds." This is certainly the situation of the course, which is now nearly two miles from the station.

After their escape from the racecourse the pair came to a road through which they took their way. Here it was arched over with trees, and there was a finger-post which announced the way to a village that was three miles farther on—as I guess—on the Coventry Road. Here was the green and the school and the schoolmaster, who entertained them next night and the following one, thus completing the seventh day of the journey. On the next morning, Nell and her charge set forth on the "main road" which took a "winding course," until towards evening they reached a common; there they encountered the celebrated Mrs. Jarley and the caravans, in which they pursued their march, until about midnight they approached a town and turned into a "piece of waste ground that lay just within the old town gate."¹

This place I believe was Coventry, which was about twelve miles from Warwick. Nell, wandering about the place at night, came to this old gateway, with its low archway, very black and dark. It had an empty niche, once filled by "some old statue," and here she saw Quilp pass by. The notion of the gate impressed him so picturesquely that he was determined to bring it in even by "head and shoulders." He wrote to his illustrator that he had devised this subject "of an old gateway, which I had put in expressly with a view to your illustrious pencil." By some accident it, however, fell into Phiz's hand, and the sketch is a very dramatic and pleasing one.

The town is described as a "pretty large one," with an open square, where was the Town Hall, a clock-tower, and a weathercock. There were houses of stone, houses of red brick, houses of lath-and-plaster, and houses of wood, many of them very old, with withered faces carved upon the beams, and staring down into the street. These had very little winking windows and low arched doors, and in some of the narrower ways quite overhung the pavement. The streets were very clean, very sunny, very empty, and very dull." There were the two inns, and an almshouse, and "nothing seemed going on but the clocks." They appear to have remained here for some time, that is, for perhaps a couple of weeks.

¹ We find the author later, when he was describing the beautiful church at Tong, making allusion to some martyred lady whose remains had been collected in the night from four of the city gates. Though he does not name the city, it shows that Coventry was in his thoughts, as it is stated in the old guides that four of its many gates were standing in the early part of this century.

In further proof of the place being Coventry, we find that when the single gentleman had discovered, through Codlin and Short, where Nelly and her grandfather were, viz., with Mrs. Jarley, he set off post with four horses at night, and calculated that they would reach the town in good time the following morning. The distance was said to be about sixty to seventy miles. Coventry, by rail, is farther away than this.

We all know the scenes that occurred—the old man's craze for gambling, and his rescue by Nell. As their escape is described, we have some of the touches which help to identify the town, "the straight streets, the narrow, crooked outskirts," the steep hill crowned by the old grey castle, the town sleeping below, the far-off river, and the distant hills.

During the night they walked on, until towards break of day, when they lay down to sleep on the bank by a canal—the Warwickshire and Birmingham canal. It was here that a friendly fellow took them into his canal-boat. He asked them whence they were coming, when she gave the name of the village where their friend the schoolmaster dwelt. They were going, she said, "to a certain town in the west." He said he was going the same way. The country through which the canal passed is described as a rich one, with running streams and wooded hills, cultivated lands and sheltered farms. More than once a distant town, probably Dudley, would, with great church-towers looming through its smoke, and high factories or workshops, come into view. In the canal-boat they spent the whole day, the night and the day next following. By evening they were approaching a great town. The water had grown thick and dirty, the paths of coal-ash, and huts of staring brick, smoke from furnaces, scattered streets and houses, clustered roofs, and piles of buildings trembling with the working of engines, the clank of beating upon iron, the roar of busy streets and noisy crowds, black vapour, tall chimneys, all denoted a great manufacturing town—Birmingham surely. The boat floats into a wharf on the Birmingham Canal.

At Birmingham they got shelter for the night by a furnace-fire, and when they were about to depart were told that it would be long before they could get clear of the smoke and factories. "The road lies through miles and miles, all lighted up by fires," a strange black road. And so it proved to be, "two days and a night," as she thought he had said. On every side there were chimneys and mounds of ashes, and engines. They met with bands of labourers, who were in revolt, burning and plundering. Two days and a night

were thus spent, when they came to "a busy town," which was Wolverhampton.

Here they met their old friend the schoolmaster, who was trudging along to take up his new charge. After a delay of a day or so, they set off in a waggon, which took two nights and a day to reach its destination. They came to "a large town," where they spent a night. They passed a large church, and in the streets were a number of old houses, built of a kind of earth and plaster crossed and recrossed in a great many directions with black beams, which gave them a remarkable and very ancient look. The doors, too, were arched and low, some with oaken portals and quaint benches. The windows were latticed with little diamond frames.

Bridgenorth, a quaint and delightful old town, which is about a dozen miles or so from Wolverhampton, answers this description very closely. It is full of these old framed houses. Dickens in November 1838 was on his travels with "Phiz" going over the ground, and thus getting inspiration. He visited Warwick Castle, Wolverhampton, Leamington, but was prevented passing by Bridgenorth as he intended to do. But he spent a night at Shrewsbury, and his description is probably of that town, though it is rather out of Nell's course. He was evidently impressed by the terrible Black Country between Wolverhampton and Birmingham, "as he passed through miles of cinder paths and blazing furnaces, and roaring steam-engines, and such a mass of dirt and gloom and misery as I never before witnessed." From this he expanded his picture. From Bridgenorth to Shifnal is about ten miles—from Shrewsbury about sixteen. From Shifnal there was a short stretch to Tong, the exquisite village where Nell ended her wanderings for ever.

It will be recollected that the single gentleman, having got on the track of the fugitives, set off for Coventry. But the single gentleman made a second journey to the North-west with Mr. Garland and Kit, which was a much longer one than the first. They started in the morning, travelled the whole day, the next night and following day until night again. The roads were bad, and the weather worse, and there were delays for horses, &c. Thus, supposing they got over from sixty to seventy miles in the day, they would have covered about 180 miles.

There are many indications in Dickens' letters of the excitement and feverish sorrow with which he wrote the close of Nell's pilgrimage. He shrank, as it were, from the last offices. Nothing shows this more curiously than the sort of incoherence with which the rather trite incidents of the journey down to Tong are recorded. But he was

writing with the tragic issue before him, and it pressed on him. "As it grew dark, Kit," we are told, "could descry objects enough at such times, but none correctly ; now a tall church spire appeared in view which presently became a tree, a barn, a shadow. Now there were horsemen, foot-passengers, carriages going on before, or meeting them in narrow ways, which when they were close on them turned to shadows too. A wall, a ruin, a sturdy gable-end would rise up on the road, and when they were plunging headlong at it would be a road itself—strange turnings too, bridges and sheets of water appeared to start up, here and there making the way very doubtful and uncertain ; yet there they were on the same bare road, and these things like the others, as they were passed, turned into dim illusions." It was the prosaic Kit who was affected in this extraordinary way. What the meaning of all this was it is hard to say, unless it be that the author, who was so poignantly affected by the impending fate of "the child," was endeavouring to pourtray his own emotions, though the late George Henry Lewes would certainly have insisted that these were "hallucinations." It is, however, picturesque enough, and prepares the reader for what is to follow.

When they were nearly at the end of their journey they must have touched Shifnal, for we are told they had to take a cross-country road which brought them towards midnight to Tong, a picturesque little place, which had attracted the artist Cattermole, and whose church he sketched in his most graceful fashion. Everyone will recall these drawings of the old church and its interior.

Tong, we are told, is celebrated for its church and castle. The former is "a perfect mausoleum of the Vernon family," and a fine example of Early Perpendicular, with its central octagonal tower and golden chapel. Nothing can be more richly beautiful than its rood screen and carving. When the schoolmaster and his two companions approached the place, "they admired everything ; the old grey porch, the mullioned windows, the venerable grave-stones dotting the green churchyard, the ancient tower, the very weathercock ; the brown thatched roofs of cottage, barn, and homestead peeping from among the trees, the stream that rippled by the distant water-mill, the blue Welsh mountains far away."

"It was a very aged, shabby place ; the church had once a convent or monastery attached, for arches in ruins, remains of oriel windows and fragments of blackened walls were yet standing. Hard by these gravestones, and forming part of the ruins, were two small dwellings with sunken windows and oaken doors, hastening to decay, empty and desolate." One of these was the dwelling which the school-

master allotted to Nell and her father, the other was his own. They have since fallen into complete ruin, but I am told there are still some remains to be seen.

From the Vicar of Tong I received lately some interesting details as to the present conditions of the pretty village. Like all other localities which Dickens has beautified with his magic touch, the place has received substantial benefit, and is well taken care of on account of its celebrity. It is thus that he and Sir Walter Scott, besides being story-tellers, have done the most substantial service to such places, which, as it were, owe their continued existence to the writers. They are the "Old Mortality" of fictions; and of no other writers can this be said.

Dickens was completely permeated with the flavour of the old place; and indeed it is one of the most complete and picturesque of his many happy descriptions. We seem to see every stone. Above all, he caught the sad tone of solitude and desertion which he felt was in such exact keeping with the impending fate of his little heroine. That he had visited it and been infinitely attracted by it is certain, for he told Archdeacon Lloyd that he had been staying at Shrewsbury and had come over to see the place. (So the Vicar of Tong informs me.) Some years ago a painstaking visitor, the novel in hand, compared every item with the description, and his conclusion was that it was exact in every particular. Dickens assured his coadjutor that none of his artists had given him such satisfaction or caught his idea more perfectly than he had done. Cattermole, indeed, had caught the whole pathos of the closing scenes, and his delicate sketches added much to the popularity of the story. He took extraordinary pains. Some time ago Messrs. Sotheby sold at their rooms some of his trial sketches, such as "The first ideas of the 'Maypole Inn'"; "The Four-post Bedstead in the 'Maypole'"; "Mr. Chester at the 'Maypole'" (this sketch represents Mr. Chester looking out of a bay-window, but this was afterwards altered in the published version); "Rough designs of fire-place in 'Maypole Inn'"; "Exterior of the Church"; "Interior of ditto"; "Little Nell Sleeping"; "Quilp's Wharf" (two sketches); and various small designs for clocks, chairs, figures, &c., including initialed proof of the frontispiece of the "Old Curiosity Shop," and a coloured drawing of "Little Nell." I may add that the "Curiosity Shop" was printed in "raised letters" for the entertainment of the blind, and the author in 1869 forwarded two copies to the institution in St. George's Fields.

Some two years before, he had made an expedition with the same artist in search of the notorious schools which he was about to

“gibbet” in his “Nickleby.” No one has approached Dickens in his system of adapting abuses of this kind to the purposes of fiction. Only a master could contrive to extract the more humorous elements from such unpromising material. With others the characters become artificial and laboured. We have an instance in the case of Charles Reade and the treatment of the prison abuses in “Never Too Late to Mend,” which is after the system of a newspaper report. On this excursion his companion was “Phiz,” or Hablot K. Browne, whose sympathetic pencil was later to reproduce many of these scenes. He says at the close that he “hoped to make out the whole trip.”

Part of the “actuality” which Dickens infused into his stories is owing to such little touches as the following. He wrote to his wife that at Grantham he found “the very best inn I have ever put up at.” It might not seem to concern fiction whether one inn was better than another, yet in the story we find the party arriving at “one of the best inns in England, the ‘George.’” This may have been good nature, and owing to gratitude for good treatment ; but in any case it lends a reality.

On his journey down he had an odd *rencontre* at Grantham with an old lady, “who had been outside all day on the coach.” It turned out that she was the mistress of a Yorkshire school, and was returning from a holiday stay in London. “She showed us a long letter she was carrying to one of the boys from his father, containing a severe lecture (enforced and aided by many texts of Scripture) on his refusing to eat boiled meat.” This incident, it will be remembered, is introduced into the story. In the same fashion he develops another. And the treatment is quite legitimate and consistent; the one is the germ of the other, and a person of such a character might have spoken in the one way as well as in the other. The text of Scripture seemed to the author too ordinary a practice, so he lengthened it by the missionaries and the knife with the corkscrew. Again : “In the mail there was a most delicious lady’s maid, who implored us to keep a sharp look-out at the coach windows, as she expected the carriage was coming to meet her, and she was afraid of missing it. In the end it is scarcely necessary to say that the coach did not come, but a very dirty girl did.” Of this hint he made the following : “A very fastidious lady, with an infinite variety of cloaks and small parcels, who loudly lamented the non-arrival of her own carriage, and made the guard solemnly promise to stop every green chariot he saw coming.”

They were making for Greta Bridge, which is vividly described. “A house standing alone in the midst of a dreary moor. It was fearfully cold, and there were no signs of anybody being up in the

water. Yet, what is to be done when the person described or satirised, hitherto not struck by any likeness to himself, but enlightened by friends, appeals "point blank" to the writer? The situation becomes grotesque. Any admission of the truth would be too brutal. "Separate in your own mind," said Boz, ingeniously, "what you see of yourself from what other people tell you that they see." And, as another plea: "There is nothing that should have given you pain." Further, there was his assurance that "when he felt it going too close"—that is, when he was putting in his most living touches—he stopped himself, and blotted out. This must have made poor Leigh yet more uncomfortable. In the same fashion, though Squeers was not professedly drawn from Shaw, it was clear that, with recollections of his trial still fresh, it was certain to be assumed that it was so drawn, the coarse instincts of the public being not at all inclined to pause and discriminate.

The author's account of "Master Humphrey's Clock," as given in his preface, is reserved enough. The quaint notion of the clock case and old Master Humphreys is now claimed, like everything else, to have been suggested to him. The Dr. Rogers before alluded to, on his visit to Barnard, put up at the hotel in the market place.

"At breakfast the following morning he chanced to notice, on the opposite side of the street, a large clock-face, with the name Humphreys surrounding it, most conspicuously exhibited in front of a clock- and watchmaker's shop. 'How odd,' he exclaimed to a gentleman seated beside him, 'here is Master Humphrey's clock!' 'Of course,' said the gentleman, 'and don't you know that Dickens resided here for some weeks when he was collecting materials for his "Nicholas Nickleby," and that he chose his title for his next work by observing that big clock-face from the window?' After breakfast," adds the doctor, "I stepped across to the watchmaker, and asked him whether I had been correctly informed respecting Mr. Dickens and the clock. The worthy horologist entered into particulars. 'My clock,' said he, 'suggested to Mr. Dickens the title of his book of that name. I have a letter from him stating this, and a copy of the work, inscribed with his own hand. For some years we corresponded. I got acquainted with him just by his coming across from the hotel as you have done this morning.'"

This is an amiable and not unpardonable delusion. People often talk themselves into such fictions. Humphreys was a watchmaker, and, like many of the craft, had a clock over his door. When the story appeared, people would naturally rally him, "You are Humphrey's clock," &c.—"He has brought you into his book,"—and

One of the most characteristic and always-to-be-expected incidents connected with the Dickens topography, is the exaggerated traditions that have grown up about him. As we have seen, he could only have stayed a couple of days at Bowes and Castle Barnard ; but it was insisted in the place that he had remained six weeks, on a later visit—a waitress, it seems, who attended upon him during the whole of this time, and was rewarded by Dickens for finding a gold pencil-case he had lost, died only two years ago. “Many trustworthy persons now living can testify that this person frequently declared that Charles Dickens stayed six weeks.” This is not convincing. The ladies who directed the hotel were also a little uncertain in their replies as to the length of his stay. They fancied even that he wrote part of “Nicholas Nickleby” in their house. “It is thirty-one years since one of the ladies died, and twenty-eight since the survivor resigned the hotel to the daughter of one—the present landlady”—all which seems dreamy and immaterial. The truth was, he had not time to waste, and had to commence and introduce Squeers and his school scenes almost at once.

A different question arises as to the original of Squeers. It was assumed that as the house was sketched from something existing, so also must have been the schoolmaster himself. The result was unfortunate, but Dickens was not in the least responsible. Squeers is wholly imaginative in appearance, manner, and diction, and for the purposes of fiction it was necessary that he should be so. It was enough for the author that the notorious system existed of which Squeers was a type. A wretched pedagogue exercising his sordid cruelties, however accurately drawn from life, would be no gain to a fiction.

Dr. Rogers, editor of “The Modern Scottish Minstrel,” related in a letter to the *Daily News* how he had been travelling in the district in the year 1864, and how one Humphreys, a tradesman of the place, had informed him that *he* had been the person who had directed Dickens’ inquiries, calling his special attention to this particular school and schoolmaster. The latter received his visitors very haughtily, and “did not so much as withdraw his eyes from the operations of penmaking during their interview.” The author, however, declares positively in his original preface that Squeers is “the representative of a class and not of an individual.” The subject had long been in his thoughts. Even when a child at Rochester he had been vividly impressed by a lad who had come home from a Yorkshire school “with a suppurated abscess” which his master had “ripped open with an inky penknife.”

Dickens, however, was not the first to attract the attention of the kingdom to these horrors. Some sixteen years before the appearance of "Nickleby" they had all been revealed in the course of some actions which were tried in London in October 1823 before Judge Park— Jones *versus* Shaw, and Ockerby against the same. These were the parents of the ill-used boy, and during the course of the trial many of the Squeers incidents were brought out. There can be no doubt that though Dickens did not sketch Squeers from Shaw, he certainly made use of many of the incidents which Shaw's case supplied. There was even sold by auction in London one of Shaw's cards, dating from near Greta Bridge, offering to teach young gentlemen Latin, English, arithmetic, geography, and geometry, and to board and lodge them, for £20 a year, which, it will be recollected, were Mr. Squeers' terms. Numbers of the boys, it seems, had lost their sight through this horrible neglect. One of the Jones boys told his story, and it certainly seemed like poor "Graymarsh" or one of his fellows telling of his treatment by Squeers.

"There were nearly three hundred boys in the schools. We had meat three times a week, and on the other days potatoes and bread and cheese. When any gentleman came to see his children, *Mr. Shaw used to order the boys who were without trousers or jackets to get under the desks ; we were sometimes without our trousers for four or five days while they were being mended.* The boys washed in a long trough similar to what the horses drink from ; *the boys had but two towels,* and the great boys used to take advantage of the little boys, and get to the towels first ; we had no supper ; we had warm water and milk for tea, and dry bread ; we had hay and straw beds, and *one sheet to each bed, in which four or five boys slept ;* there were about thirty beds in one room, and a large tub in the middle ; there were only three or four boys in some of the beds ; we had fleas every other morning (a laugh) ; I mean, we had quills furnished us to flea the beds every other morning, and we caught a good beating if we did not fill the quills with fleas ; we had the skimmings of the pot every Sunday afternoon ; the usher offered a penny for every maggot, and the boys found more than a quart full, but he did not give them the money (a laugh) ; we had soap every Saturday afternoon, but that was always used by the great boys, and we had no soap but what we bought ; on one occasion (in October) I felt a weakness in my eyes, and could not write my copy ; the defendant said he would beat me ; on the next day I could not see at all, and I told Mr. Shaw, who sent me, with three others, to the wash-house ; *he always sent those boys who were ill to the wash-house, as he had no*

doctor ; those who were totally blind were sent into a room ; I stayed in the wash-house about a month, and the number of boys there when I left was 18 ; they were all affected in their sight ; I was then put into a room ; there were nine boys in this room totally blind ; a Mr. Benning, a doctor, was sent for ; while I remained in the wash-house no doctor attended us ; I was in the room two months, and the doctor then discharged me, saying I had lost one eye ; in fact, I was blind with both ; I went to the wash-house a second time, but no doctor attended me then."

The counsel for the defence was Sergeant Pell, a name that no doubt made an impression on the young writer, though he was then only a child. Mr. Squeers, too, was in the habit of confiscating the boys' clothes, dressing them in old, ragged garments, that were too large or too tight, as the case might be.

The result was that Shaw was cast in heavy damages, £300 in each case.¹

The strangest part, however, was the defence, which was that Shaw was rather a humane and amiable man—"in private life," at least—and that it was the system of his school that was responsible, "avowedly founded on the most parsimonious principles, with a view to suit certain parties." He kept five ushers, and the doctor's charge for one year, it was sworn, was £100. Mrs. Shaw was reported to be "tender-hearted." He obtained time to pay the damages—did pay them—and continued his school. Mr. Cope on his visit also heard very favourable testimonies as to Shaw's character, that he was "always a civil man, and answered any questions of visitors—worthy people, and the opposite of Squeers." *E contra*, it should be considered that this is likely to have been the testimony of villagers, to whom a school of 300 boys must have brought substantial gain and its closing proportionate loss. Dickens' description, it is stated, again revived the old odium ; it was insisted, as I have shown, that the sketch of Squeers was intended for him. "He became an object of ridicule to his thoughtless, or perhaps spiteful, neighbours, which, together with the ruin that soon after overtook him through loss of pupils, broke his spirit and hastened his death."

Dickens often found himself embarrassed, when charged with thus drawing from real life, to vindicate himself ; as in the well-known case of Leigh Hunt, he was compelled to have recourse to strained explanations and refinements, which would not hold

¹ Some curious particulars as to the Yorkshire schools were published in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, which Mr. Joseph Cowen has been kind enough to collect and send to me.

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"At breakfast the following morning he chanced to notice, on the opposite side of the street, a large clock-face, with the name Humphreys surrounding it, most conspicuously exhibited in front of a clock- and watchmaker's shop. 'How odd,' he exclaimed to a gentleman seated beside him, 'here is Master Humphrey's clock!' 'Of course,' said the gentleman, 'and don't you know that Dickens resided here for some weeks when he was collecting materials for his "Nicholas Nickleby," and that he chose his title for his next work by observing that big clock-face from the window?' After breakfast," adds the doctor, "I stepped across to the watchmaker, and asked him whether I had been correctly informed respecting Mr. Dickens and the clock. The worthy horologist entered into particulars. 'My clock,' said he, 'suggested to Mr. Dickens the title of his book of that name. I have a letter from him stating this, and a copy of the work, inscribed with his own hand. For some years we corresponded. I got acquainted with him just by his coming across from the hotel as you have done this morning.'"

This is an amiable and not unpardonable delusion. People often talk themselves into such fictions. Humphreys was a watchmaker, and, like many of the craft, had a clock over his door. When the story appeared, people would naturally rally him, "You are Humphrey's clock," &c.—"He has brought you into his book,"—and

gradually the worthy watchmaker might have come to believe it. It will be seen that there is really no similarity between a street dial and a clock-case in which papers were found concealed; nor was the first likely to have suggested the second. Dickens' name was "Humphrey," not "Humphreys,"—though, of course, supposing he had borrowed the name, there would have been an awkwardness in "Humphreys's" clock. In this story there are many dramatic localities which it would be interesting to trace. Dickens knew Epping Forest well, and we find that, before he wrote "Pickwick," he was ordered down to Essex. There still stands the old inn at Chigwell—the Maypole—which, however, is not quite so scenic or operatic-looking as "Kittenmoles" has made it.

One of the rioters in "Barnaby Rudge" was called Stagg, and a singular portrait it is. It is curious that there should have been a poet of his name—one John Stagg, known as the "Blind Poet of Cumberland," who issued at Manchester in 1821 the "Cumbrian Minstrel; or, Tales Legendary, Gothic, and Romantic." This must have come under Dickens' notice. The Stagg of the fiction frequented one of Dickens' most effective inns, The Boot—described as "a low house of entertainment, and situated in the fields at the back of the Foundling Hospital—it stood at some distance from any high road, and was approachable only by a dark and narrow lane." Not long ago, being in this very quarter, I found myself at the end of Cromer Street, where it touches Judd Street, in front of a modern public-house, with the sign of a gilded boot at the top, and "The Boot" in large letters displayed across it. I made some inquiries, and was informed that an old mouldering tavern of the name had long been in the place, which the present landlord, who knew the story and took pride in the associations of his inn, had rebuilt.

From this northern journey, made in 1838, Dickens gathered scenic material for several episodes in at least two of his stories. When the coach broke down close to Grantham in "Nickleby," he recalled a visit that he paid to York after leaving Castle Barnard, and made a celebrated fine window of the cathedral the subject of an introduced tale. He no doubt found that one which interested him and touched his feelings, he could write with most effect. The "Alice" of the tale, who was "the youngest and fairest of her sisters," was intended as one more sketch of the lost Mary Hogarth. In the "History of Pickwick" I have pointed several allusions to this to him painful bereavement; indeed, all through his early books will be found pictures of young creatures full of life and beauty, such as Alice Maylie, wasting away under sickness and suffering.

The "five sisters of York" not unnaturally suggested to him the

three sisters whom he regarded with such affection ; and the lost Alice, like the lost Mary, was treated by all as the cherished treasure of the family. When on this trip we find him writing to his wife that "the same dreams which have constantly visited me since poor Mary died, follow me everywhere. After all the change of scene and fatigue I have dreamt of her ever since I left home. I should be sorry to lose such visions, for they are very happy ones. I would fain believe, too, sometimes, that her spirit may have some influence over them." And that curious high-strung picture of what Kit felt upon the road near Tong was, as I have suggested, likely to have been a picture of his own feelings. It has not been pointed out with what art Dickens contrived to associate his own private feelings with localities—investing them with a sort of living original interest. Thus, in David Copperfield's piteous journey down to Canterbury, Dickens reveals to us his own thoughts and feelings of association with special places—tenderly wrapped up in lavender, as it were, and suggestive of bygone delightful memories. Here is found the true magic of such topography—not in mere accurate description of details. There are places which have charm and appropriate suggestions in this way. If my own experience is of any interest, I may say these two places—Canterbury and Dover—are most potent in this way. These tranquil, old-fashioned places are charged with romantic thoughts of midnight journeys, sultry summer days, the packet sleeping tranquilly and waiting for night, queer old twisted streets, dramatic landings and embarkings. There is the glimpse of Canterbury, too, as it flits by—the solemn cathedral—seen a moment in all its grace—the quiet town at its feet. There have been long, restless days at Dover—spent half in the station, waiting to meet fellow travellers—a visit to Canterbury when something tragic was about to take place at home. Hence such places become a curious, mysterious background to which the eye turns back. Numbers, I have no doubt, feel this sort of thing. Dickens was thinking of his mother. "It always kept me company," he says. "I have associated it" (her image, that is) "with the sunny street of Canterbury, dozing, as it were, in the hot light ; and with the sight of its old houses and gateways, and the stately gray cathedral with the rooks sailing round the towers. When I came at last upon the bare wide downs near Dover it relieved the solitary aspect of the scene with hope." He is speaking, it is true, by the mouth of little Copperfield ; but so genuine and earnest is he, that we have the conviction that these are his own personal experiences.

Dickens excelled in describing long weary journeys, and in suggesting the idea of painful protraction—of towns and roads dragging by—of long nights. These journeys seem to stimulate all his dramatic art. We appear to have travelled all the way with him. Such is little Copperfield's weary walk to Dover—done in his most vivid way. As we come into the town and catch the first glimpse of the white cliffs and the sea beyond, we always recall it. There is the Pickwickian journey to Birmingham in a chaise, and Nicholas and Smike's tramp to Portsmouth, to say nothing of Bucket's spirited chase of Lady Deadlock.

In the walk to Portsmouth the road seems to have been quite familiar to the author, as well it might, for it led to his birth-place. But here, too, he again showed his faith in the miraculous walking powers of the human race; and it seems incredible that Nicholas and the feeble half-starved Smike could have travelled, on the first day, "thirty miles and more," to Godalming. More wonderful still, on the following day, quite unfatigued, they pushed on, examined the Devil's Punch Bowl, and reached to within twelve miles of Portsmouth, where they encountered Mr. Crummles at the public-house. Dickens was born, as most people know, at Landport, close to Portsmouth, so he knew and described the flavour of the place. The manager and he left their pony at the drawbridge, and, walking up the High Street, soon reached the theatre. There is a coloured picture of this building now before me, as it appeared about thirty years before Dickens wrote; a long, windowless house of flaming brick, with a large-tiled roof, a Doric portico with steps, and a very green door. In a sort of annexe at one end there is a little low door, to which there is a descent of some steps; and this is the stage-door by which Nicholas and his manager entered. Nothing is more vivid, more real and Pickwickian than these theatricals; the characters are drawn in the most brilliant fashion; the dialogues are vivacious, humorous, and natural. They are better, perhaps, than anything in "Pickwick." As we all know, Mr. Crummles had lodgings in St. Thomas' Street, with one Bulph, a pilot; Nicholas at a tobacconist's shop on the Common Hard; and Miss Snevellecci in Lombard Street. The old theatre has, of course, been swept away long since.

The picture is given in that interesting book "The Theatrical Tourist," the work of the industrious Winston, who collected everything conceivable for the stage, and seems to have spent his days making "cuttings" from old newspapers and transcribing. These pictures of the provincial theatres are coloured by hand, and have

singular interest from the air of old fashion and quaintness. The work is exceedingly scarce. Not many years ago there was still to be seen on Richmond Green the old theatre and manager's house, which had, for me at least, the entire and perfect Crummles flavour. A very picturesque edifice it was.

In considering these localities—to which Dickens has lent so vital an interest—we are apt to think that he selected them because they were suited to his purpose. The truth, I suspect, is that they selected him; that his vivid fancy, as he passed by the places, was kindled, and that it suggested to him some episode which became, as it were, its meaning, and its only meaning. Thus his description belongs to the place, not from any arbitrary or capricious selection, but from an inevitable law.

In all his London localities I doubt if there be one more adjusted to the story than that dismal burial ground, with the gate, that is found in "Bleak House." The gate alone is wonderfully dramatic, the graveyard being seen through its bars. Our author had, no doubt, passed it again and again, and it supplied him by way of suggestions with the whole chain of events that linked "Joe," and "Nemo," and Lady Deadlock. It supplied him with pictures of the successive episodes. Any one who is much accustomed to writing knows how, on the mere sight of an object of this kind, a vision of stirring episodes will rise before the mind. The tragic gloom of that enclosure would have substance for many a tale.

It is wonderful how Dickens has caught the flavour of the little streets and courts that branch out of Chancery Lane. As we wander through them now in their altered state, we feel the breath of the Bleak House associations, and see perfectly all the Snagsbys, Brooks, "Nemos," and the rest. The essence of this feeling is that it is a sort of fringe of the great Inns of Court, the characters being dependent on it, just as round Drury Lane we feel that all is dependent on the great theatre and coloured by it. The scene is laid particularly in "Cook's Court, Cursitor Street," which is, of course, Tooke's Court. Here it was that the wretched Nemo died and the inquest was held. After which dismal incidents were disposed of, there was the gloomy burial ground surrounded by squalid houses.

This place has long been known and recognised as a little enclosure, somewhat hard to find, at the end of a passage which leads out of a flagged court or lane that winds or twists out of Drury Lane, and is called Russell Court. As you look up the passage from Russell Court you see the railed gate at the end, and the small graveyard surrounded by houses, just as Joe and Lady Deadlock

saw it. Recently the London County Council have made a sort of playground of it, and, for some mysterious reason, have actually spared the old gate, possibly with some view to Dickens associations. For this mercy we may be thankful. Even as it is now, nothing can better answer to Dickens' description ; it is, in fact, the only place in the district, or in London indeed, which so answers. But visit it in the gloaming or at the close of some November day, when the lamps are lighted, and the delusion is perfect. There is a strange ghastly solemnity ; we seem to see the shadowy figures looking through the bars.

Dickens several times alludes to the "little tunnel of a court" which leads up to the gate, and which supplies such an effective view of the place. It seems to have affected him with a sort of horror, for he speaks often of "that hideous archway," with its "deadly stains." Tunnel is exactly the fitting word. The exactness of the description too, even after forty years and more, is extraordinary. There is the tunnel aforesaid, the iron gate, its lower portion, however, strengthened with wood. In the enclosure itself you can see the windows close to the ground, the very "kitchen window" pointed out by Joe. There are the steps on which Lady Deadlock died, some half a dozen in number. Hablot K. Browne's two pictures are wonderfully correct, even to the number of rails in the gate. The two had been well inspired by the mystery of the place.

In Lincoln's Inn Fields, close by, close to Inigo Jones' houses, we find an interesting mansion that also figures in "Bleak House." This is a stately stone-fronted structure, with a large "fore court" and a semi-circular porch. This was chosen as Mr. Tulkinghorn's residence, and is exactly the sort of one an old-fashioned family solicitor would choose. It was really Mr. John Forster's house, where he resided for some years, up to his marriage. There is a stone stair, and the rooms are finely proportioned. The ceiling of the front room was floridly painted, and every one will recall the flourishing Roman who is shown so mysteriously pointing down to the body of the murdered solicitor. For some strange reason, this decoration has since been painted out. Hablot Browne, the illustrator, fell into a curious mistake in dealing with this "Roman." It will be remembered that Dickens makes much of his mysterious pointing in the direction of the Frenchwoman who was outside, watching for Tulkinghorn. In a second plate, representing the scene of the murder, the Roman is shown pointing in the other direction, towards the wall! The truth is, Phiz grew somewhat careless, and Dickens did not exercise that particular surveillance over his artist's work

that he did in the early days. Many instances could be given of this odd carelessness. In "David Copperfield" the author describes Peggotty's odd residence, which was an old boat drawn up on land and fashioned into a house. In the picture we have, what might be expected, an inverted boat, but it is clear from the text that Dickens intended a boat that was standing on its keel. He speaks of its being left "high and dry"—as though it were a boat that had been washed ashore. Again, Captain Cuttle is portrayed in one plate with his famous hook on his left hand—in the other, on his right. There was a time when such mistakes would have agitated our author. We can recall his distress when Maclise made the blunder as to the elopement in "The Battle of Life."

PERCY FITZGERALD.

THE SPECIALIST.

WHETHER, as Plato held, and as modern sermon-writers industriously repeat, there be three sides to this our human nature, body, soul, and spirit, or whether these two last are not to be regarded as mere divisions of one principle, may be left, perhaps, as a question for the philosopher and psychologist. Indeed, it is in the highest degree unwise for an inexperienced swimmer to venture himself into the deep waters of metaphysics, whence, after the most difficult diving, one is lucky to bring up some scanty pearl or two. On the open surface there floats still a considerable quantity of scattered merchandise, easy of attainment, and, for practical purposes, valuable enough. In plain words, it is obvious that a man's character has, if not three, for the most part at any rate two sides, and that without undue danger of venturing beyond our depth, we may dare to separate the temperament of mankind, singly and generally, into two opposing factors—the active and the reflective principles. And, as with all warring parties the one's gain is the other's loss, so it is clear even to our superficial gaze that the man of action is not commonly a great student, nor the dreamy reader of old books a good man of business. In fact, the struggle is not infrequently one of absolute extinction, so that we see daily men in whom one side alone of their character may be said to be in existence, the other having wasted away from atrophy and neglect to the merest inconsiderable fraction of its former self. But, although in meaner natures there is often a hatred and contempt for men endowed with qualities opposite to their own, as the idle affect to despise the laborious, or the mean-spirited drudge sees laziness in a generous universality of employment, among the higher characters there is, as there should be, a worthy admiration for talents different to their own, and a Wolfe is found before the capture of Quebec who would freely barter his renown in war for the fame of a studious recluse in a dull university town. So do things contrive to balance themselves in a makeshift world, and, let the individual be what he may, it may be assumed that there is somewhere waiting for him his antidote, or direct opposite ; to the end that the pendulum of life, duly weighted, may swing

with a decent regularity of oscillation. As in general, indeed, it does ; causing many to exclaim against the monotony of this world, and some few to rise in active revolt against it with such weapons as they may find ready to their hands.

For my part, I confess to a kindness for the active life. In the abstract, the idea of travel, of sea voyaging, of visiting many places and being engrossed with many interests, is fascinating to most minds. The ordinary man wishes to live. Vegetation is hateful to him, and if he is compelled to lead a sedentary life he will consort with wild characters or read with avidity tales of battle and adventure. Even your philosopher is not proof against a longing, at times, for companionship with a man who has a reputation for rakishness, and there is ever a more than common attachment between Socrates and Alcibiades. In like manner the gravest professors will solace their leisure moments with desperate novels, and a Darwin will read love tales in the intervals of his work. The hermit feels that he has lost an appreciable part of life, and by some means or other he will strive to make up for the deficiency, so that Luther must needs find someone to fight against, and, failing a mortal enemy, throws his ink-pot at the Devil in person. For, while the recluse is often self-conscious and awkward in company, the travelled man is a veritable Ulysses for tact and wiliness. There is a sturdy self-reliance about the man who has been buffeted by the world that is good to see. He has learned the true value of custom and use, and is not concerned overmuch with the trivialities that cramp and confine the scholar's life. And this, indeed, is the true use of activity and travel: that it gives a freer atmosphere, and the pettinesses of a common life are blown away by stronger breezes than can be encountered in our snugly-sheltered homes. Thus the mind soars to a larger view, and we regard the common troubles and ailments of life as naught, and even Death itself as an episode, to be borne with fortitude and lamented with moderation.

On the other hand, there is a certain charm also even in the student's existence, and one cannot rest long in a well-furnished library and survey the sober-coloured bindings of the books ranged orderly in their shelves without feeling something of their subtle influence. An hour among a good collection of books were almost sufficient to make some men studious for life. Many have exclaimed in the heat of their enthusiasm, that the best of all companions is a good book. And scarcely any man of wide reading but has felt himself impelled almost irresistibly at times to become a mere book-worm, and dwell wholly in the imaginations of the past, disregarding

the stern facts of the present. There are many still who, like Coleridge, would refuse to give up the lazy reading of old folios for any addition to their incomes. There is much to be said even for such men as these. For though they lose a great part of life, there is also much that they gain. They may not have seen the world, but they have made acquaintance with the world's greatest minds, and both the wise man and the fool are like to reap more good from studying the works of those who have penetrated into the heart of the universe than from merely running over the crust of the earth with their own feet. It is more to have read Dante than to have visited Japan, and even a moderate acquaintance with Shakespeare may fairly be reckoned equal with an American tour.

It is sufficiently obvious that the Perfect Man should be a compound in equal degrees of these two temperaments, and that he should be so constituted as to suffer neither element to gain more than a temporary advantage (perhaps unavoidable in our imperfect nature) over the other. All ancient and modern wisdom has consented to this, in proof whereof are a sufficiency of proverbs, and a certain amount of practice. It would be absurd in these days to reiterate the merits of a sound mind in a sound body, or to urge arguments in favour of athletic exercises in our public schools. There can be little question but that the Senior Wrangler is none the worse man if he be also the winner of the Colquhoun Sculls, and that Frederick the Great gained, as an individual, from his admiration for Voltaire. Plato laid it down that the guardians of his Republic—the ruling class who were to give the tone, so to speak, and model to his society—were to be exercised liberally both in “music and gymnastic.” The two Greek words signify a point of culture both in mind and body to which, perhaps, we have hardly yet attained. The arts of the Muses we represent in a deplorably truncated condition, music and dancing, to mention nothing else, being still in general flat outsiders to our curriculum; while for the body-training proper, football and cricket are still made to cover a multitude of deficiencies. With regard to this latter, though, we are no doubt improving. Most of our large schools possess a gymnasium now, at the least. And the general tendency towards an athletic education is indeed so strong at present, that this department may well be left to look after itself. There is no longer any considerable danger of the importance of cricket and football being underestimated. Even head-masters of schools, commonly a slow-moving race enough, have become singularly wide awake upon this point of late years, and we see “Cricket as a Moral Agent,” or “Football as

an Educational Factor," dogmatised upon by them as though they were at least of equal value with Latin or Greek. And it has come to pass, so I have frequently heard it asserted, that it is even a better recommendation for an assistant master in many schools that he should have played cricket for his university or have got his International cap, than that he should be strictly qualified to instruct youth in the humaner sciences. This is a natural reaction against the older condition of things. I am not concerned to argue upon the merits of the two systems, and I make little doubt but that the one style of man is to the full as good an educator as the other. Indeed, since the ideal man is rare enough, and would probably be an expensive article could we even find him, it must needs be we should get our work done thus by special hands, and, as we employ separate men for classics, mathematics, and modern languages, so we should find one who has made athletics his province, and will chiefly exert himself as a supervisor of physical training. And this leads us to consider more closely the specialist.

Among most men of wide sympathies there is always something of a contempt for the man who makes a study of but one subject. Indeed, it is easy enough for the tendency to run into the ridiculous, and when we come down to the minutest sub-divisions of a science, and find a man style himself a coleopterist or scarabeeist, we have a legitimate subject for the gentle satire of Wendell Holmes. But it is clear enough, as that kindly moralist himself admits, that by such men science may be even more advanced than by the labours of an equal number of Buffons or Cuviers. There is a great power in the division of labour. In diagnosis of a case your omniscient person is well enough, but for treatment it were perhaps wise to call in the dentist, or oculist, or laryngologist. And in fact it seems to come to this : that for the individual to secure for himself the greatest possible enjoyment, he should aim at a moderate excellence in many subjects ; but that for the benefit of the world at large he will do better to devote himself exclusively to one. Just so do we note—to compare great things with small—that the man who is moderately proficient at many sports is the more likely to lead a pleasant life ; but to the specialist alone is it given to inaugurate new developments and mark an era in the history of his game.

It is singular to note how evolution has produced the specialist, and a fair subject for speculation how much further the process is likely to go. It was the ancient maxim that a man should be self-sufficing, and in the backwoods of Canada this would, doubtless, be a useful quality to-day. But in civilised countries, where it is

possible for a man to depend in great measure on his neighbour's co-operation, and where it is by no means necessary that each individual should split his own rails or build his own log-hut, such a condition of things has long been scouted as absurd. Professions sprung up, and sub-divided ; so that from Tubal Cain are said to have come, not merely blacksmiths, but all artificers in brass and iron ; and from the leech of old time has descended a progeny of medical specialists too various to enumerate. One trade breeds others, as the original rude club for ball-play has been the father of cricket-bat, and racquet, and crosse—not to mention that most promising family of weapons, daily increasing in number and importance, which appertain to the game of golf. But it is to be considered also that this tendency levels man in great measure with the mere cog-wheels of a vast machine, any one of which taken separately is of no use save as a piece of more or less well-finished workmanship. A civilised community may thus, taken as a whole, produce results good enough, but each individual member of it lives solely by virtue of his cohesion with the rest, and, should he by accident become separated from his fellow-workers, will find, perhaps, no other suitable gearing in the world's sensitive machinery into which he may be able to adjust himself.

Of most theories it may be argued with safety that they are good up to a certain point. I am by no means trying to make out a case either for or against specialisation—indeed, of all varieties of writing, the least satisfactory to my mind is that which shows only the one side of the argument. It is my humble aim to touch here and there a salient point, to cross and recross the stream of my topic so as to view it in different aspects, with here and there perhaps a short digression into the flowery meadows that fringe its banks on either hand. For example, it were well perhaps for us just now to take a rapid glance into the field of literature, and note how its appearance may be expected to change under further development of this system of cultivation. The idea of collaboration is no new one here. I am not aware, it is true, of any examples in classical literature (unless, indeed, we must, according to Wolf's theory, regard the works of Homer as the result of a Society of Authors), but, at any rate, from the days of Beaumont and Fletcher down to MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, there are not wanting examples enough of more or less successful co-operation. Against such association there is little to be urged. A Fletcher, it is possible, may be endowed with a too luxuriant imagination, which your Beaumont chances to be eminently qualified to prune with judgment ; or there may happen to be an

element of rustic humour in M. Chatrian which is the one thing lacking in his colleague. In moderation such a division of work is all very right and proper. But, to my mind, there is always a certain feeling of annoyance to the reader in his inability to distinguish precisely the man who may be addressing him for the moment. There is frequently a charm in the personality of the writer—as in Lamb's essays or Thackeray's novels—which such an uncertainty would go far to remove. It is by no means the least attraction to a book that it represents the opinion of one man, of like passions with ourselves and belonging, at all events, to the same great family. The opinions of a class or school do not touch us to the same extent ; the hand that guides the pen has become a mere abstraction to us, a piece of machinery to transmit the ideas of a clique. And if we experience this sensation at all in reading the works, say, of Messrs. Besant and Rice, it is clear that we should feel it far more acutely if it became the custom for three, four, or five authors to work together in company. I do not seriously think that there is any imminent danger of this becoming the general fashion, though an experiment of the sort has actually been tried in recent years. I would merely point out that there are objections to undue specialisation in literature. The author, most of all men, should be encouraged in self-sufficiency—in its nobler sense. For, consider how deplorable the state of affairs would become, if the so-called author of works of fiction were to sink to the level of the Editor of an Encyclopædia, and be compelled to apply here to the professed humorist, and there to the public analyst of character, and again to the managers of contrast, or pathetic passages, or love scenes, before he could issue his completed romance to the public. It would take an Editor of quite unusual powers to weld the whole into anything like a homogeneous mass ; and to inform it further with his own personality would be well-nigh impossible.

This is a purely imaginary picture, and one which will in all likelihood never be realised. But it may serve to point an obvious distinction, or rather limitation, in the advantageous use of the co-operative principle, namely, that it is efficacious in the furthering of science alone, and not of art. For raciness of definition a Johnson's Dictionary is well enough, but for accuracy and comprehensiveness he may not hope to rival the efforts of a syndicate. It does not distress us greatly that a whole troop of scientists have contributed to the present condition of the electric light or the telephone, or that the working of a coal-mine should be regulated by a Board of Directors. But it does appeal to our artistic taste that a painting or

a sculpture, or even a piece of architecture, should be executed under the informing spirit of one man. There is no doubt but that the decorations in the Sistine Chapel gain in harmony and completeness from being the work of Michael Angelo's single hand. And Salisbury Cathedral owes much of its charm to being almost entirely the work of a single architect. It has often occurred to me that in the education of a certain class there is a growing tendency to specialise—in the future engineer to direct one's attention solely towards mechanical science, and in the budding merchant towards book-keeping and shorthand—at an unreasonably early age. It is pertinent to the present time to be in a violent hurry; if we do not actually race after wealth at an accelerated speed we must at the least appear to do so, in order to escape the jeers of the money-makers. For a man who intends his son to go into the counting-house to allow him a liberal education would seem to many the height of folly and useless indulgence. Decide at once, is their principle, on his future career, and straightway let all his instruction be brought to bear upon that one point. It is not surprising that occasionally a youth fares ill under this strongly focussed light. It is easy enough to produce botanical monstrosities, but they are not usually healthy plants, nor, indeed, are they in any sense pleasing to a well-balanced mind. But it is the habit of the age to force such exotics, and protests are sufficiently useless by this time. It is a pity, indeed, that the world should have determined upon this headlong speed. It is sad that a large proportion of excellent young men should be stunted in certain rather important parts, as some think, of their mental anatomy. But it is quite possible, after all, that there will remain sufficient individuals of wider grasp and loftier ideals who will be content to lag behind in the fierce struggle, and to gather up, and classify, and reduce to order the work that our specialist performs. Someone has, not inaptly, divided mankind into two groups: the men who do the work, and those who stand by to criticise, and condemn, and finally to make use of their results. I confess I am not sure whether this last occupation be not, in a sense, the more noble of the two. The critic should, it is certain, be a man of higher attainments (though it is by no means always the case that he is) than the author he criticises; and the man who seeks to combine in use the inventions of many different individuals is the cause of at least as much practical advantage to the human race as the inventors themselves.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

THE BREITANIC ISLES.

IN prehistoric times Western Europe was occupied, it is believed, by an aboriginal race of dark-eyed, black-haired, round-headed men. They, no doubt, conceived themselves *autochthonous*—that is to say, sprung from the very soil itself—a race so ancient that, like the people of Arcadia, they pictured their fathers as inhabiting the earth ere Jove was born or the moon was made :

Ante Jovem genitum terras habuisse feruntur
Arcades : et Luna gens prior illa fuit.

OVID, *Fast.* ii. 289.

For want of a better name we will call them the *Autochthones*, though we shrewdly suspect that they were not so as a matter of fact, but were immigrants, who, long ages before, had expelled a still older type of European man. How long the *Autochthones* enjoyed undisturbed possession of this quarter of the globe we cannot even conjecture; but when we first catch sight of them they are slowly retreating towards the setting sun, before the steady advance of another people, whose characteristic features form a marked contrast to their own—the blue-eyed, yellow-haired, long-headed Celts. The *Autochthones* were not, however, exterminated, but gradually absorbed by their conquerors. It is probable that the men were, for the most part, killed off in war; but, as is usual in such cases, the women were preserved as wives, and the children as slaves, by the victors, and so the old race was perpetuated. But, in the coalition of the two stocks, the characteristics of both became blended and produced modifications of the ancient type, in which the Celtic element, as a rule, very strongly predominated. When history commences, the representatives of the *Autochthones* retained a last foothold upon the surf-beaten shores of the Western Ocean, and Greek and Roman writers were struck with the dark hair and foreign appearance of the Iberians of Spain, the Aquetani of Gaul, and the Silures of Wales. The old stock must, even then, have received a very large admixture of Celtic blood; but traces of the ancient dark-haired race may still be found among the modern inhabitants of the Atlantic coasts,

notably among the Basques of the Pyrenees, the Welsh, and the Irish. There are some scientists who maintain that the nations of Western Europe are beginning to show signs of a reversion to the characteristics of the ancient *autochthonous* race. English, French, and Germans alike, they say, are growing darker in complexion than their immediate ancestors. As the fair-haired child becomes the comparatively dark-haired man, so the blue-eyed, fair-haired, long-headed type of European is gradually giving place to the dark-eyed, black-haired, round-headed *autochthonous* type.

The British isles, like the adjacent portion of the Continent, were originally peopled by the *Autochthones*. The very name of Britain may be a relic of the unknown tongue, which was the means of communicating ideas among the barbarians of Western Europe, before conquering hordes of Celts introduced the Aryan dialects. The term *Ἰβητικοί* is used by the old writers to indicate, not a particular race or nation, but the people (irrespective of race) who inhabited the Bretanic isle (that is how the Greeks invariably spelt the name). And the Latin form of the name, BRITANNIA, when compared with those of certain provinces on the Continent, which we have reason to believe were peopled by tribes of *autochthonous* origin—namely, Lusitania, Carpetania, and Oretania, in the Iberian peninsula, and Aquetania in Gaul, furnishes us with an argument, that the ancient inhabitants who first gave a name to our island were *Autochthones*.

Hecatæus and other ancient Greek writers appear to refer to the *Autochthones* under the name of Ligyes, or Ligurians, and it is curious to note how, in process of time, the inhabitants of Southern Gaul are designated, not Ligyes, but Celto-Ligyes, and thus a fusion of the two races is indicated. An ancient Phœnician fragment, preserved in the works of Avienus, alludes to the extermination of the same people when it describes “an empty land once inhabited by the Ligurians, for of late by the hand of the Celts and by frequent wars it is depopulated, and the Ligurians driven away.”

The tribes of *autochthonous* extraction are all described as being skilled in the arts of mining and smelting metals. It was evidently a characteristic of the ancient race. The Britons of Cornwall and the Iberians of Spain were, as we all know, pre-eminent in those arts. Strabo tells us (Book 4, 2) that the Aquetani differed, in the constitution of their bodies and in their language, from the other tribes of Gaul; and Cæsar mentions that they were skilled in mining copper (Book 3, 2, 1).

It is difficult to say what is the earliest mention of our country by Greek writers. In one of the apocryphal poems of Orpheus, which

were once considered of great antiquity, but are now believed to be forgeries of Christian times, the ship "Argo," which carried the heroes to the land of the golden fleece, is made to say: "Now with sad and painful distress I am on my way, that haply I may arrive at the Iernis isles" (line 1163), "where are the spacious dwellings of our lady Demeter" (line 1187). Here it will be observed that Iernis or Ireland is considered the more important island, and gives the group its name. Even assuming that these lines are forgeries, yet it is not improbable that they are founded upon some ancient fragments which they affect to imitate, and have interwoven with them old-world ideas and half-forgotten place-names reported by Greek or Phœnician seamen in days of yore. The worship of Demeter, the Earth-goddess, is referred to by another writer. Artemidorus speaks of an island, near the Bretanic isle, in which were celebrated sacred rites similar to those performed in Samothrace in honour of Demeter and her daughter Kore. (Strabo, 4, 4.) In another Greek work of uncertain date, the *Περὶ κόσμου*, attributed without reason to Aristotle, and translated into Latin by the African Appuleius in the second century after Christ, distinctive names are for the first time given to the Bretanic isles: "Outside the pillars of Hercules the ocean flows around the earth, and in this ocean are two very large islands—Albion and Ierne, called the Bretanic isles—lying beyond the Celti." Pliny describes the island of Britain, "celebrated in the Greek records as well as in our own," and mentions that its proper name was Albion (4, 30). It was probably the Celtic designation of our island. Scotland was once known by the analogous appellation *Alba*, or Albany. *Ierne*, too, was probably a native name—possibly *autochthonous*, and we may note for what it is worth the similarity of the names Iberia and Ibernia. In Diodorus we find the name *Iris*, instead of Ierne (Erin). Albion *may* possibly have meant "the white island" in the Celtic tongue (for Celtic and Latin alike belonged to the Aryan group of languages, and were near akin to one another). To Roman ears the name Albion naturally suggested the colour white, and it seemed an appropriate name for the island whose precipitous cliffs of chalk gleamed afar across the waves; but Albion is certainly not derived from the Latin *albus* as is often asserted. Similarly, the name Ierne conveyed to the mind of the Greek the idea of a sacred isle (*ἱερὰ νῆσος*), or "isle of saints," and in Latin Iernia, or Ivernia, was corrupted into Hibernia, the "wintry land," and dreadful tales were told of the rigour of its climate. In the science of etymology we are often obliged to jump at conclusions, but it is very necessary to look before we leap!

Cæsar always speaks of "Britannia," and Strabo and Diodorus of the "Bretanic isle"; but before we proceed to hear what those writers have to tell us about our subject, it may not be out of place to notice some passages in the works of post-Christian writers, where the old names, by which these islands were known to the Greeks, again crop up to the surface.

Claudius Ptolemy (A.D. 139) mentions, under the name of "Loundinion of Bretania," the town which was destined to become the greatest metropolis of the world (1, 15), and describes (2, 2) the position of "the Bretanic isle of Ivernia" (Ἰουερνία), "above whose northern side lies the Hyperborean ocean, also called the frozen ocean, and Cronios the dead ocean," and further describes the "Bretanic isle of Alvion" (Ἀλουίων).

Marcian, a writer of the third century A.D., says (Book 1, 35): "Two of the islands lying in the Arctic Ocean are commonly called the Pretannic [*sic*] isles; one of them is named Ivernia, and the other the isle of Albion." And Agathemer, a geographer of the same period, writes: "The islands of Europe in the outer sea, worthy of mention, are the two Bretannic isles Ivernia and Alvion" (Book 2, 4).

Professor Rhys, drawing conclusions from a comparison of the dialects spoken in the British Isles, considers that there were two great Celtic immigrations, separated by a considerable interval of time, into these islands—the first was that of the Gaels of the Scottish highlands and Ireland; the second was that of the Cymric Celts of Cornwall, Wales, and Cumbria, a district which once extended from the Mersey to the Cumbray islands in the Forth of Clyde.

It is Julius Cæsar who gives us the earliest detailed account of our British ancestors. He draws a very marked distinction between the people who lived on the sea-coast and those who inhabited the interior of the island. Of the latter he can have known nothing except by hearsay; but he is a careful writer, and we may generally place reliance upon his statements.

The interior of Britain, he tells us, was inhabited by people who themselves had a tradition that they were natives of the island; the maritime part by people who had once upon a time crossed over from Belgium for the purpose of plunder and warfare, and nearly all the latter were called by the names of the States to which they belonged when they crossed over here. When they had done waging war here they remained permanently, and began to cultivate the soil. The inhabitants were infinite in number, and their dwellings (which were almost precisely like those of the Gauls) were very numerous,

and so were their cattle. They made use of copper coin, or else iron rods, tested to a given weight, as money. The copper coinage which they used was imported. They considered it unlawful to eat the hare, the domestic fowl, and the goose, yet they bred them for amusement. By far the most civilised of all were those who inhabited Kent, which was an entirely maritime district, and they did not differ greatly in their habits from the Gauls. The people of the interior did not as a rule sow any crops, but lived upon milk and flesh, and were clothed in hides. But all the people of Britain dyed themselves with *ritrum*, which produced a bluish tint, and on that account they presented a more terrible appearance in battle. They wore their hair long, and shaved everything except the head and upper lip. Ten or twelve men had wives in common, especially brothers with brothers, and fathers with sons, but if such wife had any children, they were considered as belonging to the man to whom she was first as a maiden given in marriage. (“*De Bello Gallico*,” v. 12–14.)

With Cæsar’s description we may compare that of Diodorus, who tells us that the “autochthonous races” of the Bretanic isle had mean dwellings, constructed for the most part of reeds or wood; that they gathered their corn-harvest by cutting off merely the ears, and storing them in their underground dwellings, and of those ears they selected day by day such as had been longest in store, and prepared them for food. (Book 5, c. 21.) Cæsar says that their currency consisted of copper coins and iron rods (or iron rings, according to another version). I prefer to translate *ærum* by “copper coinage,” and not “copper,” though the word may have either sense, for we know that the Britons used coins, and it is absurd to suppose that they imported copper when their own mines produced that metal. It was probably on account of some religious prejudice or superstition that the natives abstained from eating the goose. The Roman immigrants had no such scruples, for they deemed no dish more dainty than the *chenerotes*, or little goose of Britain. (Pliny, 10, 29.)

Cæsar’s term for the vegetable dye used by the Britons, *ritrum*, is Latin for glass, and appears to be a literal translation of *glas-tum*, the name by which the plant producing the dye was known amongst the Gauls. *Glas* in Gaelic means grey, or green, and appears to be the parent of our English word glass. The custom here alluded to was probably adopted from the barbarous *Autochthones*. It had become almost peculiar to Britain. In ancient times it doubtless prevailed equally in Gaul; but, when Cæsar wrote, the Gauls do

not appear to have practised it, while in Britain it was universally prevalent. Two centuries later we shall find that the custom was regarded as characteristic of the nations who dwelt beyond the great wall, and so we may infer that, as civilisation spread, it gradually died out in the Roman province of Britain. The *glas-tum* resembled the plantain in appearance, and with its juice the women and girls of Britain besmeared themselves when engaged in celebrating certain sacred rites ; and as, on those occasions, they went about in a state of nature, they resembled the dusky Ethiopians in colour. (Pliny, 22, 2.) With the men, at any rate, this mode of decoration usually took the form of tattooing, as we shall see when we come to examine the account of the ancient inhabitants of Scotland. The injected dye usually gives a blue tinge to the flesh, hence the epithets of "blue Britons" and "green Britons" applied to the natives by Martial and Ovid. The Gauls showed great skill in the production of vegetable dyes. They could imitate "the Tyrian purple, the shell-fish purple, and all the other colours," but the great fault of their dyes was that they would not wash. (Pliny, 22, 3.) The peculiar form of marriage described by Cæsar has puzzled some commentators. Nothing like it seems to have prevailed amongst the Gauls, or indeed amongst any of the Aryan nations, and so it is considered to have been another custom derived from the *Autochthones*, and surviving in those parts of the island which were more remote from Celtic civilisation. Turner mentions a similar custom in Tibet: "Here we find a practice, that of polyandry, universally prevailing, and see one female associating her fate and fortune with *all the brothers* of a family, without any restriction of age or numbers. The choice of a wife is the privilege of the elder brother" (p. 348). Strabo has something more to tell us about the personal appearance of the Britons. They were taller than the Gauls, less yellow-haired, and more loosely made. As an instance of their size, he mentions that he had himself seen in Rome some boys from Britain* who were six inches taller than the tallest man there, but they were bandy-legged, and in other respects not well built. The manners of the Britons were like those of the Gauls, but more simple and barbarous, for some of them, though they had plenty of milk, did not make cheese from want of experience, and they knew nothing about gardening and matters of agriculture. Most of them used chariots in war, just as some of the Gauls did. The woods were their towns ; for when they had fortified a large circular space with felled trees, they built their huts and stalled their cattle there for a time. The climate was rainy, and on fine days even the fog lasted so long that

only for three or four hours in the middle of the day was the sun visible (Book 4, 5). The Gaulish Britons, however, had made some progress in agriculture, and were acquainted with the art of marling land. There were several kinds of marl employed, but the one chiefly made use of in Britain was a sort of white chalk, such as was used for polishing silver. Its effects lasted for eighty years, and there was no instance known of a farmer spreading it twice upon the same land. (Pliny, 17, 4.) The fogs which prevail in the valley of the Thames are still a matter of astonishment to people coming from Southern lands. We can quite believe that, in days when drainage was unknown, the Essex and Sussex marshes and the Fen country must have been almost constantly wrapped in dense mist.

Tacitus essays to grapple with the problem of British ethnology: "Their outward appearance is various, and deductions have been made from that fact, for the red hair and huge limbs of the people who inhabit Caledonia prove a German origin. The dark (coloratus) complexion and curly hair of the *Silures*, and their position opposite to Spain, would make us believe that the ancient Iberians crossed over and took possession of that territory. At any rate, those who are situate nearest to the Gauls resemble them, and we may suppose that the Gauls have taken possession of that part of the country which lies next to them. You may observe that their sacred rites, their superstitions, and their language do not differ greatly from those of the Gauls. They show the same boldness in provoking danger, and, when it is present, the same fear of meeting it. The Britons, however, show greater spirit than the Gauls, for they have not yet had a long peace to soften them." (*Agricola*, c. 11.)

Tacitus explains elsewhere what he means when he says that the inhabitants of North Britain were of German origin. "All the Germans," he writes (*Germany*, c. 4), "have fierce blue eyes, reddish hair, and huge bodies only fit for a sudden attack." But he was wrong in concluding that they were Germans because they had red hair. All the Celtic peoples have a strong tendency to red hair. It was the fashionable colour among the Gauls, and much admired. But man always tries to improve upon nature, and Pliny mentions "Gaulish soap," an invention for turning the hair red. It was made of suet and wood ashes, the best from the ashes of beech-wood and goat's fat. It was manufactured in two different forms, a paste and a liquid, and both were used among the Germans, but more by men than women (Book 28, 51).

Of the Caledonians we find an interesting account in the works of Dio Cassius (A.D. 180), or, rather, in that part of his work which

exists only in the form of an epitome, compiled by Xiphilinus, a monk of Constantinople, who lived about the period of the Norman conquest of England. The two greatest tribes of the (North) Britons, we learn, were the Caledonians and the Mæatæ, and in them even the names of the others had, so to speak, been merged.

The Mæatæ dwelt next to the great wall, which divided the island in two, and the Caledonians beyond them again. Both tribes inhabited wild and waterless mountains, and deserts, and marshy plains, and had neither walls, cities, nor agriculture, but got their living by pasturing cattle, hunting, and gathering the fruit of trees. They did not eat fish, although fish were plentiful, and even abundant. They lived in huts, naked and shoeless, had wives in common, and brought up all the children in common. Their constitution was, for the most part, democratic. They delighted in plunder, and fought on chariots drawn by swift little horses, and also on foot. They were keen at running, but could make a firm stand. Their arms were a shield, and a short spear with a large bronze knob at the butt end of the shaft, to shake, and by its rattling to strike terror into the enemy. They were also armed with daggers, and could endure hunger and cold, and every kind of hardship, for they plunged into the swamps and stayed there patiently for many days with their heads only out of the water. When in the woods they lived on bark and roots, and against emergency they prepared a kind of food of which if they ate a piece no larger than a bean they suffered neither hunger nor thirst (Book 76, 10).

And Herodian (A.D. 238) describes the same people: "A great many parts of the Britons' country are constantly overflowed by the tides of the ocean and become swampy. In these swamps the barbarians are in the habit of swimming and running about, immersed up to the waist, for they have the greater part of their bodies naked, and care nothing for the mud. They have no need of clothing, but adorn their flanks and necks with iron, considering it an ornament and sign of wealth, just as other barbarians do gold; and they puncture their bodies with life-like pictures of animals, of all colours and of all kinds. So they do not wear any clothes for fear of hiding the figures on their bodies. They are very warlike and very bloodthirsty, armed with a small shield, a spear, and a sword girded to their naked bodies. They have no need of a breastplate or helmet, but consider them an incumbrance in their passage through the swamps. The atmosphere of that part of the country is always gloomy with the exhalations and thick mists arising from the swamps" (Book 3, c. 46-51). Solinus also mentions the painful process by

which the "painted Briton" attained perfection of personal adornment : "The region is in part inhabited by barbarians, upon whose bodies, even from boyhood, representations of various kinds of animals are imprinted by means of artificial outlines of wounds ; and these marks increase in size upon the inscribed flesh of the full-grown man in proportion as the quantity of pigment is increased, for savage nations regard no act of patience greater than that of allowing their limbs to absorb, through these permanent scars, as much dye as possible." (*Polyhistor*. c. 22.)

Savage as the Caledonians were, they were far surpassed in barbarism by the inhabitants of the "Emerald Isle." "The people of Ierne," says Strabo (Book 4, 5), "are more savage than the Britons, are anthropophagous and herbivorous, and consider it a graceful act to devour their own fathers when they are dead." But, at the same time, he confesses that his authority on that point was not very trustworthy. Diodorus repeats the statement that the Britons who inhabited the isle of Iris were cannibals (Book 5-32) ; and Pomponius Mela is equally severe : "Above Britain is Iverna, whose climate is unsuited for ripening grain ; but it is so luxuriant in herbage, rich and sweet, that cattle eat their fill in part of a day only, and if they are not kept from grass, they graze too long and burst themselves. The inhabitants are rude, ignorant of all the virtues, and entirely destitute of piety." (*De Situ Orbis*, Book 3, c. 6.)

Solinus, writing at a much later period, adds : "There are no snakes in Hibernia, birds are uncommon, the people inhospitable and warlike. When victorious, they first drink the blood of the slain and then smear their faces with it. They regard right and wrong in the same light. When a woman has a male child she places its first food on her husband's sword, and gently inserts this inauguration of nourishment into the little one's mouth, on the tip of the blade, and, with prayers to the tribal god, expresses a hope that it may meet its death in no other way than in warfare and in the midst of arms. Those who study elegance adorn the hilts of their swords with the teeth of great beasts which swim in the sea. They are as white and shining as ivory. After all, man's chief glory is in the glitter of arms ! They have no bees, and if you bring some dust or little stones from that country and sprinkle it among your bee-hives the swarms will desert their combs." (*Polyhistor*. c. 22.)

The same writer mentions the Silures, the *autochthonous* inhabitants of Wales, whose territories included what are now the counties of Glamorgan, Monmouth, Brecknock, Hereford, and Radnor. A stormy sea (*i.e.* the Bristol Channel) divided the

“island Silura” from the British tribe of the Dumnonii, or people of Cornwall. The natives of Silura, even in his own time, preserved their ancient habits, refused money, but gave and took in kind. They provided themselves with the necessaries of life by barter in preference to sale. They worshipped their gods with devotion, and men and women alike displayed a knowledge of future events. Solinus is always amusing, though we cannot take everything he says seriously. He speaks of the isle of Tanatos (Thanet), whose dust was fatal to serpents, and of the Hebudes islands, whose king learnt justice by poverty, and was not allowed to have any property of his own, not even a wife or a household, lest avarice should turn him from the path of truth. He also tells us of warm springs in Britain, presided over by Minerva; and in her temple the perpetual fire never became white ash, but, wherever it died out, it turned into round stony lumps—an allusion apparently to the use of coal.

There had always been a close intercourse between Gaul and Britain. A generation or more before Cæsar’s invasion, Divitiacus, the greatest potentate of all Gaul, who ruled over the people of Soissons, had extended his sway over part of Britain; and in Cæsar’s time the Veneti, a sea-going people of the neighbourhood of Vannes, were in the habit of making frequent voyages to Britain, and excelled the other states in knowledge of nautical matters. They held possession of the “few ports which were scattered here and there in that furious open sea,” and exacted tribute from nearly all who sailed those waters. (Cæsar, 3, 8.) The fleet of the Veneti was a very powerful one. Their ships had somewhat flatter bottoms than those of the Roman galleys, and were therefore better able to contend with shallow water and ebbing tide; the prows were raised very high, and in the same way the sterns were adapted to the force of the winds and waves. They were built entirely of oak, and were intended to withstand any amount of force and violence. The benches were constructed of planks a foot in breadth, fastened by spikes as thick as a man’s thumb. The anchors were secured by iron chains instead of cables, and for sails they used skins and dressed leather. (Cæsar, 3, 13.) In their final struggle with the Romans, the Veneti called to their aid the Britons, and Cæsar’s principal object in making an expedition to Britain was that, in his wars against the Gauls, he was always being told that assistance was furnished to them by the Britons. (Book 4, 20.)

The pluck and dash of the British charioteers greatly impressed the Roman general. They began by driving at full speed along the

enemy's line, hurling their weapons, and frequently throwing the ranks into disorder by the fear which their horses and the rattle of their wheels inspired ; and when they had edged their way in among the troops of cavalry, they leaped down from the chariots and fought on foot. The drivers meanwhile fell back a little to the rear, and so posted their chariots that, if the warriors were hard pressed by superior numbers of the enemy, they might have a ready retreat to their own lines. So in battle they combined the mobility of cavalry with the stability of infantry, and became so expert by daily practice and exercise, that, when on a declivity or steep incline, it was their habit to pull up their horses at full gallop, bring them to a standstill, turn them in an instant, run out along the pole, stand on the yoke, and then get back with all speed into the chariot ! (Book 4, 33.) Some of the British cars had scythes attached to the axle-trees, and were called by the natives *covini*—that is, the Celtic word *covain*, which means a cart or waggon. (Pomponius, *De Situ*, 3, 6.) The Romans may have previously seen similar chariots used in the Gallic armies, but the wild antics of the painted Britons must have disconcerted them not a little. Even Roman troops were sometimes demoralised by the uncanny-looking beings who opposed them. Thus we read, a century later, of an attack made upon the island of Anglesea by the Romans. They found drawn up along the shore a dense array of armed men, through whose ranks ran women, resembling Furies, clad in funeral garb, with dishevelled hair, and torches in their hands, while Druids stood around and poured forth dreadful imprecations, with hands upraised to heaven, and it was only with difficulty that the general could induce his men to charge. (Tacitus, *Annals*, 4, 29.)

This, strange to say, is the only mention we find of Druids in Britain. All the accounts given of the religious order relate to Gaul, but Cæsar says that their doctrines were believed to have been originally invented in Britain and afterwards introduced into Gaul from that country, and that, in his time, those who wished to make a careful study of the system were in the habit of going to Britain to learn it. It is much more probable that Druidism, in its archaic form, was the religion of the *autochthonous* inhabitants of Gaul and Britain alike. In Gaul, it had become much modified by the philosophical doctrines which the Celts had grafted upon the system, while the insular character of Britain was the means of preserving unimpaired the traditions of the ancient cult, in which human sacrifices played a large part. Diodorus describes "the strange and incredible custom" of the Druids (or *Saruides*, as he calls them) who

used to devote a man to sacrifice, strike him with a sword just above the diaphragm, and, when the victim had fallen, ascertain the future from the manner of his falling and the flowing of his blood, putting faith in an ancient and time-honoured observance (5, 31). Sometimes they used to shoot the victims down with arrows, or impale them on stakes. At other times they prepared a colossus of hay, threw wood upon it, and made a holocaust of men, cattle, and wild beasts (Strabo, 4, 4). All this sounds extremely barbarous, and one fails to recognise in the account the venerable white-bearded philosophers of a later tradition.

Strabo enumerates the products of the island: "Corn, cattle, gold, silver, iron, hides, slaves, and hounds well adapted for the chase, which were used by the Gauls for purposes of war" (Book 4, 5). The poet Oppian celebrates in song the British hound: "Keen of scent and small of build, but worthy of great laud, which the wild tribes of Britons with speckled back rear and call *Agassæi*." Britain was also famous for its pearls. There were some cynics who said that Julius Cæsar had invaded Britain in hopes of finding pearls, for the famous general was a connoisseur of such gems, and was in the habit of comparing their size and weight by poising them in his hand (Suetonius, c. 46). And he desired it to be understood that a breast-plate, which he dedicated in the temple of Venus, was made of pearls from Britain (Pliny, 9, 57). Camden says that in his time pearls were found in Carnarvon, Cumberland, and the British seas. About the middle of the last century there was still a pearl fishery at Perth, and, in the three years 1761-1764, no less than £10,000 worth of pearls, derived from fresh-water mussels, were despatched from that town to London (*Pennant's Tour*). Large quantities of jet, too, were, as Solinus informs us, found in Britain.

Other British islands are mentioned by Pliny, viz.: the forty Orcades (Orkneys), the seven Acmodæ (Shetlands), the thirty Hebudes (Hebrides), and, lying between Hibernia and Britain, Mona (Anglesea), Monapia (Man), Ricina (Rathlin, on the north coast of Ireland), Vectis (apparently not the Isle of Wight, but some other "Channel island" on the west coast), Limnus (Dalkey, in Dublin Bay), Andros (identified with Bardsey on the English, or Lambay on the Irish coast), and below Britain the isles of Samnis (Sian), and Axantos (Ushant), and scattered in the Germanic Sea opposite were the Glesariæ, which the later Greek writers called *Electrides* because amber was produced there. The furthest of all was Thule. Some writers mentioned other islands, viz.: Scandia (Scania), Dumna (placed by Ptolemy among the Orkneys), Bergos

(Bergen), and, greatest of all, Nerigon (part of the mainland of Norway), from which the voyage was made to Thule. A congested sea, situate one day's sail from Thule, was called by some *Cronium* (Pliny, 4, 30).

The above-cited passages form practically all the knowledge we possess of the Bretanic isles and their inhabitants in ancient times. It is somewhat humiliating to reflect that, when Rome was at the height of her glory, the people of Britain deserved the epithet of barbarians, and, in some cases, of savages. Strabo did not think our island worth a garrison, "for at least one legion," he says, "and some cavalry besides, would be required to enforce payment of tribute, and even then the total cost of an army of occupation would swallow up the additional revenue" (Book 4, 5). How little did the great geographer think that this despised island would one day become the centre of an Empire far greater than that of Rome, and would extend its sway over distant continents undreamed of in his philosophy !

THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM

THE BALANCE OF POWER.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

“**S**TATE Protestantism,” as Schlegel¹ designates the system of the balance of power as it is now understood among European nations, assumed its present shape and substance after the decadence of the Holy Roman Empire in the fifteenth century. It is customary to trace the principle of an European equilibrium to the internal quarrels of the Italian Republics, one or other of whom was incessantly intriguing to obtain ascendancy in the Peninsula. A similar state of things, however, existed in Germany, and is nearly certain to occur wherever a large extent of territory is occupied by several small principalities mutually jealous of one another, and drawn together by no bonds of federation or common interest. Lord Brougham was, therefore, justified in scouting the idea that the doctrine of the balance of power was invented by Italian politicians as the most efficacious means of arresting the progress of Charles VIII., and had that been its sole purpose it could only have been pronounced a decided failure. It was regarded by that versatile writer as simply the natural result of the social development of Europe, the Continental States gradually and unconsciously taking up towards one another the relative positions which had till then peculiarly characterised the Italian Republics. In one sense Europe might have been described as a heterogeneous agglomeration of kingdoms, each severed from the rest of the world, and thus a rude, unformulated sentiment, rather than code of international law, slowly struggled into

¹ The Chevalier Gentz remarks that the theory of a balance of power in the political world “would have been with more propriety called a system of counterpoise. For, perhaps, the highest of its results is not so much a perfect equipoise as a constant alternate vacillation in the scales of the balance which, from the application of counter-weights is prevented from ever passing certain limits.”—*Fragments on the Balance of Power in Europe*, page 63. By Fried. Chevalier von Gentz.

existence. Lord Brougham likewise demurred to the proposition enunciated by certain political economists, that the balancing system was strictly applicable only to States situated on the Continent, and could not apply to an insular power in command of the surrounding seas. They who hold this opinion appear, however, to forget that Great Britain at least is closely united by her commerce to the whole world. She is in touch, so to speak, with every country on the earth's surface. To confine her defence solely to her own naval and military forces would be the surest means of courting discomfiture and disgrace, for commercial communities are ever short-sighted and averse from expenditure, the points of which may not be gathered until a distant and indefinite period. The insularity of Britain is a protection in the same manner as a moat that begirds a fortress, but which in itself is incapable of averting aggression. The British Government is consequently interested in every movement of the European powers as closely and directly as though the British Isles were in no way separated from the Continent. The maintenance of the balance of power is therefore a question that comes home to every Englishman whose patriotism has not yet been immersed in cosmopolitan sentimentality.

It was not until the final evacuation of France by English armies of occupation that the French monarchs were in a position to take a comprehensive view of their power and responsibilities, or to adopt rational and consistent schemes of internal and external policy. Charles VII. was the first to create a standing army. Under the specious pretext of being always prepared against English invasion, he contrived to keep together a considerable force of mercenaries, estimated at 9,000 foot and 1,600 horse, though Sismondi affirms that he bequeathed to his successor an organised body of 1,700 *lances fournies*, which would be equivalent to five times the apparent number. The ability to raise troops in those turbulent ages may not have implied any great mental or moral superiority over his contemporaries, but Charles VII. succeeded in a more arduous task. He prevailed upon his subjects to provide funds for the regular payment of their hireling defenders, and it is not improbable that what we should now call the middle classes were not unwilling to purchase immunity from foreign invasion by the annual contribution of a small fixed sum of money. The nobles were no longer capable of opposing the royal will. They had suffered terribly in the English wars, and the survivors, reduced to comparative poverty, were only too ready to become the military servants of a king who rewarded such service with liberal gifts and grants of land. Under Louis XI,

who was the first to assume the titles of "Majesty" and "Most Christian King," the nobles became still more dependent on the Crown. Not a few of them ended their troubled career on the scaffold, while many more were deprived of their ancient privileges. Though usually at variance with one another, they frequently combined to restrain the influence of the Crown, but such occasional cohesions were speedily broken up through the assiduous intrigues of the king, who never wearied of stirring up mutual jealousy and discord among them. Further to counteract their power, Louis XI. retained in his pay a body of 6,000 Swiss, at that time considered the most loyal and valiant soldiery in Europe. But, notwithstanding his habitual astuteness, he committed a grievous error that ultimately brought unnumbered woes upon France and all her neighbours. Had Louis sanctioned the union of the heiress of Burgundy with the Count of Angoulême, the Flemish provinces would have become an integral portion of the French dominions. In his feverish impatience, however, to gain possession of Burgundy and the county of Artois, Louis XI. disgusted the Flemings and wounded the susceptibilities of the proud burghers of Ghent, who incontinently married the young Princess Mary to Maximilian, Archduke of Austria and son of the Emperor Frederick III. That oversight laid the foundation of the wide-spread empire of Charles-Quint, and led to the insensate struggle for ascendancy between that potentate and Francis I., the consequences of which have not yet died out.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century territorial unity was established in England, France, and Spain. The feudal system was practically extinct and had been replaced by the monarchical principle. Modern history begins with the reign of Charles VIII., whose conquest of Naples and subsequent expulsion from Italy marked the commencement of the long contest between France and Spain, or, to speak more correctly, between the Houses of Anjou and Aragon. With the sixteenth century there opened the bloody roll of wars of conquest that is not yet exhausted. "La Grande Politique" then, for the first time, dawned upon Europe, though through a mist darkly. It was still in a nebulous condition, but gradually acquired form and colour and a shadowy substance. The first half of the century was darkened by the strife between France and Spain for the possession of Italy, which nature had clearly designed to be independent of both, and which after a time became the prize, or the victim, of the latter Power. At that period Italy was the most civilised country in Europe. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks had enriched her with the spoils of Grecian

literature and learning. The arts of painting and sculpture had arrived at a degree of excellence which had never been surpassed. If the sciences were still empirical, astronomy at least was shortly afterwards placed on an imperishable foundation by Galileo. Italian poetry is still unrivalled, while history had been raised by Guicciardini and Machiavelli far above the fogs of fable and tradition. But, while enjoying all these advantages, the Italians had lost the security of possession. Divided into many petty States, they made war upon one another in a perfunctory and even ridiculous fashion. They hired bands of mercenary soldiers whose only care was neither to kill nor be killed. The martial spirit of their ancestors had burnt itself out, and with it the love of liberty had grown dull and cold. That is to say, each Republic or Principality was ready enough to assert its own independence, but would gladly have witnessed the abasement of its neighbours. There was no patriotism—no reverence for a common fatherland. The Italians were content to be esteemed the most polished nation in Europe. They outshone all other people in the magnificence of their festivals, in the decorations of their temples and public edifices, and in the elegance of their domestic interiors; but their liberty was a matter of sufferance. After flourishing for two centuries—no doubt in a troubled and unsatisfactory manner—the only freedom that then survived was municipal license which, to destroy a rival faction, did not scruple to throw open the gates to a foreign invader. Unhappily, this degeneracy of the Italian people, combined with their great riches, proved the bane of Europe, and, both directly and indirectly, conduced to the long disastrous series of warlike operations which retarded the progress of mankind, and spread misery and desolation far and wide for upwards of a hundred years.

Weak, impulsive, obstinate, and only twenty-two years of age, Charles VIII. dreamed night and day of “the tented field.” He could conceive nothing grander than the acquisition of martial renown. He fancied that he had only to mount his charger and with lance in rest ride forth in quest of adventures like a knight Paladin of the days of Charlemagne. He would open the world, his oyster, with his sword, and have his gallant deeds sung in court and camp. Large armies were then unknown. They could neither have been fed nor manœuvred in the absence of roads, and where forests and marshes were more common than cultivated country. It was at the head of only 20,000 men that Charles VIII. descended from the Alps into the plains of Upper Italy. His little army, however, comprised the splendid cavalry organised by

Charles VII., an unusually effective artillery for that period, and a body of 5,000 Swiss infantry marching in solid columns. His way was, besides, made smooth for him by the treacherous sympathy and support of Ludovico Sforza, commonly called The Moor; nor, indeed, was resistance encountered until the French appeared before Favizzano, in the territory of Florence. The place was immediately carried by storm and the entire garrison put to the sword. This brutal demonstration of the *furia francese* produced, it must be admitted, an excellent effect. The march to Rome and thence to Naples was a military promenade. Italy lay at the feet of the conqueror, and might possibly have long remained in subjection had the new masters displayed the slightest moderation in the hour of triumph. Frenchmen, however, seldom appear to advantage as conquerors, while towards the Neapolitans they bore themselves with supercilious flippancy and exercised an intolerable oppression. Meanwhile the Italians recovered their courage and, having seen the folly of disunion, lost no time in forming a confederacy chiefly directed by the Pope, the Venetians, and the Duke of Milan—who enjoyed the moral adhesion of their Catholic Majesties and the Emperor Maximilian. Though apprised of the danger that threatened him, Charles VIII. was too deeply immersed in debauchery to pay much heed to the alarming rumours that reached him, until his terrified courtiers implored him to consult his own and their safety by an immediate return to his own dominions. Leaving one-half of his little army at Naples under the command of Count Gilbert de Montpensier, the French monarch started on his homeward march on May 20, 1495. He proceeded, however, so leisurely that the Marquis of Mantua attempted with 30,000 men to bar his passage through the valley of Farnova, but there also the *furia francese* proved irresistible. With one desperate charge the French broke through and completely routed the unwarlike Italians, and continued their march without further molestation. The gallant Montpensier was less fortunate. Though momentarily victorious over the great Spanish captain, Gonsalvo of Cordova, he was slain in a general insurrection and his troops were forced to capitulate. Italy was thus lost as easily as it had apparently been won, and it would have been well for France and for Europe had that discomfiture been accepted as final.

The rapidity with which Charles VIII. had marched from Lyons to Naples struck all Europe with astonishment. To carry war successfully to such a distance from his own frontiers was an achievement without precedent or parallel. Until then it had been

customary to regard neighbouring people as natural enemies, and to look for friendship to those far away. A passion for foreign conquests now became almost epidemical. The French especially were puffed up with a presumptuous belief in their invincibility, and in their decided superiority in arms to all other nations—a faith that has sometimes justified itself, but which has been more frequently fraught with misery to others, and well-nigh with ruin to themselves. From that era Italy was seldom at rest. She was coveted by all, and by all overrun, desolated, plundered, and oppressed. The fatal gift of beauty was her curse through successive centuries of suffering and wrong. Instead of being the corner-stone of the European system, she was continually the instrument or the excuse for the destruction of the European equilibrium ; and while desiring nothing so much as to live at peace with all men, cultivating art and science, and storing up intellectual wealth for the common good of mankind, she beheld her cities pillaged of their priceless treasures by comparative barbarians, and her beautiful plains polluted with rapine and bloodshed.

At the opening of the sixteenth century the minor Italian States were overshadowed by the opulence of the Venetian Republic. The merchants of Venice had excelled in war as in commerce. They knew how to guard their own, and had been only too successful in filching from their neighbours. But the hour of retribution had at length arrived. The League of Cambrai—December 10, 1508—united against them the Pope, the Emperor Maximilian, Louis XII., and Ferdinand the Catholic. The French were first in the field, and defeated the Venetian forces in a pitched battle. The panic-stricken Senate at once surrendered all their wrongfully-acquired territories, and humbly sued for peace. Although the entire brunt of the campaign had fallen upon the French contingent, Louis XII. treated his tardy allies with chivalrous loyalty, the ever-unready Maximilian alone being passed over in the division of the spoils. But in the hour of victory Pope Julius II. recognised the impolicy of establishing French ascendancy in Northern Italy. The Alps had ceased to be a barrier. They had been crossed at a dozen different points by armies completely equipped. Venice, moreover, had been as important to Italy as Athens to ancient Greece. Julius experienced no difficulty in detaching Ferdinand from the League of Cambrai. His Catholic Majesty had received all that he could expect from his alliance with France, and was now only anxious to restore the former influence of Spain. Julius was carried away by his own warlike temperament. Though of the mature age of three

score years and ten, he led in person an army across the Apennines, and, clad in armour, entered Mirandola through a breach in the walls. He had engaged a considerable force of Swiss mercenaries, and, in the hope of securing the active support of Ferdinand, had conferred upon him in advance the full investiture of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Before the close of 1511, Julius had brought about a Holy League, comprising Venice, Ferdinand, Henry VIII. of England, and, after a while, Maximilian and the Swiss Cantons. Nevertheless, the campaign began unfavourably for the allies. Gaston de Foix, a mere youth, nephew of Louis XII., displayed military talents of the highest order, and for a time carried all before him, until, in the impetuosity of pursuit, he was surrounded and slain by a body of Spanish infantry. After the death of this brilliant commander, the French were driven out of the Milanese territory, which passed into the hands of Maximilian Sforza, eldest son of Louis the Moor.

The accession of Francis I., as Sismondi remarks, "may be considered as marking the transition from the middle ages to modern times, from ancient barbarism to civilisation," but Francis himself was a mediæval hero and nothing more. He despised Republics because they were governed by men who were not of gentle blood. His personal vanity would be satisfied with no humbler applause than that of Popes and Emperors. He cared nothing for religion. He persecuted his own Protestant subjects, while he leagued himself with those of Germany, and even courted the friendship and co-operation of the Sultan. His plighted word was of no value. He would certainly have agreed with the modern leader-writer who had the cynicism to affirm that "treaties and conventions have no force in themselves; they are the expression of a given equilibrium of forces, and when that disappears they fall to the ground." (*Times*, January 5, 1844.) He tolerated the adulation of men of literary eminence who, in return for his royal favours, made of him an ideal personage and depicted him as the knightly monarch he should have been, but was not. He was simply a valiant swordsman, and displayed in face of the enemy the reckless valour of a subaltern eager to win a Victoria Cross. Nature had endowed him liberally with physical strength and beauty. He had all the attributes of a Life Guardsman which a sculptor seeks in his model. That he thought nothing of the welfare and progress of his people is not surprising, for the idea of popular rights had not yet dawned upon mankind. Like Charles I. of England, he thoroughly believed in the Royal Prerogative, and looked upon his subjects generally as an

aggregation of human beings instrumental to the success of his schemes and enterprises. On their part the people were proud of the splendour of the Court, and basked in the reflection of its beams. They evinced no sympathy with the Parliament in its vain struggles to become independent of the Crown. The sentiment of liberty, if it had ever existed in France outside the burgher municipalities, had quite died out. The very absolutism of the Crown seemed to be not unacceptable, as though it indicated a certain greatness in themselves ; for, after all, was not Francis their king ?

A new era was now about to open for Europe. To secure a fictitious balance of power, international wars were continually waged that undid the very work they were instituted to perfect. In fact, private jealousies and ambitions had much more to do with the alliances that were constantly being formed only to be constantly broken off, than any definite desire to maintain as an international system the equilibrium of the European States. Any one Power, possessed of real strength and thoroughly in earnest, might have attained that end by simply threatening to throw its weight into the scale against any and every wanton aggression. That honourable part might very well have been played by Henry VIII. It was quite within his potency to have imposed peaceful relations alike upon Francis I. and Charles V., could he have laid aside his own personal vanity, his own miserable vacillation, his own inconsequence of purpose and character. As heir to Louis XII., and athirst for military enterprise, Francis lost no time in enforcing his claim to the Duchy of Milan. The campaign that ensued was brief and bloody. On September 13, 1515, the splendid Swiss infantry was crushed by the French artillery and cavalry at Marignano, and Milan was the prize of victory. That brilliant feat of arms, however, excited the pitiful jealousy of Henry VIII., who stooped to the meanness of bribing Maximilian to revive his former pretensions to Milan and its territory. It was leaning on a broken reed. After sustaining a repulse under the walls of that city, Maximilian hurried back into Germany, ceding Verona to Venice, and obtaining easy terms from the French monarch. On January 23, 1516, Ferdinand the Catholic passed away, and was succeeded by his grandson Charles, only sixteen years of age. Had Ferdinand carried out his original intention of bequeathing his Spanish dominions to his younger grandson and namesake, the history of the sixteenth century might have been very different from what it was. But all such speculations are barren and unfruitful. It is enough to deal with actual facts, and in this instance

the youthful master of the Low Countries inherited also Spain and the Two Sicilies. Three years later, the death of his father, Maximilian, added Austria to the extent, if not to the strength, of his territories. Until then Francis had been indisputably the leader of the European States, and it was positively within his power to have rendered his influence paramount had he availed himself of the opportunity furnished by the Treaty of Cambria in 1517, of uniting all Christendom in a legitimate crusade against the Turks, who were every year widening the boundaries of their empire. But Francis lacked solidity of judgment. A grand, far-seeing policy was quite beyond his intelligence and temperament. He was caught by the gleam of a showy enterprise, but in default of immediate success his patience failed him, and he would suddenly break away from the most serious engagements.

In an evil hour Francis aspired to the Imperial crown, and for a time his candidature was secretly supported by Leo X., who fancied that he might prove more plastic than his rival Charles. For a brief space Henry VIII. also entered the arena, but prudently withdrew before the contest had seriously begun. At first the Pope had wisely suggested that the choice of the electors should fall upon a German in preference to any foreign Prince, however eligible on other grounds. It was known to all that reference was made to Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, a singularly able, upright, and conscientious ruler. Had Charles and Francis understood their true interests they would have united in pressing upon the Saxon Elector the acceptance of a dignity which no other Prince of those times was so worthy to wear. Ferdinand's sense of duty would probably have overcome his aversion from pomp and pageantry, and Charles at least would have been free to devote his mind exclusively to the consolidation of his scattered and fragmentary dominions. In reality the strength of his vast territories was not at all commensurate with their superficial area. For one thing, he was always hampered by want of funds. Austria was a thirsty soil that absorbed gold like water. It was peculiarly exposed to the invasions and incursions of the Turks, which it was quite unable to repel without large aid in men and money from the other estates of the Empire. The reign of Charles-Quint was, in short, a continuous period of insolvency. It would therefore have been his best policy to have resisted all temptation to foreign conquests, and to have lived in peace with all his neighbours, with the sole exception of the Porte. Not impossibly he might have acted on those lines had he been absolutely a free agent; but, unhappily, he was thwarted by the martial

jealousy of Francis I., and the irrepressible vanity of Henry VIII., ever prone to assist in disturbing the tranquillity of Europe.

About the same time that Charles V. received the crown of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, Solyman the Magnificent ascended the throne of the Osmanli. Seldom, if ever, has Europe presented to view such a brilliant galaxy of illustrious potentates. Charles and Francis, Henry VIII., Leo X., and Solyman the Magnificent were by turns rivals and friends, for his most Christian Majesty did not scruple when it suited his temporary convenience to enter into a close alliance with the common enemy of Christendom. By the exercise of a little mutual forbearance those great princes might have preserved for many a year the political equilibrium of Europe, and it was surely an unpardonable presumption in any one of them to pretend to ascendancy over the others. It was Francis who first broke up the general peace, with as little remorse as if it had been a sheet of fragile ice. Incapable of looking beyond the actual moment, he fondly imagined that he could seriously damage Henry's position and prevent him from interfering in continental combinations if he created disturbances in Scotland. In that attempt he utterly failed, and the exposure of his miserable intrigues brought upon him the distrust of his neighbours.

The year 1522 was fraught with trouble and disaster for the French King. His troops under Marshal Lautrec were defeated by Prosper Colonna and driven out of Northern Italy, where Cremona and the citadel of Milan alone retained their French garrisons. Even the soil of France was violated by a foreign army, while the Earl of Surrey laid waste the country round Cherburg and Morlaix. Regarding the insatiable ambition of Francis I. as the chief, if not the sole, obstacle in the way of a general pacification of Europe, the Pope formed another Holy League with Venice and other Italian cities to eject the French entirely from Italy. The season seemed opportune, for Charles, at the head of a Spanish army, threatened Guienne, a combined force of English and Lowlanders had invaded Picardy, the Germans were ravaging Burgundy, and Charles, Duke of Bourbon and Constable of France, weary alike of the love and the hatred of Louise of Savoy, had fled for his life and gone over to the Emperor. When apparently at their worst the fortunes of France began, as usual, to amend. Having defeated Marshal Crequi at Bray, the English and Flemings advanced to within eleven leagues from Paris, and then timidly fell back before the Duke of Vendôme. The Count of Guise, on his part, opposed a bold front to the Germans, and compelled them to recross the Maine

and retire into Lorraine. Nor was the Emperor more practically successful. He did, indeed, make himself master of Fontarabia, but not until he had failed before Bayonne. In spite of the unpromising aspect of affairs at the outset, the balance of power was still maintained, and no one State was enlarged at the expense of another. Francis was even in a position to despatch an army of 30,000 men into Italy under Admiral Bonnivet, though he would have acted more wisely had he abstained from that untoward demonstration of energy. In the following year the French troops, while retreating towards their own frontiers, were caught up at Biagrasa by the Marquis of Pescara and Constable Bourbon and seriously discomfited, Admiral Bonnivet being wounded, and Chevalier Bayard receiving his death-stroke while conducting the rearguard.

The Italians now began to take umbrage at the apparently overwhelming power of the Emperor Charles, and clamoured for peace. The Marquis of Pescara, however, was instructed to ravage Provence, which he did most thoroughly, though unable to make any impression upon Marseilles. With characteristic petulance, Henry VIII. had taken offence at Constable Bourbon's patriotic refusal to recognise him as King of France, and was disposed to withdraw from further warlike operations ; nor was the Emperor himself in a position to take the field, being straitened for ways and means. Peace was therefore quite attainable if Francis had only known how to restrain the impulse of the moment. He was now once more bent upon the recovery of Milan, which he entered by one gate as the Marquis of Pescara evacuated it by another. Instead, however, of pursuing the Italians, he sat down before Pavia, held by a famous Spanish captain named Antonio de Leyva. There he wasted many precious months, and afforded time for the assembling of a powerful Imperial army. Too proud, and too self-confident to retreat, Francis was completely beaten, and made prisoner, after a desperate resistance. This remarkable event, which might have been expected to have overthrown the European equilibrium, exercised scarcely any perceptible influence on the international relations of the continental States. By the exertions of the Queen Regent, France was speedily placed in an excellent condition of defence, while Charles found it impracticable to assume the offensive, especially after the barbarous storm and pillage of Rome by the disorderly bands of adventurers who constituted the rabble rout nominally commanded by Constable Bourbon.

After his liberation from captivity Francis I. appeared to have lost much of his characteristic enterprise and activity, and, sickened by the reverses which dogged his various military expeditions, to have

become sincerely desirous of peace. The "Paix des Dames," arranged at Cambrai by Margaret of Austria and Louis of Savoy, gave a breathing time to the rival potentates, and might have developed into a lengthened peace had they understood their true interests. Charles, indeed, would gladly have contented himself with the withered laurel leaves he had won by such a wholly disproportionate expenditure of blood and treasure ; but Francis was still unable to resist any temptation which held out a hope of conquest and renown. On two occasions, indeed, he manifested a chivalrous generosity towards his great rival, which from some natures would have commanded lasting gratitude and permanent friendship. Charles, however, never yielded to sentimental impulses. Considerations of State were with him paramount. If Francis was weak enough to depart from the rules of the royal game, that was no reason why he should exhibit similar fatuity. Though peace was almost indispensable, especially after the disastrous expedition against Algiers, Charles continued to nurture a manifold and grandiose ambition. He was resolved to be master in Italy, to arrest the progress of the Turks in Eastern Europe, to diminish the German confederation, and to humble the power and pride of Francis. It may be questioned if he would ever have interfered with the Protestants on the ground of their religious dogmas, for, after all, they were a counterpoise to Papal arrogance. It was solely for political reasons that he felt called upon to oppose them. The minor States were using their heresy as a shield in defence of their liberties, and were aiming at individual independence. The favour shown by Francis to the Princes of the Smalcalde League was particularly annoying to the Emperor—the more so, indeed, because they had promised to cede the three important fortresses of Toul, Metz, and Verdun to his irreconcilable opponent.

On January 28, 1545, Henry closed his eventful reign, pregnant with many blessings and tarnished by hideous crimes. He was followed on March 30 in the ensuing year by Francis I. Their disappearance, however, from the political stage was scarcely noticed, and in no way affected the European equilibrium, for Charles had no desire to disturb the general peace. His chief anxiety was to obtain from the Diet of Augsburg some assurance that the Imperial dignity should at his death devolve upon his son Philip, but on that point he received no encouragement. He had long since come to the conclusion that his Imperial dominions were too expensive and, above all, too widely scattered, to be properly governed by any one human being. Nevertheless, he wished that Philip should be sovereign of Spain, Italy, the Balearic Isles, Corsica, Sardinia, and Sicily, with

Tunis and Algiers as tributary States. For the moment, however, his whole attention was concentrated on the movements of the Smalcalde League, favoured by Henry II. of France. His narrow escape from Innsbruck led directly to the Peace of Passau, July 17, 1552, and to the permanent establishment of the Protestant religion in Germany. In the previous year, while pitilessly persecuting the Huguenots as heretics, Henry II. concluded an alliance with Sultan Solyman, the avowed enemy of Christendom, and instigated the despatch of a Mussulman fleet into the Sicilian seas. The French fleet was happily too late to share in the plunder of the Sicilian and Sardinian coasts, but did not scruple to follow the Ottoman fleet to the Grecian Archipelago, and vainly beseech the Turks to return to the congenial employment of murdering and despoiling a Christian population.

A memorable event came to pass in 1554, which threatened to thrust from its base the logan-stone of European equilibrium. In that year Mary, Queen of England, was united in marriage to Philip of Spain, an incident that seemed likely to reduce the civilised world of those days beneath a military and fanatical despotism. It is true that Philip obtained in the first instance only the barren title of King, without any share of the governing power, and bound himself never to take the Queen abroad against her own desire, or any of her children without the consent of the nobility. Such compacts, however, are only made to be broken or evaded, and had other circumstances worked together harmoniously Philip would ere long have made himself master of the destinies of England. From these fearful changes and chances England and Europe were delivered by Mary's sterility and early death. Not the less did Philip begin his reign amid circumstances that seemed perilous to the independence of his neighbours. By the abdication of his father he became King of Castile, Aragon, and Granada, King of Naples and Sicily, Duke of Milan, Over-lord of Franche-Comté and the Netherlands, titular King of England, Master of the Cape de Verd Islands and the Canaries, of Tunis and Oran, of the Philip-pines and Spice Islands, of the West Indies, of Mexico, and Peru. The mere enumeration of such grand dignities and potentialities fills the mind with awe and wonderment—the more so when we reflect that the director of such mighty agencies failed to produce any remarkable or personal result beyond the degradation and disintegration of the vast dominions he had inherited. And yet he possessed the most powerful navy in the world, and the most solid and formidable infantry. His power was absolute—his will there was no one to dispute. He had nothing to fear from an arrogant

nobility—nothing to ask from a captious or penurious commonalty. He was the acknowledged Head of Christendom, omitting a handful of heretics divided against themselves. Nevertheless, his first enemy was the Pope. Moved by a patriotic impulse, Paul IV. was minded to expel “the barbarians” from Italy. Unfortunately, he could devise no better means for that purpose than are fabled to have suggested themselves to the horse that sought to drive the stag out of the meadow it looked upon as its own. He applied for aid to Henry II., who at first acceded to his solicitations, but shortly afterwards made peace with Philip and abandoned the Pope to his own devices. Undaunted by this preliminary discomfiture, Paul despatched his nephew to Paris with particular instructions to pay his court to Diana of Poitiers, Duchess of Valentinois, and to Francis, Duke of Guise. In the end a treaty was concluded, by which the Pope, lately so anxious for the emancipation of Italy from the foreigner, engaged to confer the investitures of Naples and Milan upon Henry’s younger sons, while the French King undertook to obtain the adhesion of Solyman the Magnificent. The Christian world was thus presented with the unedifying spectacle of a league between the infallible Head of the Roman Church, the Sultan of the Turks, and his most Christian Majesty, avowedly directed against his Catholic Majesty, the lineal descendant of the sovereigns who had rescued Spain from the Moors. The fortune of war was adverse to that unholy alliance. The French suffered a terrible reverse at St. Quentin, which brought about the recall of the Duke of Guise from Italy, whereupon Paul lost no time in consulting his own safety by coming to terms with Spain.

In the following year the Duke of Guise recovered Calais from the English, but the French army was again defeated at Gravelines by the ill-fated Count Egmont. The two victories were alike thrown away through Philip’s hesitation. Brave men had been uselessly slaughtered, and old Kaspar would have been puzzled to explain what good resulted from either “famous victory.” The peace of Château Cambresis in 1559 came in opportunely to afford Europe a brief repose. Charles-Quint and Queen Mary had died in 1558, and were followed by Henry II. and Paul IV. shortly after the cessation of hostilities. A new set of actors then came upon the stage, but the relative situations of the European States were little changed until the accession of Henri-Quatre. The aggressive power of Spain was, indeed, much diminished by her vain attempts to suppress the revolt of the Netherlands, and also by the heavy blows dealt at her naval supremacy by the fleets and cruisers of Queen Elizabeth, whose

policy was thoroughly and narrowly selfish. Through fear of weakening her own influence at home, the aid she rendered to her allies was feeble, capricious, and inefficient. On two occasions, when her own position was seriously threatened, she displayed unquestionable vigour, and showed what she was capable of doing under adequate provocation. When Francis II. and his consort, Mary Queen of Scots, were so ill advised as to assume the titular sovereignty of England, Elizabeth, acting on Secretary Cecil's wise counsels, lost no time in sending succours to the Protestant and anti-French party in Scotland. Still greater energy was manifested in the measures taken to baffle the Spanish invasion of England and to combat the Invincible Armada. In either case the European balance would have been critically compromised, though in all probability Elizabeth carried her purview no further than the security of her own crown and the political and religious independence of her kingdom. The long Civil Wars of the League had sensibly lessened the legitimate influence of France in Europe, while that of Austria, supported by Spain, had become unduly formidable.

To counteract the dangerous potentiality of his rivals and neighbours, Henry IV. is credited with the conception of a Grand Project, which Sully appears to have magnified considerably beyond its true proportions. According to M. Jules van Praet, Henry and Elizabeth were only partially agreed. The latter desired, indeed, to isolate Spain from Austria by establishing a Republic of the seventeen Provinces of the Low Countries, which would serve also as a barrier against French aggrandisement in that direction; whereas the former would have secured Franche-Comté for the Swiss and the Duchy of Milan for the House of Savoy, with the futile expectation of being surrounded, as it were, by a ringfence of grateful and semi-dependent States. With all its obvious defects, this was a much more reasonable and practicable scheme than Sully's imagination ascribed to his royal master. The original and more limited idea seems to have been suggested by Queen Elizabeth in 1601 when Sully waited upon her at Dover. Two years later Sully drafted a memorandum which he submitted to the King, who expressed his hearty approval, and even protested that the idea had been familiar to him from his early manhood. If he referred merely to the humiliation of Spain and Austria it is not unlikely that he may have brooded over many a project to that effect, but the Grand Project, as it has been handed down to us, was clearly the offspring of Sully's own brain, unless, indeed, we accept M. Petitot's theory that it originated with Admiral Coligny, who frequently urged Charles IX. to undertake a war

against Spain that should give France the leadership of Europe. Henry of Navarre may very well have heard the Admiral dilate on his favourite theme, and have dwelt upon it in his day-dreams almost from boyhood. Be that as it may, Sully's version of the Grand Project contemplated the abolition of international wars by a new division of European territory—the Duchy of Muscovy, as an Asiatic State, being omitted from the programme. Briefly, then, “*La République Chrétienne*” was to consist of sixteen confederated States, all morally and socially equal, each the peer of the others. Of these States five were to be hereditary monarchies—France, Spain, the British Isles, Sweden, and Lombardy, which was to be composed of Savoy, Piedmont, and Lombardy. Six were to be elective monarchies—the States of the Church, with the addition of Naples, Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and Denmark. Two were to be democratic Republics—the one the Low Countries, strengthened by Cleves, Juliers, and Berg; the other, Switzerland, increased by Alsace, Franche-Comté, and Tyrol. And, finally, two were to be aristocratic Republics, Venice with Sicily, and an Italian Republic formed by the union of Tuscany, Genoa, Lucca, Mantua, Parma, Modena, and Monaco. International questions and differences were to be submitted to a Senate of sixty members, four from each State, whose decisions would be enforced by an army of 315,000 men and a common exchequer. One principal object of the Christian Republic, or confederation, was to be the solid and durable security of the Christian religion and of civilisation against the Turks and Russians. Another very marked feature was the deprivation of Germany of the right to choose successive emperors from the same family. In short, the Grand Project was mainly directed against Austria, which would have lost Naples, Sicily, the Catholic Low Countries, Alsace, Franche-Comté, Milan, Tyrol, Bohemia, Hungary, and her quasi-hereditary title to the Imperial crown. That the scheme should subsequently have commended itself to Cardinal Richelieu is not surprising, for France would have held a position very similar to that now occupied by Germany. That very practical statesman, however, was not at all deluded by the Platonic aspect imparted by Sully to his “*République Chrétienne*.” He affirms, indeed, that Henry IV. proposed to subdue Milan, Montferrat, Genoa, and Naples, with the intention of giving the Duke of Savoy a greater part of the Milanese territory and Montferrat, with the title of the King of the Alps, in exchange for Nice and Savoy, which were to be incorporated with France. The Rhine was to constitute the eastern frontier of the kingdom, with fortresses at certain points. It

was Richelieu's opinion that, if Henry's sovereignty had been prolonged by half a dozen years, he would have converted the Low Countries into a kingdom under a Spanish Prince married to a French Princess. The severance of Flanders from Spain was, with him, a primary object. His projects, however, vanished into thin air on the fateful 14th of May, 1610, when the dagger of Ravillac terminated the most promising career in the whole world. At the same time, it might be hard to tell how far Henry's marked antipathy to Austria at that particular period was seasoned by his resentment against the Archduke Albert, who had refused to give up the Princess of Condé to his unlawful love. The Prince, her husband, reasonably jealous of the attentions paid to his wife by the King, notoriously a *vert galant*, had carried off the Princess to Brussels, and claimed the protection of the Archduke, which was accorded in a noble and chivalrous manner.

JAMES HUTTON.

(To be concluded.)

ROBA D' ITALIA.

ROBA? Well, *things*, in the widest sense. *Roba di dosso* ("coats to one's back"), the magic phrase with which a *vetturino* passed bags and baggage through some score of town's customs (*dazii comunali*) when he took his "egregious strangers" (*egregio*, a favourite adjective, *ex grex*, that is, above the common herd, or distinguished) across Italy, from Genoa to the Adriatic. Ordinary medals and beads, and ordinary stationery, are described as *roba andante*. *Roba di Roma, di Bologna, &c.*, may mean scandal, works of art, chocolate, straw-plaiting, sausages, estates—*things*, in short! Even jokes belong to this comprehensive category; and an appreciated American pleasantry, now naturalised here, falls well within *roba d'Italia*, for Signor Sonnino's proposed income-tax is defined to be "a patent Ananias incubator." The civic virtue that will not save the pocket at the cost of a lie must, indeed, be great!

ITALIAN INTEGRITY.

I happen to know a post-master in a Lombard village who waited upon a holiday-making minister to pray that the postal salary might be increased. (I also know a witness to this interview.) The minister refused in these terms: "You Lombard post-office officials *must*, we know, be well off, for you don't steal; therefore I cannot listen to your petition." On the other hand, when railway employes' honesty is impugned, shoulders are shrugged and honesty accounted "a luxury that the salaries do not permit."

THE GEOGRAPHICAL ELEMENT IN PROBITY.

But in South Italy, though the salaries are about the same as here, stealing is the rule in the post-office department. I asked a good friend on the Salernian Gulf if nothing had ever been done to improve the service. He said: "Yes; Tuscans, or Piedmontese, or both in turn, were appointed instead of the local thieves; but, in a little while, *they* were as bad as the men they had displaced." When I personally suffered many losses at the hands of the Southern

post-office, Tuscans and Piedmontese had all been sent home and the natives re-instated. I wailed ; but my complaints were met with : " Thus has it ever been."

RAILWAY THIEVES.

A fine imaginative quality rules the prices of railway tickets and the weight of luggage. Boxes are constantly opened while express trains are making long runs, to the end that they may be ransacked at leisure, closed, and delivered at their destination in, apparently, the condition in which they started.

A melancholy lover of his country moaned over all these things, winding up with the words : " Even the deputies grow rich. I know none that have not fattened in the Chamber !" " Then, you should offer yourself for election." He shook his handsome grey head. " *You* would not take bribes," I insisted. " No," he said sadly, " but I should be lost in the crowd. There *must* be some honest men among so many ; but they make no difference ; and *I* could not tell you who they are."

I know not how often I have heard : " In Italy, the men of merit abstain from politics." More's the pity !

HEREDITY, AND THE "DIFFER BECHUNE MAYO AND TUAM."

The insensibility regarding the laws of *meum et tuum* is scoffingly said to be an inheritance from the good old days of brigandage. A returning Anglo-Indian tells me it is a pious belief among P. and O. passengers that Brindisi has become the home of the sons of all the dead Gentlemen of the Road. But I think this is very cruel to the memory of those brigands of yore. At Brindisi, nowadays, travellers are plundered ; but it is commonplace, un-poetical plundering—as vulgar as the picking and stealing that goes on in the post, in trains, at ticket-offices.

It is not so very long ago that in the Italian mainland brigands might be studied in the flesh. A Southern Italian of about sixty told me, not long ago, that he well remembered a case of capture by brigands near Salerno. An English *milordo* was known to intend visiting Pæstum. The band lay in wait for him, seizing by mistake another traveller, whose name was Moëns, my acquaintance assured me ; but foreign surnames are not his strong point. Mr. Moëns was kept prisoner for weeks, during which time, he told my informant, he visited every grotto and hiding-place in the La Cava and Salerno mountains, the brigands flitting about for fear of a rescue. But, in spite of rarely spending two nights in the same lair, it was no hard life ! They were hospitable fellows

those Italian Robin Hoods. Every evening they sang for Moëns, and sang splendidly. They provided him with much meat, which they toasted lightly on wooden sticks before their burning logs, to please his English palate; and they regaled him with tea—of all the unlikely things to find in Salernian caves! (They thoughtfully *stole it* for him from passing travellers.) By the help of his entertainers, the Englishman communicated with the English Ambassador, and the Ambassador with the Home Government. The brigands demanded a ransom of £3,000. English diplomacy said: “Put down your brigands. Restore to this nation her citizen.” Italian diplomacy replied: “We can’t!”—only, of course, both sides used diplomatic language. Meantime, the brigands, from a safe distance, kept up a sort of chorus: “You can have him for £3,000”; and *their* Government, in fear of English gunboats, agreed to pay the ransom!

The “high contracting parties” arranged that seven of the outlaws should descend to a particular point upon the highway, where a carriage should be in waiting. The money would be handed over to the seven; their prisoner to use the carriage for his journey to Naples. A body of *carabinieri* were to be drawn up just out of gun-shot range, lest the prisoner and the gold should both return to the mountains.

They were *friends*, seven friends, that escorted Moëns to his carriage. Each of them drew a ring off his finger and presented it to the guest. (Brigands, forty years ago, were so happily placed that they could renew their supply of rings within a week or two during the tourist season; hence these keepsakes were less valuable as marks of generosity and sacrifice than as simple tokens of kindly feeling!) The captive, like a more famous prisoner, confessed that he “regained his freedom with a sigh.” He had had a very enjoyable time with his captors. That is the fact of the matter; and he freely admitted as much.

Indeed, the middle-class Englishman found himself in much more polished society than that to which he was accustomed. Who, in his own circle, were such accomplished musicians? Who had such graceful ways, such ingenuous kindness for guests? Who—to descend to minutiae—could bow or smile with such exquisite courtliness as even the least of these Knights of the Road? No, no! The modern Italians who pick and steal are not kith and kin of the historic brigands!

MODERN BRIGANDS.

To prove that it is not “these degenerate days” that make of

Dick Turpin a common thief, I beg to offer a little anecdote of brigands in Sicily. I have it from "a friend of the family"—that is to say, almost from the principal actors. It is a Fra-Diavolo-like story.

A German lady told me that about four years ago a family of compatriots of hers rented a villa for the season near Palermo. All the elders were imperatively, and quite unexpectedly, summoned home, but a convalescent daughter could only leave the South at the risk of her life. What were these poor people to do? Everyone said the country "was so unsafe"; life and property were "not respected at all." My friend's friends consulted a neighbour who knew Sicily long and well, and they received this strange advice: "Call upon the brigands; say you confide in their honour; that you leave your villa and the young lady in their keeping—all will then be well." And all *was* well! Nightly one or other of the dreaded band would call to inquire after the health of the convalescent. Fresh flowers were presented on each occasion. After a while the brigands sang a serenade. Judging it to have been appreciated, from time to time they repeated their musical attention. The girl felt that these indeed must be "the mildest-mannered [men] that ever cut a throat." Needless to say, the gentle brigands never troubled any person, and never appropriated any property, belonging to that villa. When, two years later, the *Signorina tedesca* was about to be married, her friendly outlaws sent her a pretty and valuable present! Whose property had that present previously been? Who were the former owners of Mr. Moëns' seven rings? And did these questions trouble Moëns, or the bride from the Fatherland? If so, I am sure both beneficiaries said, and truly felt: "How kind of those nice fellows, all the same!"

Le roi des Montagnes, to one who knows the truth about brigands, does not seem screaming farce at all; it reads like history!

"LET US SAVE ITALY."

To turn back to the sorrowful, work-a-day present. At a Milan publisher's I saw, last week, a booklet by De Amicis, the most popular author in this peninsula, bearing the alluring title, *Salviamo l' Italia*. The steps from Longing to Hope, and from Hope to Faith, are almost inevitable. I bought the book in the joyful expectation of finding a good working recipe for the ills that every feeling heart is now deploring. But, alas! De Amicis has nothing new to offer! I craved a nostrum; and he only says: "Be good, my children. Reform begins at home. When every man is noble here, the nation

will be noble"—at least, I read so the kernel of this twenty-one-days-old homily.

THE TAXES FARMED IN ITALY.

I doubt if people outside this country know that in rural Italy the taxes are farmed. A foreign proprietor, in Lombardy, said to the tax-gatherer: "What do you get for doing this?" He answered: "£12 a year." The foreigner exclaimed: "For your endless trouble—£12 only! I would not do the work at that price." The collector explained that his position gave him the power of lending money under profitable conditions. A needy taxpayer he said would announce that he could not pay the 50 *lire* owing to-day, and would promise 51 *lire* in a week's time. He added, in apology, that he got no more interest on the loans he made "than any other lender." The collector is responsible to the Government for the sum total of his district's taxes. The central authority does not concern itself with the minutiae of tax-gathering. More's the pity!

My informant had on one occasion lost his tax-papers. He called, he told me, at the collector's office, saying: "I will deposit £80 with you till I find my papers. If the taxes amount to more, I'll pay the difference." The collector was all bows and smiles, most polite and reassuring! But later, over a friendly glass, he expressed the hope that the foreigner's tax-papers would *not* be discovered, and the money therefore not formally paid in, for, in that case, "steps would be taken," legal steps that secure £2 to the collector, a premium on recovering from a defaulter! A well-wisher, also drinking his glass, reported all to the foreigner, who made most diligent search, with the result that he had his papers in his hand a few hours before the expiry of the legal time! The collector must pocket many such £2 fines to supplement his gains as money-lender and his miserable £12 salary! When people wanted to paint the wretched condition of Turkey at a stroke, they said: "The taxes are farmed"!

RICHES FROM POVERTY.

Sometimes I am tempted to turn a proverb inside out and say: "There is no thorn without its rose." Italy's poverty has done wonders for her home-manufactures. Rather than buy gold to pay the foreigner, she has entered into valiant competition with him. I have just been comparing Irish damask with Italian, and Manchester cotton-goods with Milanese, and the differences are scarcely perceptible, except in the matter of price. Ireland can bleach to what is called a "snow white," while Italy only arrives at a "milk white." The Irish surface-finish before washing is thought finer than the Italian;

but, after washing, the advantage is with the Italian, in this particular: Ireland holds her own in the linen used for collars, cuffs, and shirt-fronts, also in cambric handkerchiefs; but a manufacturer with whom I have been talking says that in towelling, sheetings, damasks—and I know not what besides—Italy could undersell Ireland, in Dublin, to-day.

Five years ago no attempt was made to produce many things that are put upon the market now. Turkish towels all came from Manchester, until a little while ago Milan turned out the identical article at 7 frs. less per dozen. The Italians have an almost Oriental gift for imitation, and necessity drove them, in these hard times, with a lash of many thongs. Gold costs 15 per cent. (roughly), import duty is another 15 per cent., and carriage varies from 13 to 20 per cent. In several Irish materials these three items together added 50 per cent. to the manufacturer's prices. It is the gold-payment in Dublin, combined with the absence of duty there, that makes a profit attainable after cost of transit on Italian goods. *Così, si fa roba.* ("This is how a stroke of business (*roba*) is done.")

From time immemorial hemp and flax have been worked up into solid, if somewhat rude, fabrics in this country; but when the native purse could no longer meet the "tribute to the foreigner," my new acquaintance, and other manufacturers, planted out Jacquart looms among the weavers, and sent round instructors. He told me, however, that he has now gathered all his "hands" into a factory for the sake of supervision. A peasant has, say, a crest and motto to weave into table-linen. He misplaces a letter in his first piece. In his cot, on the plain, he goes on repeating his error, is fined about a farthing in every threepence, and the employer has a nearly worthless article thrown on his hands. If the weaver blunders under the eye of the superintendent, he is set right at the first fault.

"Our workers take no risks, except the risk of being fined," said the employer, "and 2 centimes in 30 is as much as they can bear. But some of the best damask weavers earn 4 frs. to 4½ frs. a day. Very few, though. Ah, it is a pleasure to see them—so *smart* on Sundays with their families, all walking out—men that never had a boot on their foot till now!"

He is proud of his factory, and invites strangers to go over it.

How will it be with the operatives in the next generation I wonder? Will they be like those of Lorre Pellice in Piedmont, where about a quarter of the population is crippled? There the inspection of the mills is rigidly interdicted, and the doors as firmly closed against the stranger as were French factory doors against Miss

Betham Edwards. It was only when the operatives were trooping in and out of the mills that travellers could look at that rickety, crook-backed population. A well-to-do Pellician said, quite calmly: "The machines must be worked, and at some of them the operative can neither sit, stand, nor kneel, which makes the bones grow crooked; but there's a law now that no child under twelve or thirteen is to work in the factories, so there won't be so many cripples by-and-by."

"There's a sorrowful point in our industrial condition," said my friendly manufacturer. "The general instability of everything in this country makes it impossible to take contracts for even a few months ahead. For my part, an order must be for immediate execution, else I can't take it."

A large consumer struck in with: "We are all doing without everything that is not an absolute necessity. Any day may bring a complete change in the markets."

DISUNITED ITALY.

The notion of Italian unity seems to be out of fashion. "We're only one *geographically*," said a substantial Lombard. "The reason is this: all the races of the earth coveted a bit of Italy, took each a share, and left their part to their several descendants. Venetians are as different as possible from Piedmontese, and both from us Lombards. Then, look at the Italian Alpine races; they are a people apart, and a people with their own marked subdivisions. The Fobellini—nothing like them elsewhere in the peninsula! The women dress something like Albanian men, and they seem to be trousered; but it's leggings they wear. And ah, their beautiful embroideries!" he gesticulated freely. "A girl begins at twelve to make the lace for her wedding bodice and chemisette! Have you seen the gold embroideries—the width of your hand of gold lace? And so handsome and industrious and active as they are! I never saw the like! One day there was one of those fine little girls in the valley costume, jumping from rock to rock like a goat, with perhaps 120 lbs. of hay on her back, and the friend I have up there said to me, 'She has 200,000 frs. fortune!' Another had twice as much; but she gathered grass, and carried it on her shoulders, just like any little peasant. With all this industry they are very proud and high-spirited. You should see a wedding up there—the grandeur of it all!"

When I drove from Varallo to Fobello, all along the twelve miles of the Mastallone Valley, I noticed little crosses by the wayside—

some of iron, some of wood—with names here and there, and *Pregate* and other words. (Many were too weather-worn to tell their tale.) My coachman said: "Yes, yes! A cross marks where a woman, high up grass-cutting, has missed her footing, or the burden has shifted and she has lost her balance. One stumble, and it is all over; they never stop till they get down here. There may be a cross or two for the men who were blown up when this road was made, but these are nearly all—all!—women's crosses. Many get killed that way. But they are good, *brave* women hereabouts. The danger does not deter them; they gather the grass all the same; for the beasts must be fed." Truly these costume-clad *contadine* seem to have what Rosalind calls "a doublet and hose in [their] disposition!"

GREEKS IN ITALY.

But I have digressed from my enthusiastic Lombard's disquisition. He talked with delight of the German-speaking populations of the Italian Alps—fair, like Austrians, the women wearing their secular costumes, and revelling in old ceremonial; but he gave the palm for interest to the Greek villages in the Calabrian mountains, where the people have not changed in a thousand years, even their fine gold chains being inheritances from a remote antiquity.

It is quite true that, beside the shoddy Italy of Browning's "Up at the Villa" and "Down in the Town," there is a severely conservative Italy. Above Lake Como, for instance, there are villages which follow the Ambrosian ritual—tiny mountain towns where the religious services and vestments follow minutely the pattern set by St. Ambrose fifteen centuries ago, while all around them the usual Roman ritual is observed.

VENICE IN LAKELAND.

A whole valley near Bellano, on Como, is more Venetian in many ways than the Venice of to-day, for the people still wear on Sundays and *festas* the dress and the gold ornaments that were worn in the days when the Queen of the Adriatic held sway in their valley.

The old-world ways seem to conserve a fine public spirit, lost to the cheap and greedy Italy that Ouida best describes in "A Village Commune," where, in the name of Progress, every man feathers his own nest, and honesty is cast to the winds. In primitive Varallo—only to take a single instance—the splendid white marble *façade* now being erected at the principal church on the Sacro Monte is the gift of the Cavaliere Durio, and next August, when complete,

it will have cost him from 200,000 frs. to 220,000 frs. The same public benefactor bore nearly the whole cost of a new mountain road from Varallo to his birthplace, Civiasco. This beautiful highway was a very serious undertaking from an engineer's point of view; and, for picturesque effects, it compares well with many a famous Swiss mountain road. It is an immense boon to Civiasco, and to other little towns perched on the heights, which hitherto depended upon bridle-paths for all communication with the outer world. These great works are worthy of the "antique spirit of patriotism." The new English "Guide to Varallo" says, in words that I cannot better: "Apparently here, as elsewhere, the force of example has been powerful, and public spirit has been aroused by this monument of public spirit; for all along the Cavaliere Durio's lovely road drinking fountains and shelters for the wayfarer have sprung up, bearing tablets recording the names of the various donors. The poet Lowell well says:—

As one lamp lights another nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness."

SICILY AND DISUNITED ITALY.

But if any one thing more than another has brought home to the popular mind the differences that exist between the various parts of this kingdom, it is the increased knowledge of Sicily which has come through the recent disturbances in that "granary of Europe" where the people starve.

Faces, manners, and customs are there, African or Oriental oftener than Italian. Wholly Saracenic types meet the eye in town and country. The bare-legged, linen-clad water-carrier looks like an Egyptian fellah. In Taormina there are frankly woolly heads; and many a swarthy, thick-lipped visage proclaims its kinship with the Ethiop. The Italian teacher brings a duenna with her. No women go about their business in the capital on foot. A Tuscan officer brought introductions to the best Sicilian families, but when, with infinite difficulty, he had penetrated the family circle, he found no sociability, no healthy relaxation. The ladies were much more embarrassed than their visitor, and he bored them as much as they distressed him. "Not an idea in common with civilised humanity!" he averred; and he took refuge in the cosmopolitan society of the hotels.

A North Italian, in Palermo on business, made the acquaintance of a Sicilian officer, and found him sufficiently polite. Meeting the officer soon after, accompanied by his wife, the Northern

took off his hat to the lady, for which offence the man of war called out the sober citizen ! A mutual friend had much trouble to prevent the duel ; but at length he succeeded in convincing the challenger that the "foreigner" merely followed the customs of his country in bowing, and was naïvely ignorant of Sicilian etiquette.

In my hotel was a fat and "homely" countess whose husband was in prison for having stabbed a man because he looked at the neither-young-nor-beautiful lady as she walked with all the world—one of a religious procession.

The wisest of practical men among Italians says : "Let a man do the best he can in his own house ; and let a village, or a parish, make the best of its own resources. Then, let us group towns and villages and rural districts according to the natural boundaries of race ; and afterwards we can confederate these States. They manage very well in Switzerland. But now we have, in Italy, a central authority measuring north, south, east, and west with its two-foot rule of the law. And what suits one does not suit the other."

Roba di niente ("trifles") these views of the amateur politician? Well, perhaps. But the strangest thing is that the professed politician here, judged by his speeches, seems no less flighty and superficial than the man in the street.

CLARE SORELL STRONG.

RICHARD JEFFERIES
AS A DESCRIPTIVE WRITER.

THERE is to some minds no more moving figure in the literary history of our country than that of Richard Jefferies ; not one that stands out more markedly from his fellows, a form of pathos to all ages. A failure that only begins to be no failure, now when he cannot know it ; whose peace was gained at last, only by leaving behind him all he had counted most dear ; there is left of him, in these days, nothing but a voice crying passionately from the dark and silence to those who, yet amid song and sunlight, can neither see nor hear, nor understand. It is one more to be added to the subtle ironies of sober fact.

Of all the elements of tragedy that make him pathetic, one lingers yet. Many are over ; the harassing struggle for mere livelihood, the torture of a ghastly and lingering disease, the unspeakable sadness of a well-recognised farewell to the earth that was his passion ; these are done. His lack of a right appreciation by his country yet remains.

To some of his admirers Richard Jefferies appears to suffer from a general and perpetual misapprehension ; no notice of him or his writings, critical or allusive, appears in newspaper or magazine, but he is to their thinking wronged anew ; until, with those that appreciate him, the interest that arises naturally in a character so unique, joins hands with a sense of gratitude ever new and deep and a study of him comes to change from a pleasant intellectual pastime to a protest that is a positive obligation. Those who have never heard of Richard Jefferies, a larger proportion of the educated than it is easy to believe, may be suffered to go unaccused. They may be allowed very justly the greater grievance. It is with the superficially acquainted that the quarrel lies ; with the journalist who knows him by a stray magazine article and sufficiently by hearsay to recognise the name's allusive value ; with the hundreds who carry away the pitiable misconceptions derived from a perusal of the aforesaid journalist's paragraphs, and with all those of his admirers who

make their admiration valueless by failing to discriminate between the master and the many disciples.

“The mantle of Jeffreys has fallen upon Mr. Robinson,” says a reviewer in an illustrated paper, and the statement is about as accurate as the spelling of Jefferies’ name, but it is typical of the journalistic conception. One cannot help thinking that Richard Jefferies must have had a very large selection of mantles, for they have been falling continually at intervals since his death, and are now numerous enough to cloak any magazine descriptive writer who can tell the blackthorn blossom from the may. This does not necessitate any undue depreciation of present writers, whose essays may be, and often are, like Mr. Robinson’s, excellent in their way ; but it is time to insist that their ways are not the ways of the Wiltshire solitary, and that, whatever genius may shine in contemporary magazines, the mantle of Richard Jefferies has not fallen yet.

For the voice of the British Dunderhead, who walketh in darkness, has become too reiterative to be any longer ignored, and it is sheer charity to inform him that Richard Jefferies is both less and more than the country naturalist, in dubbing him which he thinks to sum him up ; how much less he, being no naturalist, will never discover, how much more he must needs develop his poetical faculty to appreciate. Elsewhere,¹ for the purposes of a comparison he was then trying to establish, the present writer has himself called Jefferies a country naturalist, and the description is true as far as it goes. Its fault is that it does not go far enough. Though sufficiently accurate when his name and nature were introduced solely in support of a passing proposition, it would be exceedingly inadequate as a portrait of the man, were he the subject of a discourse, not merely incidental to it. A far better type of the country journalist is Gilbert White, of Selborne. The sweetest and simplest of naturalist parsons, he is still the best exemplar of that homely scientific spirit that makes its sole laboratory the garden and the fields. His delight was to watch the blackbirds upon his lawn, the slim summer warblers amongst his raspberry bushes, whose fruit he could never find it in his heart to grudge : he was wildly excited at the appearance of a new or uncommon species ; he theorised with a child-like curiosity, yet not without acumen, upon the problems of instinct, avian commissariat, and migration ; but that was all. It is a far cry alike in time and quality, from Selborne to Coate Farm ; from Gilbert White, naturalist parson, to Richard Jefferies, naturalist, poet, dreamer, all of which he was and something more ; and surely farther still, farther than a man may

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, July 1892.

see ahead, to that oft announced, long lingering genius upon whom his mantle shall in truth descend. Given another clergyman of simple disposition and the homely scientific turn of mind in a zoologically prolific neighbourhood, and you may yet find another White not unlike his predecessor, if only he manage to arise before evolutionary philosophy have reduced biology to mathematics : given another working man with a greater passion for "beasties" than for his bradawl or his spade, and you may see another Thomas Edward, and welcome him before all are working men in the enjoyment of the blessings of an universal eight-hours day : you might even find another Thoreau, if ever another high-souled but erratic genius should choose to exhibit his originality by playing at Robinson Crusoe in an island desert only by courtesy of his own conceit. You will never find another nature like that so often but so unhappily likened to Thoreau's, which charmed us in the dreamer of Coate Farm.

People seem to read Jefferies, when they read him at all, with a peculiar variety of emotions. Some read him with bewilderment, some with boredom, some with amazement, some with reprobation, some with contempt ; some, and they are fewest, with a never fading delight. Few people have a reputation at once so limited and so wide. When his bust was unveiled in Salisbury Cathedral not long ago, there was enough stir in the papers to make one imagine his celebrity to be wider than it really is. One has only to read how he lived in penury through his latter troublous days, because his books would not sell, to get a truer insight into the extent of his popularity ; and even now, when he is better known and appreciated than ever before, those to whom he is but the shadow of a name are sufficiently numerous to make all mention of him as a celebrity savour of irony. It is, in fact, with the few and not with the many that Jefferies must be content to hold the place that he deserves ; to those to whom he appeals he is of such value, that were reputation judged by depth of admiration rather than by number of admirers, he were famous beyond measure already. But those who were born blind and live habitually "dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon" can hardly be expected to go into raptures at his descriptions, for he tells of discoveries in a world where they go groping all their days, but find nothing. They cannot see these things as he sees them and their half incredulity as to the truth of his observations is only overcome at last to be succeeded by complete boredom when their accuracy has been vindicated. His facts do not interest ; his reflections seem foolish to them ; his whole nature totally inexplicable by that touchstone and test of sanity,

comparison with their own. "I may resent this," he says, "but I cannot deny that the argument is very black against me, and I begin to think that my senses have deceived me. . . . No one else seems to have seen the sparkle on the brook or heard the music at the hatch or to have felt back through the centuries ; and when I try to describe these things to them, they look at me with stolid incredulity. No one seems to understand how I got food from the clouds, nor what there was in the night nor why it is not so good to look at it from the window. They turn their faces away from me, so that perhaps after all I was mistaken and there never was any such place or any such meadows, and I was never there." It is this total want of sympathy that bars Richard Jefferies' way to popularity. In the vast majority of people there is no answering string to cry out at the touch of his hands ; he pipes to them, but they cannot dance.

Nor are they much more discerning who do read Jefferies with a certain pleasure and then blandly put him in the same category with others, between whom and himself there is a great gulf fixed. Without wishing to detract from the merits of other writers one may roundly assert, indeed it is half the present writer's object to assert, that there is no one in this particular field of literature to approach him. Thoreau, often quoted as a kindred spirit, has missed that poetical dreaminess which casts so rare a glamour over Jefferies' work ; while among later writers neither Mr. Warde Fowler nor "A Son of the Marshes," neither the author of "'Mid Leafy Ways," nor Mr. Robinson seems to compete very successfully with the author of "The Open Air." Against their work one has nothing whatever to say ; it is usually accurate and often entertaining ; some of the writings of most of them deserve high praise. What it seems necessary to insist upon is that theirs is one class of essay and Jefferies' is another ; that not all of them together could have written "The Pageant of Summer," or "Wild Flowers," or "Meadow Thoughts," or "Winds of Heaven," or "Swallow Time."

And to anyone who meditates upon the reasons of Jefferies' pre-eminence, why it is of all the writers upon similar subjects he alone can offer us just what our hearts desire, it becomes more and more evident that it is because he alone among them has the gift of articulate speech. The great majority of men are inarticulate, full of thoughts they cannot utter, plagued with longings that they struggle in vain to express ; for it is as natural to average human nature to cry out, to utter something of itself when it is moved, as it is for a dumb animal to cry out if in pain. Many will remember a humorous sketch in *Punch* a year or two ago, representing a furious

old gentleman and an inwardly exasperated young lady who had happened to meet upon the platform of a railway station, and had just missed the same train ; the last carriage was fading away round the curve. The old gentleman, purple in the face, was indulging in the luxury of a good swear ; but the lady, though inwardly quite as annoyed, was naturally debarred from that form of relief. When, however, the old gentleman had concluded, she turned to him gratefully and said, " Thank you, *so* much ! "

This delicious incident, whether true or imaginary, affords an excellent illustration of a need that is far from being limited to occasions of annoyance ; it is but an example of an almost universal desire to express one's emotions, either personally or vicariously, whenever they reach a certain intensity. And so it is in literature, when we find some writer who expresses our feelings better than we could do it ourselves ; whose thoughts we seem to recognise as our own as soon as they are uttered ; who, in reality, puts into form truths and feelings that floated only like misty, troublous shapes before our unaided eyes, and articulates in plain words, comforting to read, what we ourselves should never have grasped fully enough to state. We turn to him gratefully and exclaim, " Thank you, *so* much ! " Half the charm of all literature is the relief of vicarious speech. This one cannot help thinking is a truer explanation of Jefferies' success than that which Mr. Besant seems to favour in his sympathetic Eulogy. " Why," he says, " we must have been blind all our lives ; here were the most wonderful things going on under our very noses, but we saw them not." With all apologies to Mr. Besant, one may venture to think that most of Jefferies' admirers saw them and see them very well. The trouble is, that they cannot speak them ; the charm of Jefferies is that he can. His claim upon them is not that he shows them what they never saw before and never could have seen without his aid, it is that he can sing what they see aloud ; and that so deeply and sweetly that they, stutters as they are, are well content to be silent.

For it is Jefferies' distinction that he alone of all his class has caught the spirit of Earth. He can put the breath of the morning on paper that others may read and breathe ; and the sunlight of the meadow, the chequered shadows of the deep woods, the grey mist of evening—he has found their equivalents in words. Nothing so small that it can escape his notice, nothing so subtle as to elude his powers of description, his birds sing among the leaves of summer ; and his catalogues of flowers are no catalogues after all, because, ungathered, they grow upon the banks among the grasses.

But if his power of articulation is the immediate cause of Jefferies' pre-eminence, the cause of that power has in turn to be sought for. The fact that some men have a natural faculty of expression, are born fluent of writing as some are born fluent of speech, will by no means suffice to account for Jefferies' pre-eminence. Nothing could be more certain than that he did not exemplify one's idea of a ready writer. His power of expression is not connected with an easy and polished literary style. His constructions are often loose and his sentences bald and unfinished.¹ The more one reads his essays, the more obvious it becomes that he could write only because he could feel, because Earth was his passion; and one is tempted to think that this passion, which was the cause of his unique power of delineating her features, was due in turn to an acute sensitiveness of perception, a certain intense æstheticism that is visible in all his work.

It is, in fact, not in their subjects but in the men themselves that the difference between Jefferies and his rivals lies. Wood and field are with us always, and always the same, for a man to make what he can of them. In Matthew Arnold's words—

Nature is nothing, her power
Lives in our eyes which can paint,
Lives in our hearts which can feel,

and leaving for the present the question how far his deep feeling for nature was due to his æstheticism, or how far the two reacted upon each other, one may say that it is hard to recall any other writer whose very mode of expression throbs with such a depth of emotion upon a similar subject, unless it be the writer of the Song of Solomon, or who exhibits such an acute sensitiveness to the subtler earth-phenomena, unless it be Mr. Thomas Hardy. "For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." When we read this we can afford to put down most of the later writers, we can stretch out our hands across the centuries, having found something nearer to us; we recognise him, the truer earth-lover, down the dim ages of the past. For this is poetry, and strikes a note that cannot be heard in any of the modern magazine articles, save those of Richard Jefferies; a note that, nevertheless, must be struck before we can be moved as Jefferies moved us. For nature cannot be described in prose; wood and field, hill and dale and sea, nay, the veriest weed-grown ditch

¹ A recent author has claimed a high excellence of literary style for Richard Jefferies; but while willingly admitting that passages of great beauty are scattered plentifully throughout his works, I can find no grounds for withdrawing the above remarks.

beneath the open sky, has something in it to which prose can never do justice, and whether it be optimistic, as in the passage quoted, or as in Chaucer, or as in Shakespeare's stray pastoral lyrics, where it breathes a spirit of the purest joyousness ; or pessimistic, tinged, as in Jefferies, with the melancholy of these latter days, the magic touch of deep poetic feeling must cast its spell upon the writer before he can hope to cast any sort of spell upon others. This deep feeling doubtless lies at the root of Jefferies' distinctive art. Any man may, if he have his eyes about him and if he know their names, catalogue and minutely describe every flower and grass in the most luxuriant hedgerow in the world. And when he has done, we shall know their names and something of the appearance of each individual plant ; we shall not see the hedgerow. We shall not be led by any other, through those dreamy ways of thought and poetical musings that are the characteristic of Richard Jefferies ; that are so tender, so fanciful, and so suggestive that we feel him to be more poet than naturalist after all. He does not moralise—

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

But there have been few, not even the poet Wordsworth, more deeply moved by it. Jefferies drew no lessons from his hedgerow flowers, only wonderings and dreams. You may catch Thoreau moralising like a Dr. Watts. He makes his creatures subserve his moral purposes and reads at times like a glorified copy-book. Jefferies makes them satisfy his æsthetic cravings, and reads like poetry that might move a man to tears.

There is, however, a twofold difficulty to be overcome by any defender of Richard Jefferies' memory. It is in the first place the necessity of adducing quotations in support of remarks that must otherwise bear the semblance of mere assertion ; and it is in the second the impossibility of quoting, in contrast, the writings of the less inspired.

Where the author under consideration deals in a certain class of subject, where, for instance, he is a logician whose lucidity is to be illustrated, where he is an historian whose power of dramatic realisation is in dispute, or where he is a maker of shrewd sayings whose epigrammatic faculty is to be displayed, quotations are the easiest and the most conclusive of all evidence that may be brought. But when in the writing under consideration there is nothing intended to be proved, nothing dramatic described, nothing that could conceivably lend itself to epigrammatic expression, quotation

is apt to fail as evidence of any sort and to become at once a necessity and a difficulty. It is in fact impossible to do justice to Richard Jefferies in any quotation short of the length of an entire magazine article, which would preclude the possibility of any introductory or concluding remarks. For his descriptions grow upon you as you read, just as the beauty of his subject, whatever it may chance to be—a spring morning, a summer night, an autumn afternoon—grows upon you in reality as you wait alone in the open air to feel it. It is at once the chief difficulty of his reviewer and the best proof of the truth of his art.

Upon the other hand a quotation from one competitor is a poor starting ground for a comparison ; yet to pillory an extract from the less inspired would be an invidious and ungracious task, too ungracious to be permissible. It is open to all who desire to make the comparison to purchase one of Jefferies' books (except the more purely practical and agricultural volumes, for Jefferies had a practical side to his nature) and to consider it with reference to one of anybody else's. Much that is in Jefferies will be found equalled by others, but that which is equalled is not Jefferies' best. The peculiar charm of the latter is so subtle that it evades exact description. But while observation and accurate delineation of detail may be allowed to belong to many, Jefferies included, it is in most cases the writer's sole stock-in-trade ; only Richard Jefferies can unite by details into a living whole, can by mere art of phraseology make his pictures live, his winds blow, his birds sing, his flowers bloom ; only he can cast that glamour over his painted woods and fields that, defying all actual material surroundings, can transport us more completely, line by line, from the fire-place and the arm-chair to the woods of April or the chill October downs.

But even Jefferies cannot do this in a few lines. His mood, too, varies, being sometimes purely descriptive, sometimes purely meditative, oftener with a happy combination of the two. Quotations, to do him justice, should show him in all moods ; they should display his observant eye for detail and his delicate perception of atmospheric and terrestrial phenomena. They should exemplify his passion for beauty and his dreamy meditations, the underlying infinitely tender melancholy that is its only natural fruit. How to do all this in a few pages is an unsatisfactory problem, because it cannot be completely solved, and because to leave it incompletely solved is to fail in one's aim and object. Consider, however, the following extract from an essay called "Wheatfields." It is no ordinary work, though almost purely descriptive. It is the result of

an intimate acquaintance with the living earth ; the work of a man who had lingered many and many a time over the same scenes before he ever thought of speaking at all ; and even this is sufficient to make it live a little longer than some others.

“ How swiftly the much-desired summer comes upon us. Even with the reapers at work before one it is difficult to realise that it has not only come, but will soon be passing away. Sweet summer is but just long enough for the happy loves of the larks. It seems but yesterday (it is really five months since) that, leaning against the gate there, I watched a lark and his affianced on the ground among the grey stubble of last year still standing. His crest was high and his form upright, he ran a little way and then sang, went on again and sang again to his love moving parallel with him. Then passing from the old dead stubble to fresh-turned furrows, still they went, side by side, now down in the valley between the clods, now mounting the ridges, but always together, always with song and joy, till I lost them across the brown earth. But even then from time to time came the sweet voice full of hope in the coming of summer.

“ The day declined, and from the cold clear sky of March the moon looked down, gleaming on the smooth plain furrow where the plough had passed. . . . The evenings became dark, still he rose above the shadows and the dusky earth, and his song fell from the bosom of the night. With the full untiring choir the joyous host heralded the birth of the corn ; the slender, forceless seed leaves, which came quietly up until they had risen above the proud crests of the lovers. . . . Yellow charlock shot up faster and shone bright above the corn ; the oaks showered down their green flowers like moss upon the ground, the tree pipits sang on the branches and descended to the wheat. The rusty chain harrow lying inside the gate, all tangled together, was concealed with grasses. Yonder the magpies fluttered over the beans among which they are always searching in spring. . . . Time advanced again, and afar on the slope bright yellow mustard flowered, a hill of yellow behind the elms. The luxuriant purple trifolium, acres of rich colour, glowed in the sunlight. There was a scent of flowering beans, the vetches were in flower, and the peas which clung together for support—the stalk of the pea goes through the leaf as a painter thrusts his thumb through his palette. Under the edge of the footpath through the wheat a wild pansy blooms. Standing in the gateway beneath the shelter of the elm, as the clouds come over, it is pleasant to hear the cool refreshing rain come softly down ; the green wheat drinks it as it falls, so that hardly a drop reaches the ground, and to-morrow it

will be as dry as ever. . . . It is midsummer, and midsummer, like a bride, is decked in white. On the high-reaching briars white June roses ; white flowers on the lowly brambles ; broad white umbels of elder in the corner, and white cornels blooming under the elm ; honeysuckle hanging creamy white coronals round the ash boughs ; white meadow-sweet flowering on the shore of the ditch ; white clover, too, beside the gateway. . . . Thus the coming out of the wheat into ear is marked and welcomed with the purest colour. . . . The elm has a fresh green—it has put forth its second or midsummer shoot ; the young leaves of the aspen are white, and the tree as the wind touches it seems to turn grey. The furrows run to the ditch under the reeds, the ditch declines to a little streamlet which winds all hidden by willow-herb, and rush, and flag, a mere trickle of water under brook-lime, away at the feet of the corn. In the shadow, deep down beneath the crumbling bank, which is only held up by the roots of the grasses, is a forget-me-not, with a tiny circlet of yellow in the centre of its petals.

“ The coming of the ears of wheat forms an era and a date, a fixed point in the story of the summer. . . . At noon-day, as the light breeze comes over, the wheat rustles the more because the stalks are stiffening and swing from side to side from the root instead of yielding up the stem. Stay now at every gateway and lean over while the midsummer hum sounds above. It is a peculiar sound, not like the querulous buzz of the honey, nor the drone of the bumble bee, but a sharp ringing resonance like that of a tuning fork. Here the barley has taken a different tint now the beard is out ; here the oats are struggling forth from their sheath ; here a pungent odour of mustard in flower comes in the air ; there a poppy pants with broad petals flung back and drooping, unable to uphold its gorgeous robes. . . . In the evening, as the dew gathers on the grass, which feels cooler to the hand some time before the actual deposit, the clover and vetches close their leaves—the signal the hares have been waiting for to venture from the sides of the fields, where they have been cautiously roaming, and take bolder strolls across the open and along the lane. The aspens rustle louder in the stillness of the evening ; their leaves not only sway to and fro, but semi-rotate upon their stalks, which causes their scintillating appearance. The stars presently shine from the pale blue sky, and the wheat shimmers dimly white beneath them.

“ So time advances till, to-day, watching the reapers from the shadow of the copse, it seems as if within that golden expanse there must be something hidden, could you but rush in quickly and seize

it—some treasure of the sunshine ; and there *is* a treasure, a treasure of life stored in those little grains, the slow product of the sun. But it cannot be grasped in an impatient moment, it must be gathered with labour. . . . How many times the horses stayed in this sheltered corner while the ploughmen and their lads ate their crusts ! How many times the farmer and the bailiff, with their hands behind their backs, considering, walked along the hedge, taking counsel of the earth if they had done right ! How many times hard gold and silver was paid over at the farmer's door for labour while yet the plant was green ; how many considering cups of ale were emptied in planning out the future harvest.

“Now it is come, and still more labour—look at the reapers yonder—and after that more time and more labour before the sacks go to the market. Hard toil and hard fare ; the bread which the reapers have brought with them for their luncheon is hard and dry, the heat has dried it like a chip. In the corner of the field the women have gathered some sticks and lit a fire—the flame is scarce seen in the sunlight and the sticks seem eaten away as they burn by some invisible power. They are boiling their kettle, and their bread too—which they will soak in the tea—is dry and chip-like. Aside on the ground by the hedge is a handkerchief tied at the corner, with a few mushrooms in it. . . . By the copse here now the teasles lift their spiny heads high in the hedge, the young nuts are browning, the wild mints flowering on the shores of the ditch, and the reapers are cutting ceaselessly at the ripe corn. . . . Hares raced about it in the spring, and even in the May sunshine might be seen rambling over the slopes. As it grew higher it hid the leverets and the partridge chicks. ‘Toll has been taken by rook and sparrow and pigeon. Enemies too have assailed it ; the daring couch invaded it ; the bind-weed climbed up the stalk, the storm rushed along and beat it down, yet it triumphed, and to-day the full sheaves lean against each other.”

Scant justice as these mutilated extracts do to the entire essay, it will be seen that it is worth one's notice. A cornfield is more to this man than to most. All the while it grew out of the soil it grew into his heart. It has given him food for many meditative hours ; he has grasped it in its entirety ; it is to him symbolic of so much, connected with so much, that its placid life beneath the slow changes of the sun has come to affect him as a stirring narrative of incident. To his fancy it is no more the unexciting progress of mere vegetable growth ; it has become an epic.

Something of this spirit may be seen again in an essay entitled

“Round a London Copse,” especially in that portion devoted to an exquisite description of a deserted wayside orchard:—

“There are still in October a few red apples on the boughs of the trees in a little orchard beside the same road. It is a natural orchard—left to itself—therefore there is always something to see in it. The palings by the road are falling and are held up chiefly by the branches about them and the ivy that has climbed up. Trees stand on the right and trees on the left; there is a tall spruce fir at the back. The apple trees are not set in straight lines. They were at first, but some have died away and left an irregularity: the trees lean this way and that, and they are scarred and marked as it were with lichen and moss. It is the home of birds. A blackbird had its nest this spring in the bushes on the left side, a nightingale another in the bushes on the right, and there the nightingale sang under the shadow of a hornbeam for hours every morning while ‘City’ men were hurrying past to their train. . . . On a bare bough, but lately scourged by the east wind, the apple-bloom appears, set about with the green of the hedges and the dark spruce behind. White horse-chestnut blooms stand up in their stately way, lighting the path which is strewn with the green moss-like flowers fallen from the oaks. There is an early bush of May. When the young apples take form and shape the grass is so high even the buttercups are overtopped by it. Along the edge of the roadside footpath, where the dandelions, plantains, and grasses are thick with seed, the greenfinches come down and feed.

“Now the apples are red that are left as they hang on the boughs, from which the leaves are blown at every gust. But it does not matter when you pass, summer or autumn this little orchard has always something to offer. It is not neglected—it is true attention to leave it to itself.

“Left to itself, so that the grass reaches its fullest height; so that bryony vines trail over the bushes and stay till the berries fall of their own ripeness; so that the brown leaves lie and are not swept away unless the wind chooses; so that all things follow their own course and bent. The hedge opposite in autumn, when reapers are busy with the sheaves, is white with the large trumpet-flowers of the great wild convolvulus (or bind-weed). . . . Without a path through it, without a border or parterre, unassisted and left alone, the orchard has acquired an atmosphere of quiet and stillness such as grows up in woods and far-away lonely places. It is so common-place and unpretentious that passers-by do not notice it; it is merely a corner of meadow dotted with apple-trees, a place that needs frequent

glances and a dreamy mood to understand as the birds understand it. They are always there. In spring thrushes move along rustling the fallen leaves as they search among the arum sheaves unrolling beside sheltering palings. There are nooks and corners whence shy creatures can steal out from the shadow and be happy. There is a loving streak of sunshine somewhere among the tree-trunks."

Thus to Jefferies the neglected orchard without the grandeur of remote mountain scenery, without the orderly comfort of a cultivated garden, is yet full of a nameless fascination because it is full of humble but memorable life. His cascade is the quiet trickle in the ditch amid the last year's leaves ; his wild beasts are the mouse and the squirrel ; his scenic effects are the white blossom of the apple-trees and the red glint of the sinking sun upon fallen palings and grey, withered grass. Such scenes as these are to him ever memorable ; they feed his fancy with sweet memories that make his long winter evenings full of a rich delight ; they are what a traveller's past is to him when, an old man, he wanders in the spirit over far distant lands. He remembers a town full of a strange people ; southern suns beneath whose mellow shining dark women grew strangely beautiful and languid-eyed ; he recalls a surf-beaten coral isle, a brush with the blacks, the ceremony of the crossing of the Line. Jefferies knows nothing of all these, yet he is not destitute ; for he remembers many a pleasant gateway, woodland lights and shadows : a haunted, mouldering barn, an orchard, a quiet valley.

There is in "Haunts of the Lapwing" a passage very typical of his knack of immediately taking his reader out of doors ; a knack never quite successfully caught by any other writer. "Sodden leaves lie in the furrow along the side of the copse ; broken and decaying burdocks still uphold their jagged stems, but will be soaked away by degrees ; dank grasses droop outwards ; the red seed of a dock is all that remains of the berries and fruit, the seeds and grain of autumn. Like the hedge the copse is vacant. Nothing moves within, watch it as carefully as I may. The boughs are blackened by wet, and would touch cold. From the grasses to the branches there is nothing anyone would like to handle, and I stand apart even from the bush that keeps away the rain." It is evidently an unpleasant drizzling winter's afternoon.

But Jefferies has a deeper, tenderer mood than these. If you want to know the man yet better, you must read some such essay as "July Grass," where he touches a deeper chord of feeling, and in consequence gives us a clearer insight into the secret of his skill ; but once again he will suffer the injustice of an abridged quotation :—

“A July fly went sideways over the long grass. His wings made a burr about him like a net, beating so fast they wrapped him round with a cloud. Every now and then as he flew over the trees of grass a taller one than common stopped him, and there he clung, and then the eye had time to see the scarlet spots, the loveliest colour, on his wings. The wind swung the burnet and loosened his hold, and away he went over the grasses, and not one jot did he care if they were *Poa* or *Festuca*, or *Bromus*, or *Hordeum*, or any other name. Names were nothing to him ; all he had to do was to whirl his scarlet spots about in the brilliant sun, rest when he liked, and go on again. I wonder whether it is joy to have scarlet spots, and to be clad in the purple and gold of life ; is the colour felt by the creature that wears it ?

“The fly whirls its scarlet-spotted wings about and splashes himself with sunlight, like children on the sands. He thinks not of the grass and sun, he does not heed them at all—and that is why he is so happy—any more than the barefoot children ask why the sea is there and why it does not quite dry up when it ebbs. He is unconscious ; he lives without thinking about living ; and if the sunshine were a hundred hours long still it would not be long enough. No, never enough of sun and sliding shadows, that come like a hand over the table to lovingly reach our shoulder ; never enough of the grass that smells as a flower, not if we could live years and years, equal in number to the tides that have ebbed and flowed, counting backwards four years to every day and night, backward still till we found out which came first, the night or the day. The scarlet-dotted fly knows nothing of the names of the grasses that grow here where the sward nears the sea, and, thinking of him, I have decided not to wilfully seek to learn any more of their names either. My big grass-book I have left at home, and the dust is settling on the gold of the binding. I have picked a handful this morning of which I know nothing. I will sit here on the turf, and the scarlet-dotted fly shall pass over me as if I too were but a grass. I will not think. I will be unconscious. I will live.

“Listen ! that was the sound of a summer wavelet striking the uncovered rock over there beneath in the green sea. All things that are beautiful are found by chance, like everything that is good. Here by me is a praying-rug, just wide enough to kneel on, of the richest gold interwoven with crimson. All the Sultans of the East never had such beauty as that to kneel on. It is, indeed, too beautiful to kneel on, for the life of those golden flowers must not be broken down even for that purpose. They must not be

defaced, not a stem bent ; it is more reverent not to kneel on them, for this carpet prays itself. I will sit by it and let it pray for me. It is so common, this bird's-foot lotus, it grows everywhere ; yet, if I purposely searched for days I should not have found a plot like this, so rich, so golden, so glowing with sunshine. You might pass it by in one stride, yet is it worthy to be thought of for a week and remembered for a year.

“The July grasses must be looked for in corners and out-of-the-way places, and not in the broad acres—the scythe has taken them there. By the wayside, on the banks of the lane, near the gateway—look, too, in the uninteresting places behind incomplete buildings on the mounds cast up from abandoned foundations where speculation has been and gone. . . . Some of the finest grow by the mere roadside ; you may look for others up the lanes in the deep ruts ; look, too, inside the hollow trees by the stream. In a morning you may easily garner together a great sheaf of this harvest. Cut the larger stems aslant, like the reeds imitated in old green glass. You must consider as you gather them, the height and slenderness of the stems, the droop and degree of curve, the shape and colour of the panicle, the dusting of the pollen, the motion and sway in the wind. The sheaf you may take home with you, but the wind that was among it stays without.”

It is not too much to say that there is nothing like this to be found in other writers. Where then lies his peculiar charm ? His passionate sensitiveness to the beauty of earth is the secret of his success ; but there never was passion without pain, and it is this that distinguishes him from all who have as yet essayed to follow in his footsteps. Often again, as you read the best of their pages, you will note the accuracy and admire the truth of detail that you have seen before in the writings of a greater than they ; but you will look in vain for the passion that worked beneath. These are gayer spirits, less meditative, palpably less melancholy and disturbed in soul ; and looking first at them, and then at those other whose troubled days found miserable ending years ago, you will recognise that another name must be added to the long roll of those to whom genius has sold herself dear.

In truth it should need but little insistence to call attention to Jefferies' pre-eminence. Literary criticism may be expected to be the gift of the more cultured few, but surely every Englishman should know the likeness of his land, and be able to discern the true exponent of her spirit from those to whom she has revealed herself less liberally. For the standing slight to Jefferies' memory, repeated

ad nauseam in journalistic malcomparisons, is also a standing reproach to the public that accepts these comparisons so gullibly.

What will make Jefferies live when others are forgotten is, that vivifying passion for earth, whose place is taken by mere affection in his disciples. "Never was such a worshipper of earth," he cries of himself, in the saddest of all his essays, "Hours of Spring," and none who have read largely of his writings will be likely to doubt him. Just to read one single essay, "Wild Flowers," ought to make all argument upon this point unnecessary; as if deemed unconvincing it will certainly prove it useless.

"I came every day to walk slowly up and down the plain road, by the starry flowers under the ash-green boughs: ash is the coolest, softest green. The bees went drifting over by my head, as they cleared the hedges they passed by my ears, the wind singing in their shrill wings. White tent-walls of cloud—a warm white, being full to overflowing of sunshine—stretched across from ash-top to ash-top a cloud-canvas roof, a tent-palace of the delicious air. For of all things there is none so sweet as sweet air—one great flower it is, drawn round about, over, and enclosing, like Aphrodite's arms; as if the dome of the sky were a bell-flower, drooping down over us, and the magical essence of it filling all the room of the earth. Sweetest of all things is wild-flower air. Full of their ideal the starry flowers strained upwards on the bank, striving to keep above the rude grasses that pushed by them: genius has ever had such a struggle. The plain road was made beautiful by the many thoughts it gave. I came every morning to stay by the star-lit bank. A friend said, 'Why do you go the same way every day? Why not have a change, and walk somewhere else sometimes? Why keep on up and down the same place? I could not answer; till then it had not occurred to me that I always did go one way; as for the reason of it, I could not tell. . . . I do not want change. I want the same old and loved things, the same wild flowers, the same trees and soft ash-green; the turtle-doves, the blackbirds, the coloured yellowhammer sing, sing, singing so long as there is light to cast a shadow on the dial, for such is the measure of his song, and I want them in the same place. Let me find them morning after morning, the starry-white petals radiating, striving upwards to their ideal. Let me see idle shadows resting on the white dust; let me hear the bumble-bees, and stay to look down on the rich dandelion disk. Let me see the very thistles opening their great crowns—I should miss the thistles; swifts shot through the air with outstretched wings; . . . the chaffinch with a feather in her bill; all the living staircase of the Spring, step by step, upwards to the great

gallery of Summer—let me watch the same succession year by year. Why, I knew the very dates of them all : the reddening elm, the arum, the hawthorn leaf, the celandine, the may, the yellow iris of the waters, the heath of the hillside. . . . Past the shadowless winter, when it is all shade, and therefore no shadow, onwards to the first coltsfoot, and on to the seed-time again. I knew the dates of all of them. I did not want change. I wanted the same flowers to return on the same day, the tit-lark to rise soaring from the same oak to fetch down love with a song from heaven to his mate on the nest beneath. No change, no new thing. . . . In vain ; the very next year was different, even in the same place—that had been a year of rain, and the flag-flowers were wonderful to see ; *this* was a dry year, and the flags not half the height, the gold of the flower not so deep. Next year the fatal bill-hook came and swept away a slow-grown hedge that had given me a crab-blossom in cuckoo-time, and hazelnuts in harvest. Never again the same, even in the same place. . . . Nothing twice. Time changes and the places that knew us, and if we go back in after years, still even then it is not the old spot ; the gate swings differently, new thatch has been put on the old gables, the road has been widened, and the sward the driven sheep lingered on is gone. Who dares think, then ? For faces fade as flowers, and there is no consolation. So now I am sure I was right in always walking the same way, by the starry flowers striving upwards on a slender ancestry of stem. I would follow the plain old road of to-day, if I could. Let change be far from me ; that irresistible change must come, is bitter indeed. Give me the old road, the same flowers—they were only stichwort—the old succession of days and garland ever weaving into it fresh wild flowers from far and near. Fetch them from distant mountains, discover them on decaying walls, in unsuspected corners ; though never seen before, still they are the same ; there has been a place in the heart waiting for them.” Again and again he cries it out ; he cannot keep silence upon it ; it is his passion. “I cannot leave it,” he says elsewhere. “I must stay under the old tree in the midst of the long grass, the luxury of the leaves, and the song in the very air. I seem as if I could feel all the glowing life the sunshine gives, and the south wind calls to being. . . . Never could I have enough, whether here or whether lying on the shorter sward under the sweeping and peaceful birches, or on the thyme-scented hills.”

There are countless passages like these, throbbing with love of earth, written passionately with strained heart ; but these must suffice to show something of its intensity.

And yet it might serve to sober the self-confidence of those that step so jauntily into his vacated throne, and tend to produce a more critical discernment upon the part of the reviewers, whose motto seems to be "Le roi est mort, Vive le roi," if their attentions were to be called for a moment to Richard Jefferies at an hour when the price demanded of him for the possession of his powers began to be more than ever apparent ; when the deep joy he had had of earth began to yield to the proportionately deep agony of leaving it ; when, a dying man, it dawned upon him that he should never see the fields again until he was dead, save through the window only.

"I wonder to myself how they can all get on without me, how they manage, birds and flowers, without me to keep the calendar for them. For I noted it so carefully and lovingly day by day. . . . Every blade of grass was mine as though I had planted it separately. They were all my pets, as the roses the lover of his garden tends so faithfully. All the grasses of the meadow were my pets, I loved them all. . . . Under the wind it seemed to dry and become grey, and the starlings running to and fro on the surface that did not sink, now stood high above it and were larger. The dust, that drifted along, blessed it and it grew. Day by day a change ; always a note to make. The moss drying on the tree trunks, dog's mercury stirring under the ash-poles, birds-claw buds of beech lengthening, books upon books to be filled with these things. I cannot think how they manage without me.

"To-day through the window-pane I see a lark high up against the grey cloud, and hear his song. I cannot walk about and arrange with the buds and the gorse-bloom : how does he know it is time for him to sing ? How can they manage without me ? For they were so much to me, I had come to feel that I was as much in return to them. The old, old error. I love the earth, therefore the earth loves me. . . . They manage without me very well ; they know their times and seasons. . . . They go on without me—orchis flower and cowslip—I cannot number them all ; I hear as it were the patter of their feet ; flower and bud and the beautiful clouds that go over, with the sweet rush of rain and burst of sun-glory among the leafy trees. They go on and I am no more than the least of the empty shells that strewed the sward of the hill. Nature sets no value upon life, neither of mine, nor of the larks that sang years ago. The earth is all in all to me, but I am nothing to the earth ; it is bitter to know this before you are dead. . . . High up against the grey cloud I hear the lark through the window singing, and each note falls into my heart like a knife."

This, then, is how he feels it. Nature is his mistress, and, like many true lovers, he loves her to his cost. It is bitter to him ; he writes it down for the relief of his soul in words, such as a man may scarce find voice to read aloud. Long ago, loitering beneath the trees, he said, "I cannot leave it." He does not say it any more ; but his thoughts are still with the old sunny summer days when he lay upon the grass of the hills and "burnt life like a torch" ; the song of the chaffinch filtering through cool vistas of green leaves ; the boom of the wild bee about the scented thyme ; the white cloud fleeces floating lazily high above him across the melting blue. It is all before his eyes ; part of it he can still see from his window, and the song of the lark tinkles faintly through the glass of the pane.

"I cannot leave it !" No use to cry it now. A voice is calling him, "Away, away," from the sunny summer and the songs of birds and the "warm winds that breathe hotly" with the scent of clover and hay ; away, he knows not whither—somewhere—out into the dark ! The raven of fate sits on his breast, crying "Nevermore" !

I know nothing more piteous than this, nothing either that gives so clear an insight into the secret of his art ; nothing that could have furnished us with so strong an *à priori* ground for anticipating an unparalleled success, or can supply a firmer basis for a present opinion of his pre-eminence. When one reads the above quotations it is not hard to guess why he could write as no one else could, or can to this day. Even as his passion for earth was unique so was the result of that passion, his art, unique also. Certain people, judging Jefferies by his words, which he ever cried were too weak for his meaning, have said, "I feel like that, why cannot I write like it too?" It should, in truth, need but little consideration to perceive their error. What Jefferies wrote was not what he felt ; half of it, perhaps, no more. It is not given to any of us to speak all our hearts, and they who *feel* like Jefferies *wrote* must feel very much more, as he did himself, before they can hope to emulate him.

"Not everyone that sayeth Lord, Lord !" Not everyone that calls himself a nature-lover is admitted to her innermost secrets ; not everyone that loves to hear the birds sing and to see the primroses come out upon an April bank, has learnt the full significance of either.

IRVING MUNTZ.

injury to the posterior sensory nerve roots of the spinal cord would cause the most atrocious agony.

There is a great wave of humanitarian feeling stirring men's hearts to-day, but it is not enough to try to stop cruelty in others, we must be willing to prove our sincerity by some little self-sacrifice on our own part ; and when I compare side by side the amount of suffering caused by Vivisection and by Butchery, I am tempted to ask how it is possible that any professed anti-vivisectionist can be guilty of partisanship with the atrocities of the slaughterhouse merely to gratify a habit in diet, and a habit, too, which has been proved by the widest experience to be unnecessary to the best health and vigour of humanity !

JOSIAH OLDFIELD.

TABLE TALK.**WAR AS A REFORMING INFLUENCE.**

IS war, after all, a happier and more beneficial condition for mankind than peace? This query Count von Moltke answers in the affirmative. "Permanent peace is," he says, "a dream, and not even a beautiful dream, and war is a law of God's order in the world by which the noblest virtues of man, courage and self-denial, loyalty and self-sacrifice, even to the point of death, are developed. Without war the world would deteriorate into materialism." Not new are such opinions. As a writer in the *Athenæum* points out, Kant held similar views, declaring, "Even war, when conducted with discipline and due respect for civil rights, has about it something ennobling; and when so conducted, elevates a people in proportion to the peril to which they are exposed, and which they have the courage to sustain. On the other hand, a long peace fosters a mere commercial spirit, together with a base egotism, cowardice, and effeminacy, and thus has a degrading effect on the mind of a people." One more voice has maintained, in poetry, the same theory. Who but remembers the magnificent outburst of Tennyson at the outset of "Maud"?

Why do they prate of the blessings of peace? we have made them a curse,
 Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own;
 And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
 Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?

Tennyson also, and for the same reason as Von Moltke and Kant, concludes:—

Better war! loud war by land and by sea,
 War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones!

WAR OR PEACE.

ALONE of the three men I have quoted, Moltke is familiar with scenes of destruction and carnage, and his words do not pass as rhetorical utterances. Much that he says about the teaching and influence of war is true. The question is, how far is it true? We hear that a lie that is half a truth is ever the worst of lies. What, then, is a truth that is half a truth? We are not favoured with many simple, clear, incontrovertible truths to guide us in our passage through life, and I dare not take Count von Moltke's assertion

in its full sense. There is another aspect of the question, an aspect capitably put by Leigh Hunt in his "Captain Sword and Captain Pen." It is not as if the combatants alone suffered. The chief harm falls upon the innocent and the helpless. Let anyone read of the condition of Germany after the Thirty Years' War, or of France when England clung to Aquitaine and stretched across to Paris. I will concede the value of discipline upon individual character, and will point to its influence in such splendidly heroic and noble deeds as were accomplished at the immortal wreck of the *Birkenhead*. How soon, however, the influence of discipline fails and is forgotten let history attest. What became of the soldier when the army was disbanded? Not seldom he became a bandit. English young men of family took to the highway. It is a constant complaint of the hero of the Stuart drama that he will be driven to take a purse. For the condition of the land, over-ridden by disbanded troopers, study "The Cloister and the Hearth." This, you urge, is fiction. So it is, but Reade drew from accurate authorities, and the picture he presents is not even overcharged. How long, moreover, does the alleged purifying and ennobling influence last? It is not long since America passed through what was all but a death struggle. Is its influence still shown in the commercial morality of her citizens? The hand of the victor was on the throat of France. Hers is a position above all others calculated to engender civic and national virtues. Are French statesmen and writers the steadier and more responsible for their sufferings? Alas! if war lessons are divine, they are easily unlearned.

DISCIPLINE.

I WILL recur to something I have said. What is good in war is discipline. What is good for manhood, and what we lack, is discipline. What is vital in education is discipline. This, however, is precisely what our teachers have ceased to supply. To make children pass a certain standard is all apparently at which they aim. From the church school in front of me the boys come out to gamble, dispute, and use obscene language on my steps. This is no concern of the teacher, whose responsibility for them ends, he says, when school hours are over. This view was not always held. Our great schoolmasters had different opinions. The want of discipline is exercising a most malevolent influence upon our boyhood, and consequently upon our manhood. Boys are now virtually unpunished. Neither father nor schoolmaster administers the slightest chastisement, and the magistrate, when the urchin comes before him, is puzzled what to do. It is not, however, wholly or mainly on this aspect that I rely.

Discipline in its highest development is what is best for us. The use of education is not to burden the mind with facts in themselves scarcely worth retaining. All that is most vital is the mental discipline that is involved. In Cambridge, discipline is enforced through application to mathematics ; in Oxford, through a study of classical writers. One man invigorates and trains himself on metaphysics, another on political economy. It matters little. Only let the discipline be got. The most successful man is the man best disciplined in life. Oh ! do not let us deny discipline to our sons.

THE SHAPE OF THE NOVEL.

NOT being a novelist nor in any sense a writer of fiction, except perhaps when I attempt history, I have taken no part in the discussion that is every day waged concerning the novel and its shape. It is, in my opinion, a matter principally affecting booksellers, and in which the general reader has comparatively slight interest. I am not a great reader of fiction, and, as a lover of books *qua* books I grudge the space three-volume novels occupy. I do not even like their appearance in the library in which a few of them, mostly presentation copies, rest. Practically, I suppose private book-lovers do not purchase three-volume novels. I know one actor, whose name is a synonym for kindness and goodness, who, with a view to benefiting an author whom he loved, went to the publisher and laid down his one eleven six, under the idea that it would all go to his friend. Men so unsophisticated and so benevolent are, however, scarce, and I should not be surprised to hear that the instance is unique. The new novels that I have seen in country houses and clubs had invariably the stamp of the lending library, Mudie's or another's, and a regular and painful experience of club-land is that when you have read two volumes of a more than usually stimulating book the third volume is not to be discovered. In fact, accordingly, I am neutral in the matter. I never bought a three-volume novel in my life, but in the case of any work of adequate interest wait for the six-shilling edition, or, it may be, the three-and-six. The chief advantage of the cheap French novel, I have heard it asserted, is that when you have read it, or, may be, only dipped into it, you, if on a journey, leave it behind you, or, if at home, fling it away. To a real book-lover, to spend money on a book to be thrown away when read is worse than buying three-volume novels—or cyclopædias, where the first volume is out of date before the last is published, or the subscriber is in his grave before the point is reached at which he begins to be interested.

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THE TWO MATES.

By EDWARD HEINS.

I WAS dining with a merchant who resided in the picturesque little town of Port Louis, Mauritius, when I first met old Captain Brundage. He had just brought his ship from Calcutta, with a cargo of Indian produce in the lower hold and a 'tween-deck load of coolies, under contract to work for a term of years on the sugar plantations. The captain told us that cholera had broken out soon after they got clear of the Hooghly, and that not only had it carried off some fifty of the coolies, but it had also reduced his crew by four of the best men ; and this the old man evidently took to heart. He was a pleasant white-haired and grizzle-bearded veteran of the sea, hale and full of energy, well-informed, with good manners and plenty of conversation. After dinner we rode through the island and enjoyed the view over the harbour and along the hillside ; and, presently, the talk drifted on the trustworthiness of first impressions, and the origin and significance of those curious aversions to strangers which sometimes crop up in the best-regulated minds. Captain Brundage listened for some little time, and then said, in a reflective tone :

“Some years ago, at this very port, or close to it, I witnessed the conclusion of as strange a case of sudden prepossession as, I think, was ever heard of.”

Of course, we all expressed a desire to hear the story, and the captain (who was a good narrator) proceeded to tell it as follows.

“Ten years ago,” he said, “I was sailing from London to Bombay, when, in a heavy gale just before reaching the Cape of Good Hope, I lost my second mate, who was washed overboard in so heavy a sea

that it was impossible to lower a boat. I therefore ran into the Cape and shipped another mate. He was a likely-looking young fellow, a Tyneside man, very steady, pretty well as far as seamanship went, but slow, and inclined to distrust his own abilities—not a slight fault in an officer, especially when afloat. My first mate had sailed with me before. His name was March : he was a dark man, in the prime of life, a fine sailor, an excellent navigator, quite active in mind and body, full of resource, and thoroughly trustworthy. I had always regarded him as of a cheerful and agreeable disposition, and he got on well with all the men in the fore-castle who knew and did their duty, though he was inclined to be severe with lubbers who sign articles as A.B.s, though they don't know the mainmast from the mizzen, and are as little able to take their turn at the wheel as a cat is to box the compass.

“Young Norris—that was the second mate's name—came aboard two or three days before we sailed, and went to work. I soon noticed that he and March did not seem to get on well together, and I took an early opportunity of speaking to the first mate about it. To my surprise, his face darkened the moment I mentioned Norris, and a curious expression, suggestive of strong dislike and equally strong perplexity, passed over his features. He was silent for a moment, then turned to me and said, quite eagerly, as though he felt a relief in expressing his thoughts :

“ ‘ Captain, it's a very curious thing, and I'm half inclined to be ashamed of it, though I can't help it—but from the first moment I saw that man I have hated him. As I have said, I cannot account for this feeling. It is simply an impression which the sight of him created. All I can say further is, that it is associated with a dim suggestion—I don't know what else to call it—that this fellow will do me great harm.’ He coloured a little, and continued : ‘ I dare say you will laugh at me. I feel inclined to laugh at myself, but somehow I am always checked by the recurrence of the original aversion, which really seems to be like a sort of warning of danger.’

“Of course,” observed the captain, “I did my best to laugh off the mate's moodiness ; told him he must be bilious, prescribed a blue pill for him, and so forth. But I could see that the impression was really deep, that he was in serious earnest, and that he was brooding over the matter. I suppose I should have forgotten all about it, had it not soon become apparent that March's temper was changing for the worse, and also that he was getting into the bad habit of trying to make the second mate's duties difficult to him. In short, his aversion to the latter was growing every day, and while Norris did

not share it, and was generally imperturbably good-natured, he was certain to find out sooner or later that his superior officer disliked him and watched for an opportunity to injure him.

“At last, March, by brooding over his prejudice, got into a dangerous state of mind, as the incident I am going to relate will show.

“We were in the Indian Ocean, and the latitude was one in which we might expect sudden and stiff squalls, when one night, when we were going along with a fair wind on the quarter and the topmast studding-sails set, Mr. March had the first watch—from eight to twelve. Just before eight-bells (midnight) he noticed a small cloud on the horizon. It was apparently of little account, but no man knew better than he that it was his duty to call the attention of the officer who relieved him to it, that he might watch it vigilantly. Well, so far had his hatred of Norris gone by this time, that he said nothing to him, but went below, leaving the second mate, only half awake yet, on the poop.

“Fifteen minutes later I was flung out of my bunk by the sudden heeling of the ship, and as I scrambled up the companion-way I heard the crash of small spars and the rending of loose canvas. A heavy black squall had come up with the swiftness all sailors are familiar with, and struck us on our beam-end. We had to let go the lee-maintopsail-sheet before she righted; and that half-hour's work gave the carpenter and sailmaker plenty to do until we reached the Sand Heads. Of course, when I heard all the facts, I gave my chief mate a pretty severe dressing down; and he was very penitent and full of promises of reformation, and I must say that until we left Calcutta, bound here, he did his best to act fairly and rationally. He never could be sociable with Norris, however, and cold civility was the utmost he could bring himself to. The second mate, who knew nothing of March's antipathy, naturally supposed that what he saw was the mate's usual manner, and you may be sure I took good care not to enlighten him.

“Once in a while I would sound March gently, to see if he was getting over his feeling of dislike, fear, suspicion, or whatever it was; but I soon perceived that it was useless to look for any change in this respect. He was frank enough about it, but all that he could say was that he tried to throw it off and could not; that, as time passed, indeed, it seemed as if he was coming nearer to some dreadful occurrence; he did not feel sure that his own life was in peril, only that he was mixed up in something dark and awful, in which Norris was to be a chief actor. Clearly, the man was becom-

ing more morbid every day ; but so long as he carried on the work of the ship properly, and got into no difficulty with the second mate, there was nothing to be done ; and I had satisfied myself that there was still less use in saying anything.

“ Things were in this state when we came into Port Louis, and while we lay in the Tier, March's humour seemed to grow blacker, and it looked as though he had less command over himself. He did one thing at this time which nearly lost him his berth, and but for the difficulty of replacing such a man in a little hand-basin of a port, I think I should have let him go. There was a cask of rum aft, and we had a Hindoo cabin-steward who had been stealing this rum and selling it to the men in the fore-castle. March found out what was going on, and, instead of punishing the rascally steward, he tried to make me believe that the second mate was the guilty party—and no doubt he thought this the more easy because the second mate had been keeping the key of the store-room, it being part of his duty to weigh out the provisions to the *tindal* or foreman of the coolies. It was inevitable, however, that I should suspect any charge made by March against Norris, and so I said nothing at first, but went to the fore-castle, and, by a little judicious diplomacy, soon got at the truth. I discharged the unfaithful steward, as a matter of course ; but I did not think it necessary to make any explanation to the mate. The facts spoke plainly enough for him, no doubt.

“ It may be imagined that this frustration of his little plot did not lessen his animosity towards Norris, and I made up my mind that I should have to keep my weather eye open all the way home. However, the sailing day arrived ; we hove-up the anchor, and drifted out of the harbour on the ebb-tide. You know that the holding-ground of Port Louis is a heavy, greasy blue clay. It is about as dirty a bottom as I know ; and when the anchor comes home it generally brings up a ton or two of this sticky mud, which is also plastered over portions of the cable, and which covers windlass, deck, and everything with mud before the anchor is stowed. Well, on this occasion the anchor was sent home short a-peak ; but the crown was just out of water when I gave orders that some of the hands should leave the windlass and help the boys in making sail. In getting in the cable we used a ‘jigger,’ a small tackle which was clapped on the cable abaft the windlass, and kept taut in order to prevent any slack rising in the chain, and so causing it to slip.

“ At this moment the boatswain, who had charge of the jigger, sung out to the men at the windlass to avast heaving until the tackle

was shifted. They stopped ; and just as the jigger was taken off the cable, and before it could be put on again higher up, something—nobody could ever tell what—started the cable. It began to slip over the windlass, and, lubricated by the greasy blue mud with which it was covered, the motion grew swifter every second. There was nearly one hundred fathoms of the working cable on deck, and we had now drifted into sixty or seventy fathoms of water. The anchor was a very heavy one, and its momentum increased as it plunged downward. In less time than it has taken to tell, the chain was fairly flying round the windlass, the newly arranged bights on the range being whirled up with lightning rapidity, and the rattle growing into a roar under which the ship trembled.

“With such a length of cable and such a depth of water it was on the cards that the bows might be torn out of her if the rush could not be stopped ; and the danger grew every instant. At first all hands were a little confused by what had happened. I was at the bows and saw the anchor plunge out of sight. I jumped for the lurch of the top-gallant fore-castle instantly, and sung out to get swabs and throw them on the windlass, in the hope that the tough yarns would get entangled in the links of the cable, and so check, perhaps stop, the run. But the cable had got too much headway by the time the swabs were brought, and, when thrown, they were either torn to shreds instantly or flung violently off again. By this time everybody on deck had run forward, and, while it was impossible to approach the windlass, round which the cable was flying so rapidly that the links could not be distinguished, it was equally impracticable to do anything with the chain on the range, for the bights of it would have either knocked the brains out of anyone getting near them, or have caught and carried him to certain death upon the windlass.

“March had at once occupied himself in throwing swabs, coils of rope, and everything he could snatch, down upon the windlass ; but, so far, nothing had held for a moment, and the situation was becoming very serious. Fortunately, the weather was perfectly fine and the sea smooth. The topsails had been loosed, but were not sheeted home, and the ship drifted slowly without steerage-way. The second mate, who had been aft looking after the men who were aloft making sail, now came running forward, looking half-scared ; and, at first, I and others thought he was going to jump on the cable on the range, with the desperate and foolish idea of stopping it. A dozen voices, however, shouted warnings to him, and he stopped short, just in time. Then a thought seemed to strike him, and he ran up the ladder leading on to the top-gallant fore-castle, and, going to the break

of the fore-castle, right over the windlass, stooped down, and began to fumble with a roll of matting which was lashed there for occasional use in protecting the fore-stays, evidently intending to throw it upon the running cable. It is, perhaps, necessary to remind you that all this, and what followed, occupied a very short space of time. At such critical moments one sees and experiences more in thirty seconds than can afterwards be described in half an hour. The whole scene I am now trying to bring before you did not really take more than two or three—at the most, five—minutes in the acting of it ; but in those few minutes enough happened to give a man food for thought during a lifetime.

“As Norris crouched down on the break of the fore-castle I glanced from him to March, who was standing on the fore-castle within a couple of yards, and in that moment I saw murder come into his mind. I shall never forget the sudden darkening of his face, and the vindictive flash that passed over it, giving him a dreadful look of malignity and fiendish purpose. It said to me as plain as words, ‘Here is my opportunity. I have only to stumble against that kneeling man and he will lose his balance, fall over upon the windlass, and the cable will do the rest.’ So unmistakable was his intention, that I sprang forward to seize him ; but at the same moment the situation changed. March made one step forward ; Norris half rose and moved backwards, away from the break of the fore-castle, at the same time looking up into March’s face. What he saw there he never said, but he started, gave a low cry, and moved to stand up. Simultaneously, March strode towards him, appeared to trip over something, fell forward with his arms extended over Norris’s back, and, before anyone could lift a hand to help him, shot forward, fell abaft the windlass his full length on the flying cable, and——” The captain paused, shuddered, wiped his moist forehead, and continued, with a little hesitation : “Well, it was all over in two seconds. The cable stopped running with a jerk that I thought would have cut the windlass in two ; and we, with white faces and trembling limbs, clapped the compressor on and went to work to unshackle the chain. It was an awful job getting it off the windlass. The poor fellow hadn’t a whole bone left in him, and was disfigured beyond recognition. He had been carried three times round the barrel of the windlass, between the lower part of which and the deck there was not six inches of space. It was a dreadful affair.”

“And so,” we said, after a pause, “your mate’s strange antipathy was, after all, justified by the event.”

“Yes,” said Captain Brundage, thoughtfully; “and there is even more than that in it. Do you see that he really had the most powerful motive for hating Norris—that is, he *would* have had could he have foreseen—as, indeed, he did in a dim kind of way—what was to happen? And not merely because the new second mate was to be the innocent cause of his horrible death, but because he was to be led to that death through the spirit of murder, and was thus to be hurled into eternity with the purpose of the blackest crime upon his soul! I don’t know what you gentlemen may think about it, but the recollection of poor March’s death, and what went before it, always gives me a particularly uncanny feeling. It looks so much as though there had been at work against him an influence which showed positive malignity, and of a kind exceeding that which mere mortals at their worst bear to one another.”

Whether or not we agreed with the captain, his story had impressed us so much that none of us felt disposed to argue the point with him.

WEATHER WISDOM.

If Heaven pleases we shall have snow in January, and the author will stake his reputation that July proves, on the whole, a month of sunshine.

The Pirate.

THE study of atmospheric phenomena, their causes and effects, has in all ages, from motives either of necessity or comfort, been considered part of the important business of life. It was regarded by the ancients as the greatest of the sciences, and was made to embrace, not only meteorology proper, but astronomy and astrology likewise. The Etruscans excelled in the study, and their high priests of thunder and of clouds were important functionaries. The college of priest augurs, founded by the Tarquins, was consulted by all the early mariners of the inland seas. That spirit of curious inquiry for which the Greeks were so distinguished, naturally led them to the investigation of a science that seems to savour so strongly of occultism. The various schools of Roman augurs were largely concerned in the study of weather portents. Even in the Far East the science was not neglected. Frequent allusions to meteorologic signology may be discovered in the Scriptures ; and the earthquake alarum, the most ancient instrument in use among meteorologists, is said to be a Japanese invention. "In the middle ages," says Admiral Fitzroy, in his great weather classic, "meteorologic investigations almost ceased, till Hadley, Haller, and Dampier raised a spirit of inquiry into atmospheric conditions and laws." Since then a host of weather sages has arisen, only the names of whom would more than fill the space afforded me. Towering in the van of this goodly company, the lofty plumes of Franklin, Humboldt, Herschel, Faraday, Dové, Fitzroy are conspicuous. These philosophers have eradicated the merely fanciful element, and placed meteorology on a firm scientific basis. But it is with the folk-lore, and not with the philosophy of weather, that I propose to deal. The research of the logically minded scientist is necessary, but, too often, the result of this research never reaches those whom it most concerns ; the wisdom of the folk is the result of their own observation, handed down, from generation to generation, through the medium of the rhyme and the proverb.

Knowledge so derived is of consequence faulty. The superstitions of the credulous become mixed with the sober sense of the wisely-observant ; but through all there are apparent the traces of an original truthfulness. All superstition has its origin in truth ; it is not a sudden growth ; it is a gradual development, and though the flower be poisonous, the seed, when discovered, is found to be innocuous.

The moon is often appealed to as an indicator of the weather, and many are the saws and superstitions referring to her supposed influence.

The appearance of the moon "on her back," that is, with the horns pointing upwards, is looked upon as a sign of fine weather; in this position she is said to hold the water that is imagined to be in her. "The young moon with the old moon in her arms," as the Scotch poet puts it, a phenomenon only observable when the atmosphere is in a state of extreme transparency, is, on the other hand, regarded as a bad sign. Equally so are an apparent multiplication of the moon's horns, lunar rainbows, and "false moons."

When the lower horn of the new moon is sullied, foul weather is said to be imminent in the first quarter ; an apparent murkiness in the arc of the new moon foretells bad weather at the full, and if the upper horn be foul storms may be expected at the wane.

A golden ring around the moon is said to prognosticate bad weather. Longfellow refers to this :

Last night the moon had a golden ring,
But to-night no moon we see.

A Spanish proverb says, "The moon with a circle brings water in her beak." Another Spanish maxim declares that "The circle of the moon never filled a pond, but the circle of the sun wets a shepherd." The wane of the moon is supposed to be the wettest quarter.

When the moon is in the wane
Do not scatter any grain.

If a black mist occur in the new moon, there will be rain in the old, and *vice versa*. The new moon not appearing till the fourth day of her course is said to presage a wet month. The atmospheric conditions of the remainder of the lunation were, for long, supposed to depend on whether the moon changed before or after midnight.

The state of the weather during the first quarter is said to be an indication of the meteorologic conditions of the remaining three quarters. This belief is, at any rate, as old as Virgil. In the *Georgics* he says :

But four nights old, for that's the surest sign,
 With sharpened horns if glorious then she shine,
 Next day, not only that, but all the moon,
 Till her revolving race be wholly run,
 Are void of tempests both by land and sea.

Herschel mentions a certain French marshal who so firmly believed in this theory, that in planning any military expedition, where success was dependent on the weather, his operations were entirely governed by it.

The following Latin doggerel embodies the belief :

Primus, secundus, tertius, nullus,
 Quartus, aliquis,
 Quintus, sextus, qualis
 Tota luna talis.

A dreadful jumble surely, but meaning, probably, that the first, second, and third days indicate nothing ; the fourth not much, but if any particular sort of weather continue until the fifth or sixth day, such will be the meteorologic conditions for the whole of the lunation.

Gilliat's advice to the Guernsey farmers in " *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* " is nearly identical in theory : " If the weather on the sixth day of the new moon is like that of the fourth or of the fifth day, it will be the same nine times out of twelve in the first case, and eleven times out of twelve in the second, throughout the month."

Modern scientists have demonstrated the fallacy of this belief, and yet the majority of the " weather charts " appearing in various almanacs are based on this principle.

Claudius Ptolemy makes some curious observations on this head :

The moon's course is to be carefully observed at the third day before or after her conjunction with the new moon, her opposition and her intermediate quarters ; for if she then shine thin and clear, with no other phenomena about her, she indicates serenity ; but if she appears thin and red, and have her whole illuminated part visible, and in a state of vibration, she portends winds from the quarter of her latitude and declination ; and if she appears dark, or pale and thick, she threatens storms and showers. All halos formed around the moon should also be observed, for if there appears one only, bright and clear, and decaying by degrees, it promises serene weather ; but if two or three appear, tempests are indicated ; and if they seem reddish and broken, they threaten tempests with violent and boisterous winds ; if dark and thick they foreshow storms and snow ; if pale, or black and broken, tempests with wind and snow, both ; and whenever a great number appear, storms of greater fury are portended.

A moon that changes on a Saturday is, by the Sussex people, regarded as a very ominous affair. They have a saying :

A Saturday moon,
 If it comes once in seven years,
 Comes too soon.

That is, if the new moon happen on a Saturday, "look out for squalls." Statistics prove that a Saturday moon is by no means an abnormal occurrence, and that it is not followed by more than usually severe weather. Whence arose so mistaken a belief?

In Worcestershire they say, "If the moon change on a Sunday there will be a flood before the month is out." The appearance of the stars is likewise held to indicate the character of forthcoming meteorologic conditions. Shooting stars foretell wet.

Before tempestuous winds arise,
The stars seem falling from the skies.

More than usually twinkling stars denote the coming of bad weather. When the stars appear bigger than usual rain is imminent. Pale rayless stars are a prognostic of foul weather.

Much weather wisdom is to be derived from the appearance of rainbows.

A rainbow in the morning,
Is the shepherd's warning ;
A rainbow at night,
Is the shepherd's delight.

The author of a book called "Spring Tide," now out of print, gives another—a Wiltshire version—of this rhyme :

The rainbow in th' marnin'
Gies the shepherd warnin'
To car' his girt cwoat on his back ;
The rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight,
For then no girt cwoat will he lack.

The Germans have a saying almost identical with the above :

Regenbogen am Morgen
Macht dem Schäfer Sorgen ;
Regenbogen am Abend
Ist dem Schäfer labend.

After a long drought, the rainbow is a sign of rain. After much wet, a rainbow foretells a favourable change. "A rainbow at noon, heavy rain soon." "If the green of the rainbow is particularly brilliant, it is a sign of rain." "If the red colour be the most distinct, there will be wind and rain together." "More than one rainbow appearing at a time indicate heavy rain in a few days." "Sun-dogs," *i.e.*, fragments of rainbows on detached clouds, are a sign of rain. The rapid disappearance of the rainbow foretells fine

weather. The rhyme about the rainbow quoted above is sometimes varied, and made to read :

A red sky in the morning,
Gives the shepherd warning ;
A red sky at night,
Is the shepherd's delight.

Reference is made to this observation in the 14th chapter of Matthew : " In the morning ye say, it will be foul weather to-day for the sky is red and lowering. When it is evening ye say, it will be fair weather to-day for the sky is red." Virgil says :

For if he rise unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow, and spots upon his face, . . .
Suspect a drizzly day with southern rains.

If fiery red his glowing globe descends,
High winds and furious tempests he portends.

There are a number of other sayings that bear witness to the truth of this observation :

If red the sun begins his race,
Be sure that rain will fall apace.

Evening red and morning grey,
Let the traveller on his way ;
Evening grey and morning red,
Bring down rain upon his head.

If the sun in red should set,
The next day will be free from wet ;
If the sun should set in grey,
The next will be a rainy day.

The French have a saying—

Evening red and morning grey,
The pilgrim's song is light and gay.

And again—

Rouge rosée au matin,
C'est beau pour le pèlerin.

In Spain they say, "A red sun has water in his eye," and "Red clouds in the east, rain next day."

What is scientifically known as *cirrus* clouds, popularly, "a mackerel sky," betokens wind and rain.

Mackerels' scales and mares' tails
Make lofty ships carry low sails.

When the clouds assume vast fantastical shapes, rain is at hand :

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,
The earth's refreshed with sudden showers.

When the clouds hang low over the hills, rain may be looked for.
In Worcestershire they say :

When Bredon hill puts on his hat,
Ye men of the vale beware of that.

The Borderlanders have a saying nearly identical :

When Cheevyut yer see put on his cap,
Of rain ye'll have a wee bit drap.

And in "The Heart of Midlothian," a certain Cumbrian observes to old Gaffer Tramp, "Ay, ay, when a Sarkfoot wife gets on her broomstick, the dames of Allonby are ready to mount, just as sure as the by-word gangs o' the hills :

If Skiddaw hath a cap,
Criffel wots full weel of that."

There is a sort of rolling cloud that hovers sometimes for days together over the hill tops in the north, and is variously known as the "helm" cloud, the "holm" cloud, and the "helmet" cloud. When it appears the country people say "the helm is up," and it is regarded as the certain forerunner of bad weather. "A smiling cloud in the equinox is a tempest in silk and velvet," says Victor Hugo.

Of the wind it is said :

Every wind has its weather ;
Every weather has its wind.

The West wind always brings wet weather,
The East wind wet and cold together,
The South wind surely brings no rain,
The North wind blows it back again.

If the rain comes before the wind,
Lower your topsails and take them in ;
If the wind comes before the rain,
Soon you may make sail again.

When the wind is in the East,
'Tis good for neither man nor beast.

"Should a man fill his belly with East wind?" Job inquires.

An Eastern wind carrieth water in his hand.

The North wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow.

When ye see the South wind blow, ye say, there will be heat, and it cometh to pass.

The south or south-west wind was anciently supposed to bear disease upon its wings. Caliban's curse on Prospero was, "a south-west blow on ye, and blister you all o'er."

When the wind veers against the sun,
Trust it not, for back 'twill run.

Malo viento torna contra el sol.

The wind goeth towards the South, and turneth about the North; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuit.

The Book of Job contains many shrewd remarks about the wind :

Out of the South cometh the whirlwind ; and cold out of the North.

He quieteth the earth with the South wind.

Fair weather cometh out of the North.

The North wind driveth away rain.

Many are the legends and superstitions connected with the wind. Sailors "whistle for a wind," says Sir Walter Scott.

Seamen love to hear and tell
Of portent prodigy and spell ;
What gales are sold on Lapland's shore,
How whistle rash bids tempests roar.

And in a note he tells a story of the ghost of a certain Mrs. Leaky, who "would blow with a whistle, and though it were never so great a calm, yet immediately there would arise a most dreadful storm that would break, wreck, and drown ships and goods." Early in the present century there lived an old woman in the village of Stromness who drove a profitable trade as a vendor of winds to mariners ; her fee was sixpence, and for this small consideration she undertook to raise whatever wind her client might require. The Laplanders are also known to trade in winds ; the custom is referred to in the passage from "Rokeby" quoted above.

Ericus, King of Sweden, had a cap of marvellous properties ; which way soever he turned it, forthwith a wind would blow from that particular quarter.

According to an eastern fable referred to in the 21st and 38th chapters of the Koran, Solomon had the control of the winds. The northern Sagas give the empire of the winds to their Trolld and Haims. It is a matter of pious belief with many people to-day that Satan is literally the "prince of the power of the air," and that the winds blow only where he listeth. The worship of the winds was a distinct feature in the religion of the ancients. Homer mentions

only the four *venti cardinales*, but the early Roman hierarchy included quite a number of wind-gods. Of these Eolus was the chief. Subordinate to him were Eurus, the east wind ; Auster or Notus, the south wind ; Zephyrus, the west wind ; Boreas or Aquilo, the north wind ; Africus, the south-west wind ; Volturnus, the south-east wind ; Corus, the north-west wind ; and the Auræ, or air nymphs. The Greeks call the winds Aquilous ; by the Jews they are known as the Keroubims ; the Indians refer to them as the Marouts.

The old idea was that the winds arise out of the sea. Pliny says that the south wind rises from the bottom of the ocean, and the north-east from the surface ; and in the wild Norwegian "Song of the Tempest" the same idea is expressed :

Thou hast closed thy wide wings at her bidding,
My blessing be on thy retiring path !
When thou stoopest from thy place on high,
Soft be thy slumbers in the caverns of the unknown ocean,
Rest till destiny shall again awaken thee.

There is a rain charm familiar to all children, but for the efficacy of which I am not prepared to vouch :

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day.

And another :

Rain, rain faster,
Or else I'll tell your master.

I think, if I remember rightly, these charms are supposed to act backward ; if rain is desired the first couplet must be repeated, if not, the second. In Northamptonshire they say :

Rain before seven,
Fine before eleven.

It is a matter of firm belief among country people all over England that if it rain on a Friday it will also rain on the following Sunday, and the reverse. A French adage declares "Quel est Vendredi tel Dimanche." In Hull and thereabouts they say :

Happy the bride the sun shines on ;
Blessed the corpse the rain falls on.

"A dry year never beggars the master," say the French. "Dearth under water, bread under snow" is an Italian proverb. "If it rain during the mornings of spring it will also rain during the evenings of autumn." "A dry spring brings a rainy autumn." "Neither give credit to a clear winter nor a cloudy spring." "When there is

spring in winter and winter in spring the year is never good." "If it set in wet between eleven and twelve it will be wet for the rest of the day." "Midday is the critical period of the twenty-four hours."

Night rains
Make drowned fens.

Temps qui se fait beau la nuit
Dure peu quand le jour luit.

That is

If the weather clears at night,
'Twill not last long after morning light.

Sudden rain
Soon gone again.

"Cold wind after rain brings more rain." "Beware of the tempest that has been long in coming."

Long warning, long last ;
Short notice, soon past.

"The calm goes before the storm." "Anguille sous roche." "Three mornings of frost will be followed by three mornings of rain." "Bearded frost is the forerunner of snow." "A year of snow is a year of plenty." A crackling fire foretells frost. Blue flames in the fire are said to indicate frost.

The author of "The Shepherd of Banbury's Rules," whoever he may have been (the question is involved in doubt), gives a very quaint explanation of the causes of lightning and thunder. Says he: "The matter which produces the fire is the oil of plants, attenuated by the heat of day and raised on high. Then whatever has exhaled from the earth that is sulphurous or oily, which is dispersed up and down the atmosphere, and is not continuous, is set on fire by turns, and the flame dilates itself as far as the tract of that exhalation reaches. Some other substance pendant and floating in the air meets with this also, with which it excites effervescence, takes fire, and flashes along with it. Thunder is another bright flame, rising on a sudden, moving with great velocity through the air, according to any determination upward from the earth, horizontally, obliquely, downwards in a straight line, or in several right lines as it were in serpentine tracts formed at various angles, and commonly ending with a loud noise or rattling."

In Essex there is a saying :

Winter thunder and summer flood
Bode England no good.

Winter thunder is very generally regarded as a most ominous occurrence.

Winter thunder
Poor man's death, rich man's hunger.
Winter thunder,
A summer's wonder.

“Expect more lightning in summer and autumn than in spring and winter.” “It thunders most when the wind blows from the south ; least from the east ; and very seldom with northerly winds.” “When thunder redoubles its peals it is nearing its conclusion.” The belief exists in Hampshire that “swans are always hatched in a thunderstorm.”

There are several saws referring to the barometer.

When the glass falls low,
Prepare for a blow ;
When it has risen high,
Let all your kites fly.

When rise begins after low,
Squalls expect and clear blow.

First rise after very low
Indicates a stronger blow.

Large fires are in many parts believed to bring down rain. This belief has probably a degree of scientific truth. In America it has been observed that after a large forest or prairie fire rain has invariably followed almost immediately. In the Highlands of Scotland, where the farmers burn the heather during the spring season, this belief is very generally entertained. There is in existence a letter written by the third Earl of Pembroke to the sheriff of Stafford, in which it is stated that “His Majesty taking notice of an opinion entertained in Staffordshire that the burning of Ferne doth draw downe rain, and being desirous that the country and himself may enjoy fair weather as long as he remains in these parts, his Majesty hath commanded me to write unto you to cause all burning of Ferne to bee forborne untill his Majesty has passed.”

There are a number of sayings that relate to the months :

If the grass grows in Janiveer,
It grows the worse for 't all the year.

January and February
Fill or empty the granary.

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

“A wet January is not so good for corn, but not so bad for cattle,” say they of Portugal. And here is another Portuguese proverb: “January blossoms fill no man’s cellar.”

The Welchman had rather see his dame on the bier
Than to see a wet Februeer.

“If February is dry there is neither good corn nor good hay.”

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

“A bushel of March dust is worth a king’s ransom.”

March wind, April showers,
Bring forth May flowers.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

“March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb.” “If the last eighteen days of February and first ten days of March be rainy, the spring and summer quarters will be rainy too.” “When it thunders in March we may cry alas!” the French proverb says. “As March hasteneth, all the humours feel it,” say the Italians. “When March thunders, tools and arms get rusty,” a Portuguese maxim avers.

“He that freely lops in March will get his lap full of fruit.” “A dry cold March never begs bread.” “A wet March makes a sad autumn.” “A March sun sticks like a flock of wool,” is a Spanish saying. “Expect less rain from March to September than from September to March.”

When April blows his horn,
It’s good for both hay and corn.

In April Dove’s flood,
Is worth a king’s good.

A cold April is a sign
Of much bread and little wine,

the Spanish vinegrowers say ; but the Portuguese declare that “A cold April brings bread and wine in plenty.”

April and May are
The keys of the year.

(Spanish.)

A cool and moist April fills the cellar and fattens the cow.

(Portuguese.)

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

A May flood never did good.

A cold May and a windy
Makes a full barn and a findy.

The fault that January does commit,
Unhappy May must smart for it.

(Italian.)

A windy May makes a fair year.

(Portuguese.)

Who mows in May
Has neither fruit nor hay.

In May an east-lying field is worth wain and oxen ; in July oxen and the yoke.

(Portuguese.)

A dry March, a snowy February, a moist April, and a dry May presage a
good year. *(French.)*

A cold January, a feverish February, a dusty March, a weeping April, a
windy May, presage a good year and a gay. *(French.)*

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay ;
But a swarm in July
Is not worth a fly.

Pure June rain water is superstitiously supposed to be good for
sore eyes. "No rain in June, the wheat will turn white, have a care
of blight," was a hint by Gilliat to the Guernsey farmers in "The
Toilers of the Sea."

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and jelly flowers ;

In August ask for neither olives,
Chestnuts, nor acorns.

(Italian.)

Dry August and warm
Doth harvest no harm.

When it rains in August it rains wine and honey.

(Spanish.)

August rain gives honey, wine, and saffron.

(Portuguese.)

August bears the burden, September the fruit.

September dries up wells or breaks down bridges.

Preserve your fodder in September and your cow will fatten.

September blow soft
Till the fruit's in the loft.

A good October and a good blast
To blow the hog acorn and mast.

In October dung your field,
And your land its wealth shall yield.

Dull November brings the blast,
Autumn leaves are falling fast.

If the latter end of October and the beginning of November be for the most part warm and rainy, then January and February will be frosty and cold.

If there be snow in October and November, January and February will be open and mild.

None in August should over the land ; in December none over the sea.

(Portuguese.)

From a work on the folk-lore of Bayeaux, edited by Frederic Pluquet, and published at Rouen in 1834, I extract the following :

Février emplit les fosses,
Mars les sèche.

That is—

February fills the ditches,
March dries them.

Février qui donne neige,
Bel été nous plège,

meaning that “snow in February is the pledge of a fine summer.”

Pluie de Février
Vaut jus fumier.

Mars martelle,
Avril coutelle,

which, alluding to the rough winds of March and the keen winds of April, means :

March hammers,
April cuts.

Nul Avril
Sans épi.

“No April without corn.”

Avril le doux
Quand il se fâche, le pis de tout.

Rendered thus :

When April the sweet becomes severe
It is the worst of all the year.

Froid Mai et chaud Juin
Donnent pain et vin.

A cold May and a hot June
Gives bread and wine.

En Juignet
La faucille au poignet.

In July
The sickle to the wrist.

The superstitions referring to particular days are also very

numerous. The legend of St. Swithin is an example that will occur to everyone :

St. Swithin's Day if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain ;
St. Swithin's Day if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

St. Swithin, Bishop of Winchester, according to the author of "The Popular Antiquities," was "a man equally noted for uprightness and humility. So far did he carry the latter virtue, that on his death-bed he requested to be buried, not within the church, but outside the churchyard on the north of the sacred building, where his corpse might receive the eaves-droppings from the roof, and his grave be trodden by the feet of passers-by. His lowly request was complied with, and in this neglected spot his remains reposed till about one hundred years afterwards, when a fit of pious indignation seized the clergy at the fact that the body of so holy a member of their order was allowed to occupy such a position, and on an appointed day they all assembled to convey it with great pomp to the adjoining cathedral of Winchester. When they were about to commence the ceremony, a heavy rain burst forth, and continued without intermission for the forty succeeding days. The monks interpreted this tempest as a warning from heaven of the blasphemous nature of their attempt to contravene the direction of St. Swithin, and instead of disturbing his remains, they erected a chapel over his grave." "St. Swithin is christening the apples," is the more poetical way of describing St. Swithin's rain.

A similar belief is connected with St. Medard's Day in France. They say :

S'il pleut le jour Saint Médard,
Il pleuvra quarante jours plus tard.

The legend of St. Medard is a rather poetical one. He was overtaken, one day, by a heavy fall of rain which threatened to thoroughly drench him, when a large eagle appeared, and by hovering over his head with outstretched wings served the purpose of an umbrella. A similar character is ascribed to St. Gervais' Day :

Quand il pleut à la Saint-Gervais,
Il pleut quarante jours après.

Another version of this rhyme couples the name of St. Protais with that of St. Gervais :

S'il pleut le jour de Saint Gervais et de Saint Protais,
Il pleut quarante jours après.

They say the same in Belgium of St. Godelieve's Day ; and in Germany the day of the "Seven Sleepers" is likewise distinguished.

Candlemas, or Purification Day, is an important day in the calendar of the superstitious.

When the wind's in the east on Candlemas Day,
There it will stick till the second of May.

Sir Thomas Browne in his "Vulgar Errors" quotes the following Latin couplet :

Si sol splendescat Maria Purificante
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante,

which may be translated thus :

If the sun shine on Candlemas, be sure
More ice succeeds the feast than went before.

Forby, in his "Vocabulary of East Anglia," describes this as "an old monkish rhyme."

A correspondent in a back number of "Notes and Queries" gives several Candlemas proverbs stated to be in use among the country people of Norfolk :

On Candlemas Day if the sun shine clear,
The shepherd had rather see his wife on the bier.

The farmer should have on Candlemas Day
Half his stover and half his hay.

"Stover," it may be necessary to explain, is a sort of second-class winter forage frequently used for litter or bedding. Spenser makes use of the word in the "Shepherd's Calendar."

At Candlemas
Cold comes to us.

Candlemas Day the good housewife s geese lay,
Valentine yours and mine.

You should on Candlemas Day
Throw candle and candlestick away,

daylight being sufficient by that time.

When Candlemas Day is come and gone,
The snow won't lay on a hot stone.

"That is," explains the correspondent above alluded to, "the sun by Candlemas having too much power for the snow to lie long unthawed."

The Germans have a couple of maxims that serve to illustrate how general is the belief that fine weather on Candlemas Day is followed by a continuance of winter, and that its being foul is, on

the contrary, a good sign : “ The shepherd would rather see the wolf enter his stable on Candlemas Day than the sun.”

“ The badger peeps out of his hole on Candlemas Day, and, when he finds snow, walks abroad ; but if he sees the sun shining he draws back to his hole.”

The following is from the land o’ cakes :

If Candlemas be dry and fair,
The half o’ winter is gone and mair ;
If Candlemas be wet and foul,
The half o’ winter’s gane at Yule.

I add a few others from various sources :

If Candlemas be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight ;
But if it be dark with clouds and rain,
Winter is gone and will not come again.

On Candlemas if the thorns hang a-drop,
Then you will have a good pea crop.

As far as the sun shines on Candlemas Day,
So far will the snow blow in afore old May.

St. Paul’s Day is another of those to which the “ ancient judicious astrologers ” attached a deep significance. There is a Latin quatrain :

Clara dies Pauli bona tempora denotat anni ;
Si nix vel pluvia, designat tempora cara ;
Si fiant nebulæ, pereunt animalia quæque ;
Si fiant venti, designat prælia genti,

which Thomas Passenger rather shakily translates thus :

If St. Paul’s Day be fair and clear,
It promises then a happy year ;
But if it chance to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all sorts of grain ;
Or if the wind do blow aloft,
Great stirs will vex the world full oft ;
And if dark clouds do muff the sky,
Then fowl and cattle oft will die.

I subjoin another translation, which has the quality, if not of greater elegance, at least of greater literal correctness :

A clear St. Paul’s denotes a prosperous year ;
If snow or rain, a season full of care ;
Should clouds appear, then birds and beasts will die,
And flying winds foretell that war is nigh.

I find two other versions of the Latin. The first is signed Richard Hoby, and reads thus :

Clara dies Pauli bona tempora nunciat anni.
 Si fuerint venti, comitatur prœlia genti.
 Si nix aut pluvia, designat tempora rara.
 Si fuerint nebulæ pereunt animalia peste.

To which the pious Hoby, of his own accord, adds :

Bonis et mors et vita dulcia sunt.

R. HOBY.

The other version of the rhyme now before me reads thus :

Clara dies Pauli bona tempora denotat anni.
 Si fuerint nebulæ, pereunt animalia quæque.
 Si fuerint venti, designat prœlia genti.
 Si nix, si pluvia, designat tempora cara.

St. Vincent's Day is another "dies Ægyptiacus."

In France, a clear bright sun on St. Vincent's Day is regarded as an indication of a good wine season. They have a verse in the old provincial language, the last two lines of which run thus :

Que le soleil soiet cler et beau,
 Nous erons du vin plus que l'eau.

translated thus :

If clear and bright the sun does shine,
 Less water shall we have than wine.

A Latin line, referring to this day, contains a rather mysterious admonition :

Vincenti festo, si sol radiet, memor esto !

which Abraham Fleming translates :

Remember on St. Vincent's Day,
 If that the sun his beams display !

The origin of this singular command has been a matter of conjecture to many folk-lorists, but another version of the proverb adds a second line which serves, in a degree, to explain the first :

Vincenti festo, si sol radiet, memor esto ;
 Para tuas cuppas, quia multas colliges uvas.

The French say :

A la Saint-Vincent
 Tout dégèle ou tout fend.

St. Vincent was a Spanish saint, who, surviving various extraordinary experiences—being boiled, &c.—was at length cast into a dungeon, where, according to Alban Butler, he was ministered to by angels ; his gaoler observing, through the chinks of the door, that the prison was filled with light, entered, and was converted to the Christian faith on the spot.

Of Easter Day, the Hertfordshire folks declare

A good deal of rain on Easter Day
Gives a crop of good grass, but little good hay.

Many people believe that "If the sun shines on Easter Day it will shine on Whit Sunday likewise."

Thomas Passenger says, "If the sun shines clear on Palm Sunday or Easter Day, or either of them, there will be great store of fine weather, plenty of corn and other fruits of the earth."

The French proverb says :

A Noël au balcon,
A Pâques les glaçons.

That is to say, that a warm Christmas is followed by a cold Easter. Another proverb bears out the same belief :

A Noël les mouchérons
A Pâques les glaçons.

Other French proverbs declare :

Pâques pluvieux,
An fromenteux.

Also :

Après Pâques et les Rogations,
Fi de prêtres et d'oignons !

Great significance attaches to Christmas. We have old Thomas Passenger's word for it, that "if the sun shines clear and bright on Christmas Day, it promiseth a peaceable year from clamour and strife, and foretells much plenty to ensue ; but if the wind blows stormy towards sunset, it betokeneth sickness in the spring and autumn quarters."

An old English doggrel declares that :

If Christmas Day on a Monday be,
A great winter thou shalt see,
And winds both loud and shrill.

A correspondent in the *Torquay Times* of a very recent date says, with reference to this rhyme, "Experience in past years having taught me the truth of this tradition, I quite expected that this winter we might have a windy and stormy, and also a wild one (*sic*). I have noticed before that winters like the present coincide with Christmas on a Monday." Of other particular days, it is said :

To St. Valentine the spring is neighbour.

"On All Saints' Day there is snow on the ground, on St. Andrew's the night is twice as long as the day."

If the 24th of August be fair and clear,
Then hope for a prosperous harvest that year.

On St. Barnabas Day
The scythe to the hay.

When St. Clement has flown
No more wheat should be sown.

If winter come straight on its way,
You have it at St. Martin's Day ;
If nothing much its course should stay,
You'll have it at St. Clement's Day ;
And should it meet with great delay,
You'll have it on St. Andrew's Day.

A la Saint-George
Sème ton orge.

At Saint Urbain
The wheat bears grain.

When St. Sacrament is near,
The wheat is in the ear.

A la Madeleine
Les noix sont pleines.

If the sun shine at St. Eulalie
Many apples and much cider there will be.

At St. Luce the days be
Like the leaps of a flea.

When Saint Thomas doth befall,
We have the shortest days of all.

“ Look at the weather-cock on Saint Thomas' Day at twelve o'clock, and see which way the wind is, for there it will stick for the next three months.”

From “ The Shepherds' Kalendar : or the Citizen's and Country Man's Daily Companion,” by Thomas Passenger, I extract the following “ observations on remarkable days ” :

If it be lowering or wet on Childermas or Innocence Day it threatens scarcity and mortality among the weaker sort of young people ; but if the day be very fair it promiseth plenty.

If New Year's Day, in the morning, open with murky red clouds, it denotes strifes and debates among great ones, and many robberies to happen that year.

It is remarkable on Shrove Tuesday, that as the sun shine little or more on that day, or as other weather happens, so shall every day participate more or less of such weather till the end of Lent.

If it rains on Ascension Day, though never so little, it foretells a scarcity to ensue that year, and sickness, particularly among cattle ; but if it be fair and pleasant, then to the contrary, and pleasant weather mostly till Michaelmas.

If it happens to rain on Whit Sunday, much thunder and lightning will follow, blasts, mildews, &c.; but if it be fair, great plenty of corn.

If Midsummer Day be never so little rainy, the hazel and walnut will be scarce, corn smitten in many places; but apples, pears, and plums will not be hurt.

If St. Bartholomew Day be misty, the morning beginning with a hoar frost, the cold weather will soon ensue, and a sharp winter, attended with many biting frosts.

If Michaelmas Day be fair, the sun will shine much in the winter, though the wind at North-East will frequently reign long and be very sharp and nipping.

In Portugal the belief is that

Midsummer rain
Spoils wine stock and grain.

It is said that the wind on Palm Sunday will be the wind for the greater part of the ensuing summer.

Popular weather prognostics from flowers, birds, animals, &c., are exceedingly numerous.

When the down of the dandelion becomes moist; when the petals of the pimpernel or "poor man's weather glass," the daisy, and the convolvulus close up in the day time; when the marigold remains shut later than seven o'clock in the morning; when the sow-thistle "goes to sleep" at night; when the stalk of the trefoil swells and stiffens, and the odour of all perfumed flowers becomes more than ordinarily strong, then, and in either of these cases, rain may be expected before very many hours have elapsed. "When the oak comes into leaf before the ash it presages fine weather in the autumn :"

If the oak's before the ash
Then we'll only get a splash;
If the ash precedes the oak,
Then we may expect a soak.

An autumn fruitful in berries is regarded as the forerunner of a hard winter. In Stephen's "Book of the Farm" the following old Saxon rhyme occurs :

Many haws, many snaws;
Many sloes, many cold toes.

Thomas Passenger says : "If in the fall of the leaf in October many of them wither on the bows and hang there it betokens a frosty winter and much snow."

I recur again to my particular friend Gilliat for the following ones :

The ash is in leaf; there will be no frost.

Summer solstice is near ; the thistle is in flower.

The berries are on the wild cherry tree ; distant the full moon.

The French say :

A windy year is a good apple year.

And again—

Plenty May-bugs, plenty apples.

Much weather-wisdom is to be derived from a study of the habits of the “feathered folk.” When insect-feeding birds are more than usually active and fly near the earth ; when swallows chatter and ravens caw, and rooks “play football,” and crows are noisy at night, and geese cackle loudly, and waterfowl dive frequently, and peacocks cry ; when small birds are seen assiduously oiling themselves ; when sea-fowl fly inland ; when cocks crow at mid-day ; when woodpeckers are much heard—beware ! we are going to have a storm. The appearance on our shores of the osprey, the halcyon, the gannet, the kingfisher, and the swan are prognostics of fine weather. At sea the stormy petrel is regarded as the forerunner of the storm. The albatross, to the mariner, is a very fateful bird, and woe to him who kills it ! It is believed to “make the winds to blow.” Coleridge’s “Ancient Mariner” turns entirely on this superstition.

The appearance of a magpie flying abroad singly in the spring time is considered ominous of bad weather.

In Italy they say :

When the cock drinks in summer, expect rain shortly.

Norwich has a saying—

When three daws are seen on St. Peter’s vane together,
Then we are sure to have bad weather.

The habits of animals supply us with many weather signs. When cattle feed with more than usual avidity and then hastily retire to some sheltered place ; when pigs carry straws into their styes ; when the cat washes its face briskly, and puts its paw over its ear, or sits with its back to the fire, or is particularly playful and scampers about with its tail stuck stiffly out ; when dogs smell more than usually “doggy” ; when horses stretch out their necks and snuff up the air and neigh ; when asses bray loudly and repeatedly ; when cattle keep looking into the air, or low more frequently than usual, or are seen to lie on their right side and look towards the south and lick their hoofs ; when sheep huddle together with their tails to the wind and bleat, then rain may be looked for shortly. It is said that “Pigs can see the wind.” If a cat’s coat crackles and sparkles when stroked,

frost is in the air. Even insects and vermin are conscious of approaching changes in the weather. Before rain, snails and worms crawl abroad ; flies swarm indoors and cling to the ceiling ; gnats appear in swarms and are very troublesome ; wasps and hornets "get bad-tempered," and sting frequently ; bees swarm into the hive and will not stir forth again ; frogs croak importunately, especially in the night ; moles throw up the earth more than usually ; beetles, crickets and grasshoppers become noisy, and the spider retires to its web and draws up the threads as tightly as possible.

It is said in some parts, that if you kill a beetle it is sure to rain. A lot of floating cobwebs in the air is the forerunner of south winds. When spiders crawl about the roads, rain is not far off. The appearance of sun beetles, otherwise "soldiers" or "bloodsuckers," denotes fine weather. When leeches remain low down in the water, settled fine may be expected. It is impossible, say country people, to kill a snake in the day time ; they never die till the sun goes down.

Many of the foregoing weather signs are reiterated in Captain Gertrai's advice to Captain Clubin, which will be familiar to readers of fiction :

The hair on the dog's coat felt damp for the last two nights ; the sea birds have been flying round the lighthouse lantern—a thoroughly bad sign ; I have a storm-glass, too, which gives good advice now and then. The moon is in her second quarter, and the bulb of the thermometer is damp. I noticed some pimpernels with their leaves shut, and a field of clover with the stalks quite stiff. The worms are coming out of the ground to-day, the flies bite, the bees will not leave the vicinity of their hives, the sparrows are chirping to one another. We can hear the sound of bells a long way off. I heard the bells of St. Lunaire ring the angelus, and the sunset was thoroughly bad. There will be a heavy fog to-morrow, and I advise you to keep in port.

I have not space to quote Dr. Jenner's clever rhymes on the signs of foul weather, nor Virgil's

Certain signs whereby we may presage,
Of heats and rains and winds' impetuous rage.

I have been betrayed into too great lengths already. Let him who would be weather wise, not simply read and take for granted, but adopt Fitzroy's advice, and combine his observation with such indications as he may obtain from instruments, and he will find that the more accurately the two sources of fore-knowledge are combined, the more satisfactory their result will prove.

PERCIVAL H. W. ALMY.

IN THE HALLS OF THE CECILS.

I BELIEVE," says Lockhart in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," "that if the history of any one family in upper or middle life could be faithfully written, it might be as generally interesting, and as permanently useful, as that of any nation, however great and renowned." As applied to the illustrious family of Cecil, the truth of this observation would be illustrated in a striking degree. Among her titled families England can point to few more illustrious than that of Cecil. The name is a name which carries with it the evidence of its genuine nobility. There are others which can claim an older standing in the realm, there are others which may point to the trophies that were won in times of war and strife, there are others which can proclaim the boast of heraldry and the pomp of power. The Cecils, on the other hand, have had little concern with such things as these, meritorious though they be. To command the applause of listening senates, to defend the cause of civil and religious liberty against tyrants and bigots, to promote the physical and moral good of their species—these have ever been their primary objects and their aims. It is not, however, so much of the family that we intend to speak in this paper as of their magnificent ancestral abode, which upon all who participate in an Englishman's fondness for the relics of a glorious past possesses many claims to attention. It is at once striking to the eye and to the mind. Its situation is bold and picturesque. A mass of historical associations, extending for centuries backwards, hovers over it like a perpetual canopy. For the sense of material enjoyment, for the combination of splendour, luxury, and refinement in its internal arrangements, for its heritage of pictures, busts, decorations, hangings, china, where shall we find the equal of this famous house, the secondary, if not the primary, glory of the county of Hertford? No fewer than seven centuries have run their course since Hatfield became a place of note, and during those seven centuries its destinies have been successively swayed by the crown, the mitre, and the coronet.

A pleasant run of some nineteen miles through a tract of pretty, fertile, and undulating country brings the pilgrim to the Hatfield Station of

the Great Northern Railway. A visit to the locality is like going back into bygone days. The town still retains the very moderate dimensions and the quiet air of one that has grown up under the protection of the great house, and of the great family of the house. Other towns which originated in the same circumstances have been caught by the impulse of modern commerce, and of modern manufacture. They have grown into huge, bustling, noisy cities, in which the old landmarks and the old castle have either vanished or have been swallowed up, and stand, as if in superannuated amazement, in the midst of a people and a type of buildings with which they feel that they possess not the slightest affinity. When, however, the stranger enters Hatfield he can still feel that he is entering an ancient town. He finds it as it has presented itself to his imagination. He finds it still quaint, grey, and timeworn. As he moves along through the streets he finds nothing to disturb his ideas of what it was centuries since. The picturesque whitewashed houses with their gable ends facing the street, and their one overhanging solar or sunny chamber might without much effort carry the imagination back to the England of the days of the Tudors, when stone was still confined to ecclesiastical edifices and baronial halls, and when red brick denoted the luxurious and the degenerate. In the quaint principal thoroughfare, appropriately denominated the High Street, the eye may still rest on simple old-fashioned abodes which stood there in the days when the name of Cecil rang through the land as one of its greatest names. On reaching the top of the street the ancient parish church, erected long before the Norman invasion, is seen lifting its spire to heaven on one side, and the "Salisbury Arms" on the other.

The importance of Hatfield arose in days long before William, Duke of Normandy, landed on our shores. A reference to that invaluable record of territorial possessions, the Domesday Book, the compilation of which was one of the few acts for which the antiquary will ever bless the memory of the first of the Norman kings, shows that in Anglo-Saxon times Hatfield, under the name of Hetfelde (probably "cleared heath," or "field"), belonged to the abbot and monks of Ely, to whom it had been granted by Edgar in the times of that renowned ecclesiastic, Dunstan.¹ At the time of the Domesday survey, which was completed in the year 1086, it was found that the manor consisted of forty hides, or between three and four thousand acres, which were distributed in varying proportions into arable, wood, meadow, and pasture, besides pannage for two thousand hogs. The population consisted of a parish priest,

¹ *Domesday Book*, Bawden ed.

eighteen villanes, eighteen bordais—that is to say, yeomen who drove twenty ploughs—besides a dozen cottagers and six bondmen. Near at hand, a little band of Benedictine monks, in quiet cloisters and peaceful gardens, cultivated the arts of peace and meditated on things divine and human. Here, while one of the brethren busied himself in copying the maxims of Seneca, and another in meditating the Enchiridion of Epictetus, a third, possessed of artistic tastes, illuminated a martyrology or carved a crucifix, and a fourth, who desired to unlock the secrets of nature, examined the properties of minerals and of plants.

In the year 1109 the rich Abbey of Ely was converted by Henry I. into an episcopal see. Hatfield forthwith became an episcopal residence, and was known as Bishop's Hatfield. Several occupants of the See of Ely breathed their last at Hatfield, but there is nothing to prove that any were interred there. One exception, however, there was, he being Louis de Luxemburg, Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen, who, dying in September 1443, bequeathed his entrails to Hatfield Church, and the remaining portions of his body to other localities, a bequest which, strange as it may seem, was yet the practice of the times. For more than one hundred rolling years after this event the bishops of Ely continued to make Hatfield their residence. Full of moving accidents and hairbreadth escapes were those times for Merry England. Occupying a prominent position on what was then the Great North Road to and from the capital, the denizens of Hatfield often witnessed many a stirring scene, when in the fifteenth century all England was plunged in the throes of that mighty struggle which took place between the rival houses of York and Lancaster in their pretensions to the throne. The battle of Barnet was fought on April 14, 1471, and destroyed the greatness of the house of Neville. A considerable number of the slain and wounded were borne into the adjacent villages and hamlets on that disastrous day. Hatfield was one of those villages, and it may be taken for granted that if the villagers were indisposed to take pity upon their sufferings, the good monks were not slow to minister to the necessities of the sick and dying, and to bind up their wounds.

In 1478, the fifth year of the reign of King Henry VII., the learned John Morton was elevated to the See of Ely, and at once set himself to the congenial task of rebuilding and adorning the ancient residence of his predecessors at Hatfield, a task which occupied him the best part of eight years.¹ In 1486 Morton was translated to the archiepiscopal See of Canterbury, and Dr. Nicholas

¹ Godwyn's *Lives of the Bishops*.

West was nominated his successor at Ely. Under his *régime* the palace became a frequent resort of royalty and of nobles, and among other noteworthy events which occurred there may be mentioned the birth of Lady Frances Brandon, daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Mary, Queen of France, on the morning of July 17, 1517. Some days later the baptismal ceremony was performed in Hatfield Parish Church, and very imposing it must have been. The road was strewed with rushes. The church porch was hung with rich cloth of gold and needlework. The church itself was adorned with tapestry representing the story of Holofernes and Hercules. Silken and golden tapestry adorned the chancel, and rich cloth of tissue, covered with images, relics, and jewels, overspread the altar. Lady Boleyn and Lady Grey respectively represented the Queen (Katharine) and the Princess Mary. The Abbot of St. Albans stood as godfather. The font was hung with a canopy of crimson cloth powdered with roses, one half of which were red and the other half white, and having also the sun shining and the gold *fleur de lys*, as well as the French Queen's arms, all wrought in needlework. On the road to church eighty torches were borne by yeomen, and eight by gentlemen. The covered basin was borne by one gentleman, the taper by a second, the chrism by a third. The young lady was carried by Mrs. Dorothy Verney, assisted by Lord Powis and Sir Roger Pilston, who were accompanied by sixty ladies and gentlemen, several prelates, and the domestic chaplains.¹

Bishop West dying in 1534, the ownership of Hatfield House again changed hands. Bluff King Hal, on appointing Dr. Thomas Goodrich, Canon of St. Stephen's, Westminster, to the See of Ely, effected an exchange of it for some Crown lands of very inconsiderable value in the North of England. Hatfield now became the residence of the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards that bright occidental star, Queen Elizabeth of most happy memory, who there grew from infancy to youth under the watchful eye of her most excellent preceptor, Roger Ascham, to whose instructions she was indebted for that remarkable knowledge of the Latin, French, and Italian languages which astonished and delighted her age. From the King, her sister Mary, and her brother Edward, Elizabeth received frequent visits during her sojourn at Hatfield, and it was there, in 1547, while Edward was paying one of his visits, that intelligence reached them of their father's death. After the accession of Edward to the throne, Elizabeth quitted Hatfield for a season, but in 1549 she returned to

¹ *Calendar of State Papers: Henry VIII.* ii. p. 1108.

resume her studies under the direction of Ascham, and during the following year full possession of the manor was granted to her by her brother. Edward VI. departed this life in 1553, and his sister Mary ascended the throne. Elizabeth's decided anti-Roman attitude naturally proved a stumbling-block to her sister, who caused her to be removed from Hatfield to the royal palace at Ashridge, in Buckinghamshire. When the rising headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt broke out, she was committed to the care of Sir Thomas Pope at Hatfield. This transition occurred about the time that Sir Thomas Pope was erecting the munificent foundation which subsequently came to be known as Trinity College in the University of Oxford, an undertaking in which Elizabeth, it seems, constantly evinced a lively interest. Writing from Hatfield in 1556 to the president of his new college, Sir Thomas said: "The Princess Elizabeth, whom I serve here, often asketh me about the course I have devysed for my schollers, and that part of mine estantes respectinge studie I have shown to her, which she likes well. She is not only gracious, but most learned, as ye right well know."¹ While the Princess continued to reside at Hatfield, she was frequently permitted to embark on pleasure excursions, and to pay her respects at Court, being always attended in a manner which accorded with her exalted station. Nor did the worthy Sir Thomas Pope deem it inconsistent with his important charge to entertain the Princess with some of the prevalent pastimes, even at the risk of offending his royal mistress. At Shrovetide, 1556, we are told that "Sir Thomas Pope made for the Ladie Elizabeth, all at his owne costes, a greate and rich maskinge in the Greate Halle at Hatfield, wher the pageaunts were marvellously finished. There were thar twelve minstrels antickly disguised, with forty-six or more gentlemen and ladies, many of them knights or nobles and ladies of honor, apparelled in crimson sattin embrothered uppon with wrethes of golde and garnished with bordures of hanging perle. And the devise of a castell of clothe of golde, sette with pomegranates about the battlements, with shields of knights hanging therefrom, and six knights in rich harneis turneyed. At night the cuppoard in the Halle was of twelve stages, mainlie furnished with garnish of gold and silver vessul and a banquet of seventie dishes, and after a voidee of spices and suttleties with thirty spyse plates. And the next day the play of Holofernes. But the Queen percasse mysliked these folleries, as by her letters to Sir Thomas Pope hit did appear, and so these disguisings were ceased."² In April 1557 the

¹ Warton's *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, p. 91.

² *Cotton MSS. Brit. Mus.: Vitellius, f. 5.*

Princess was visited by her sister at Hatfield, and on that occasion the stately apartment which was known as "The great chamber" was adorned with a sumptuous suit of tapestry, called "The Hanginge of the Siege of Antioch," and after supper had concluded a play was performed by the choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral.¹ The four last years of Queen Mary's reign, which the Princess Elizabeth passed at Hatfield, constituted the most agreeable portion of her time during that turbulent period, seeing that she was not only allowed perfect liberty, but was treated with every respect that was due to her high birth and expectations. In the interim she employed herself principally in performing on the virginal, in embroidering with gold and silver, in reading Greek, in translating Italian, and in continuing to profess the character which her amiable brother Edward gave her when he called her his "sweet sister Temperance." But she was soon to exchange the seclusion of Hatfield for a life of unparalleled magnificence and prosperity. Queen Mary died at St. James's Palace, Westminster, on Thursday, November 17, 1558, and during the course of the same day, as the Princess Elizabeth was sitting beneath the celebrated oak-tree which is still associated with her name in the garden at Hatfield, she learned from a courier the tidings of her own accession to the throne of this realm. On the following Saturday the new Queen left Hatfield, "being met," as the old chronicler Stow tells us, "by the bishops at Highgate, who, kneeling, acknowledged their alleageance, which shee very graciously accepted, giving to every one of them her hand to kisse." It does not appear that Queen Elizabeth often resided at her old home during her long reign, but it is certain that she visited it when on her progress into Essex in 1568.

There is now a blank in the annals of Hatfield House until we reach the period of the accession of James I. to the imperial throne. Queen Elizabeth, to the sorrow of the nation, breathed her last at Richmond on March 24, 1603. Her will was read publicly by Sir Robert Cecil, second son of Lord Burghley, Elizabeth's favourite and Lord High Treasurer, who had preceded his royal mistress five years before. Sir Robert Cecil proclaimed King James heir to the throne, and, on his triumphal progress from Edinburgh to London in May 1603, he had the honour of entertaining his new sovereign for three successive days at his house and estate at Theobalds, in Hertfordshire. Owing to the proximity of Theobalds to an extensive tract of open country eminently favourable to the chase, His Majesty's favourite diversion, King James became perfectly enchanted with the

¹ Warton's *Life of Pope*, p. 88; and *Hist. Engl. Poetry*, ii. p. 392.

abode, so much so indeed as ultimately to prevail upon his minister to give it him in exchange for the royal palace at Hatfield. Sir Robert, like a true courtier, complied submissively, but, as may be supposed, he did not lose anything by thus honouring his liege, who soon testified his appreciation of his services by creating him Lord Cecil in May 1603, Viscount Cranborne in August 1604, and Earl of Salisbury in the same year. Four years later he succeeded the Earl of Dorset in the office of Lord High Treasurer, and distinguished his tenure of that responsible position by a survey of the royal manors, by a valuation of the royal woods and timber, and by an improvement in the customs.¹

It might well have been supposed that the Earl of Salisbury would have been content to allow the palace into which he had entered into possession, grey with age and consecrated by time, to remain as it was. It might well have been supposed that his lordship would have remembered what John Norden, the first topographer of Hertfordshire, had written respecting the palace: "Hatfield House will be for ever famous for that it first offered forth our most worthy Elizabeth to the royal diadem, and to receive the triumphant sceptre of the realm, happy in her royal majesty. And therefore let Hatfield be for ever famous." But he remembered none of this, or if he did, like Gallio of old, he cared nothing for them, and before he had been long owner of Hatfield Palace he had resolved to demolish it, and to erect an entirely new residence on its site.

Early in 1608 the new building was commenced on a more elevated and commanding site, eastwards of the old palace, and having its chief front looking out upon the court in the centre. The erection of the new palace at Hatfield marked an era in the history of English domestic architecture. It was the very first house in England where a view of the landscape was taken into consideration in the designs. For this the situation possessed great advantages to recommend the selection, as the ground rose with a gentle ascent. Considering that the structure displays a combination of architecture on a far more magnificent scale than any other which was erected during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and that it has attracted great admiration by reason of the grandeur and beauty of its proportions, it is not a little singular that the name of the architect should have remained unknown. It is probable, but by no means certain, that John Thorp, the architect of Burghley House, was the one who was employed for Hatfield; but this is only conjecture. Towards the close of 1611 the noble fabric was completed, at a total cost of £7,631 11s. 3d.

¹ Robinson's *Vitruvius Britannicus*, p. 4.

This sum does not appear enormous, when it is remembered that it included the charges of impaling two adjacent parks, a large sum for work that was done in the gardens, and for the supply of water to the house. The record of expenses, which is almost unique of its kind, is still preserved among the archives at Hatfield, and affords much curious information respecting the prices of material and labour in the Jacobean age, every payment being registered under its proper head.

“Man proposes, God disposes,” says the old adage, and the first Earl of Salisbury experienced the truth of this in a pre-eminent degree. The house-warming had not long taken place when Sir Robert Cecil was summoned away. He died at the parsonage house at Marlborough, on his road from Bath to Hatfield, during the afternoon of Sunday, May 24, 1612, and, agreeably to his own directions, was buried at Hatfield. A monument in the Cecil chapel on the north side of the chancel of Hatfield Parish Church represents the earl in his robes, and portraits of him are still in existence at Woburn Abbey, Knole, Trentham, and at the colleges of Trinity and St. John the Evangelist in the University of Cambridge.

Remembering the times and circumstances in which it rose, it is not wonderful that Hatfield House should display throughout traces of such thorough and painstaking workmanship as it does. Probably no other house in the kingdom, erected at so early a date, remains to-day in such perfect entirety as Hatfield. The structure occupies a grand parallelogram, two hundred and eighty feet in length and seventy feet in width. Brick was the chief material employed in the construction of the mansion, but the cases and mullions of the windows, the pilasters and architectural enrichments, as well as all the prominent parts that are most exposed to injury, are of stone. The elevation of Hatfield House presents two principal fronts, each of which differs from the other. Both, however, possess perfect unity of design and execution, and both are characterised by the chastity and vigour of the Tudor epoch. The two wings of the southern front are connected by a magnificent centre, raised in the Palladian style. The basement story comprises an arcade or corridor, which extends the whole length between the wings and resembles the ancient conventual cloister. Each wing has an enriched entrance porch, and the breadth of its front between the massive turrets is broken by projecting oriel windows. The centre tower contains the grand entrance porch. This tower stands seventy feet in height, is divided into three stories, and possesses a bold projection that breaks the long uniform line of the front. In the middle of the roof is the

clock tower and the cupola, fifteen feet in height, which complete the pyramidal effect of the whole.

It must not be forgotten that during the sixteenth century in this country the rage for building was no less strong and general than in Italy. By degrees Italian architecture became the mode, and the noble and splendid piles of Longleat, Charlton, Wollaton, Burleigh, Cobham, Blickling, Audley End, and others that might easily be named, remain to attest its prevalence. The porches or gateways were decorated on either side the entrance. The doorways themselves exchanged the low pointed or Tudor for the circular arch, and the deep, elegant, and sweeping Gothic mouldings for the Vitruvian architraves, which were cut across by the awkward projecting imposts. Cupolas were applied as coverings to the high turrets, round, square, or polygonal, which flanked the entrances or terminated the angles of the buildings, and were surmounted with gilded vanes. The parapets over the porches and the projecting windows were exchanged for pediments. Busts of the twelve Cæsars and similar devices supplanted the ancient heraldic animals and shields. For panelled battlements, parapets carved into fantastic notches or scrolls, or perforated with oval openings, and ornamented with obelisks, balls, busts, statues, and other decorations, were substituted. At length all domestic buildings came to be surrounded by columns or pilasters, rising tier above tier; open arcades replaced entrance porches, and the peculiar style now known as the Elizabethan was complete. Accompanying this style of mansion were the architectural gardens with their wide level terraces, decorated with rich stone balustrades adorned with vases and statues, and connected by broad flights of stone steps, with their clipped evergreen hedges and their embroidered alleys, with their formal yet delicate parterres full of curious knots of flowers, and their lovely musical fountains, their steep slopes of velvet turf, their trim bowling-greens, and their labyrinths and wildernesses which formed their appropriate termination, and harmonised with the rudeness of the surrounding scenery without. Few Elizabethan gardens may now be found, but Lievens in Westmoreland, and Haddon Hall in Derbyshire, are happily among that few.

The gallery in the hall at Hatfield House is a remarkable richly ornamented apartment, and one hundred and sixty-three feet in length. The ceiling is that of the profusely interlaced design, executed in flat mouldings, which immediately followed the more pure and graceful round mouldings of the ceilings of the early part of the Elizabethan era. It was in this gallery that the family along with King James I. and his Queen assembled, in the capacity of sponsors, on the occasion

of the christening of the Earl of Salisbury's son, to whom the King stood godfather in the year 1616. The fact is quaintly recorded in Nichols's "Progresses of King James I.:" "This day sevensnight the King was in person at Hatfield, to christen the Earl of Salisbury's son, and kissed the old Countess twice or thrice; she kept a table alone, save that the Lady Villiers Compton only was admitted; and all the entertainment was chiefly intended and directed to her and her children and followers. The Lady Walden was godmother, and the Lord Treasurer (the Earl of Suffolk) the other godfather with the King." We may mention that this infant was the eldest son of the Earl, and was dubbed James in compliment to the British Solomon who honoured the christening ceremony with his presence. He died, however, in infancy. Chamberlain, writing on November 19, 1616, said: "The Earl of Salisbury's young son died this day fortnight. The King was his godfather in person; held him at the font all the time he was christening, and gave him the reversion of all his father's places and offices, and yet all these favours could not prolong his life."¹ In Nash's representation of the gallery, the King is depicted in the act of presenting the infant with a set of "Apostles' spoons," in accordance with the custom of the age. The set consisted of a dozen spoons, with the images of the twelve Apostles carved on their handles.

Hatfield Park, in which the noble inheritance of the Cecils stands, embraces many hundreds of acres of land of various quality. The woods combine the aboriginal growth of the county of Hertfordshire and more modern ornamental plantations. Some of the finest trees and most picturesque close woodland scenery in the British Islands are to be found within Hatfield Park and its outskirts. The shadowy repose of these sylvan shades is broken only by the occasional appearance of skulking hares and the painted pheasants destined for the chase. The country around Hatfield is richly varied with wood and pasture, arable and meadow, water and villages, and dotted with vestiges of antiquity. The fertile valley of the Mimsam, spanned by the Digswell Viaduct, is not far off. Near at hand, too, lies the pretty little village of Welwyn, in the church of which the poet Young, author of the "Night Thoughts," prayed and preached. Knebworth, the seat of Bulwer Lytton, where many of his romances were composed, is close at hand. Immediately westward of Hatfield House the eye catches the venerable Abbey Church of St. Albans crowning an eminence. The line is next broken by Sandridge Hill, while on the south the wide-spreading woods of Brocket Hall and

¹ Nash's *Mansions of England*, p. 43

Wood Hall Parks are plainly discernible. To the east lie Digswell House, Tewin Water, and Panshanger, the seat of Earl Cowper.

It was in the grounds of Hatfield House that George III. and his family reviewed the Hertfordshire Militia Yeomanry in the month of June 1800. This was in the time of the seventh Earl of Salisbury, who as Viscount Cranborne was, in 1780, appointed treasurer of the royal household. The Earl, succeeding his father in 1780, became a great favourite of George III., who in 1789 elevated him to the dignity of Marquis of Salisbury, and four years later to the Knight Companionship of the Garter. Soon after he had succeeded to the family estates, the Marquis united the two parks which previously had been separated by the Great North Road, and removed the ancient walls with which it had been environed. The Marquis died in June 1823, aged seventy-four, and was succeeded in hereditary dignity by his son James Brownlow William, who worthily sustained the best traditions of the family.

Of royal visits to Hatfield in recent times none is more interesting than that of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in October 1846. Four miles from the mansion the illustrious visitors were met by the Duke of Wellington and a number of other noblemen and gentlemen, who formed an equestrian escort for the remainder of the journey. The home of the Cecils was reached late in the afternoon, where a vast number of guests had assembled, Lord John Russell and Lord Melbourne being prominent among the number. On the following morning the Queen spent some time in the library examining its literary treasures and certain of the manuscripts. On quitting the library the royal visitors inspected the vinery, the old palace, and Queen Elizabeth's oak. The host's game preserves were not neglected, and the Prince Consort shot as many as one hundred and forty head. As a perpetual memorial of this visit, the Queen and the Prince Consort each planted an oak near the north-east angle of the mansion, where the trees subsequently grew up. Both have been removed a little further northward in the grounds from the spot in which the seeds were originally deposited, and it is said that the tree which the Queen planted is that which grows nearest to the house.

We have space left only to speak of the picture gallery and the library at Hatfield. The former contains a series of pictures nearly complete from almost the introduction of the art of portrait painting, commencing with the venerable mother of Lord Burghley. The library possesses a valuable collection of books and manuscripts. The greatest of all its treasures is, beyond doubt, its collection of original papers and correspondence, beginning with the reign of

Henry VIII. and ending with that of Charles II. The great bulk of the collection, however, refers to the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. The royal letters alone during the lives of these two sovereigns are so numerous and so important as greatly to excel any other series of a similar character. During these periods there is scarcely a personage of any eminence, either in the Church or in the State, who has not contributed to these archives. It is in this respect that the Cecil papers are invested with a national importance; and the late Professor Brewen never uttered truer words than when he said that the loss of them would be an irreparable injury to English history and biography during the most brilliant and stirring period of our annals. The collection comprises letters in the handwriting of Edward VI., Catherine Parr, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, James I., Anne of Denmark, Catherine de Medici, and Arabella Stuart. Nor are the great families of England absent. The Clintons, the Greys, the Harringtons, the Hattons, the Montagues, the Mildmays, the Percys, the Petres, the Sydneys, the Stanleys, the Talbots, and others far too numerous to be mentioned contribute their quota to the budgets. There are letters of Sir Thomas Bodley, who founded the Bodleian Library at Oxford; letters of the ill-fated Earl of Essex, and of Southampton, his friend; letters of Sir Walter Raleigh and the Duke of Buckingham; letters of Sir Fulke Greville the poet, and of Sir John Davis the historian; letters of Tom Corigate, who loved "Crudities," and of Sir Thomas Overbury, who loved "Characters." In fine, it would be quite impossible for anyone fully to understand the history of the Reformation, and the conduct of those who were engaged in it, without reference to the letters which the Cecil manuscripts contain of Archbishops Parker, Grindal, Whitgift, Bancroft, and Abbot; and Bishops Barlow, Coxe, Horne, Jewell, and Pilkington. In short, it may safely be predicated that whoever wishes to acquire a knowledge of the history of his own country from the perusal of authentic materials must give his days and nights to the archives of Hatfield. Such collections are now appraised at their true worth. The time was, and it was not so very long ago, that such was not the case. Original documents were considered fit only to be trodden under foot of men, or to be consigned without any ceremony to the presses of the trunk-makers and the pastry-cooks. Thanks to the spread of enlightenment and the increase of antiquarian zeal, such Vandalism—for it is nothing else—is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

Three years ago the second portion of a calendar of the Hatfield manuscripts was published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission.

This portion had reference to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a period pre-eminently one of conspiracy, intrigue, and general disquietude both in England and Scotland. The Privy Council writes from Windsor in December 1575 to the Lord Keeper and the Lord Treasurer, stating that "Her Majesty having been advertised of numerous highway robberies, which have lately been committed in divers parts of the realm, and that it is a common thing for the thieves to carry pistols, whereby they either murder out of hand before they rob, or else put her subjects in such fear that they dare not resist, their lordships are requested to take such steps as may be necessary to redress this mischief," and also to suppress the numbers of "tall men calling themselves discharged soldiers of Ireland," who, especially in the neighbourhood of London, go about the highways begging, and are suspected, when they see an opportunity, of robbing and spoiling Her Majesty's true subjects. In another portion of this volume we learn that the Hatfield archives contain a warrant, issued under the Privy Signet on December 3, 1576, for the seizure of all playing cards brought into the realm in contravention of the patent granted to Ralph Bowes and Thomas Bedingsfield. In 1574 there is a return of the number of bow-staves imported since August 2, 1572, stating by whom they were imported and from what towns. Another paper describes the different kinds of bow-staves. These were four, of which the first grew in or about the bishopric of Salzburg in Germany, and were conveyed in boats down the rivers Main and Rhine to Dort, whence they were shipped to England. The bow-staves were formerly in the hands of the merchants of Nuremberg, to whom the monopoly was granted by Charles V., and they were then sold by the steelyard for fifteen and sixteen pounds the hundred.

Among the other papers of the Elizabethan age in which the Hatfield archives abound may be found references to the plague in Westminster, Stamford, Cambridge, London, and St. Albans. Sir William Fleetwood, the Recorder of London, writes to Burghley under date October 22, 1578, that he has been in Buckinghamshire ever since Christmas, "because he was hardly troubled every day with such as came to him, having plague sores about them; and being sent by the Lords (of the Council) to search for lewd persons in sundry places, he found dead corpses under the table, which surely," as the Recorder quaintly remarks, "did greatly amaze him." The Earl of Leicester writes a pleasant letter to Lord Burghley, presumably from Bath, his favourite resort, saying that he and his brother have great cause to like and commend the water. They observe their physician's orders, he says, diligently, and

find great pleasure both in drinking and bathing in the water. He thinks it would be good for Burghley, but not if he does all they hear he had done on a previous occasion, take great journeys abroad, ten or twelve miles a day, and use liberal diet, with company dinners and suppers. They take another way, dining two or three together, now Lord Pembroke is there, having but one dish, or two at most, and taking the air afoot or on horseback moderately. If Burghley comes next year, as he says, he is not to bring too many with him. "The house is so little as a few fills it, and hard then to keep it sweet. Lord and Lady Shrewsbury have dealt nobly with us every way. . . . In haste, this foul Thursday."

The medicinal virtues of the thermal springs of Buxton, in Derbyshire, at this time are sounded in some of the letters. Leicester tells Burghley that the Queen wishes him to write earnestly to his lordship to send her a tun of Buxton water in hogsheads, which are to be thoroughly seasoned with the water beforehand. This Burghley did, and Leicester acknowledges its safe arrival, adding, "I told Her Majesty of it, who, now it is come, seemeth not to make any great account of it. And yet she more than twice or thrice commanded me earnestly to write to you for it, and after I had done so, asked me sundry times whether I had remembered it or no, but it seems Her Majesty doth mistrust it will not be of the goodness here it is there; beside, somebody told her some bruit of it about, as though Her Majesty had had some sore leg."

On the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Audley End, July 1578, the authorities of Cambridge University proposed, according to one of their letters, to present her, after the usual oration had been delivered, with a pair of gloves and "the New Testament in Greek of Robertus Stephanus, in folio, fair bound, gilt and enamelled, with Her Majesty's arms upon the cover, and her posie." There was also to be a disputation in philosophy before the Queen. Dr. Howland asks Burghley whether he would have them come before Her Majesty in black gowns or in scarlet. On the same occasion Burghley was to be presented with a pair of gloves, and another pair would be given to Leicester, the High Steward of the University. A short holograph letter from Lady Katherine Paget to Sir Philip Sydney affords an excellent illustration of the erratic spelling which even the nobility affected in the Elizabethan age, as the subjoined transcript will, we think, sufficiently indicate: "Nerhue, this 13 off October I receved your leter, beinge dateid the 23 off July, wherin you requier of me a bouck in Marybone Park. The delaye of your meshenger, perhapes not unwyilingly, has transfourmed it into a doe, the which

Mr. Carye thinketh on you very well bestowed, alloweth in jennarall he be a sycar of that game. This bearr hath receved commetion to the buyer ther to delever when you shall send. Thus wesshinge unto you fortunat suckses in all your disiores, espeshally in the travells of my nees, with my comindacions unto you boueth, and lykewyes to my sister Wallshinggame, leve you to God. From my houes at Dunhamstead, this 13 of October." ¹

It was one of the merits of Sir Robert Cecil that he bestowed as much attention upon his grounds as upon his house. The wish to which Crowley gave expression, and which, like Pope's "Universal Indignity" was adapted to all sorts and conditions of men, was Sir Robert's: "I never had any other desire so strong and so like to covetousness as that one which I have had always—that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joyned to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and study of nature." Nor should it be forgotten that while the Earl was rearing his house English horticulture entered on a new birth or renaissance. Lord Bacon wrote one of his best essays, taking the garden as his theme. John Milton regarded "trim gardens" as one of the fittest recreations of learned leisure, and censured the artificial taste in the well-known lines:

Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
 In beds and curious knots, but Nature born,
 Inured out profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierced shade
 Embrowned the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
 A happy rural seat of various view.

The garden exists to-day, and carries the mind of those who gaze upon it back to the Caroline age. Its steep slopes of the greenest turf descending to the river, its primly-cut methodical yews with their parallel alleys, its unclipped limes and oaks all unite to studious musings. John Evelyn, himself an authority on the subject of gardening, visited Hatfield in 1674, and made a record of his visit in his "Diary." "Went to see my Lord of Salisbury's Palace at Hatfield," he wrote, "where the most considerable rarity besides the house, inferior to few then in England for its architecture, were the garden and vineyard, rarely well watered and planted. At the river (Lee) the Frenchman meaneth to make a force at the going out of the water from the island, which by the current of the water shall drive up water to the top of the bank above the dell, and

¹ *Hist. MSS. Comm.* iii. pt. pp. 22, 23: *Hatfield MSS.*

so descend into two fountains." In order that this might be effected the bank on the opposite side of the Lea was levelled, and the earth transferred to the garden. The vines with which the Earl stocked the vineyard, to which reference has been made, were obtained from France. "This evening came to me," wrote the steward, "the French Queen's gardener that hath brought over the fruit-trees for the King and your Lordship; 2,000 for the King, and above 500 for your Lordship. . . . There are two other gardeners besides this man, sent over by the French Queen, to see the setting and bestowing of these trees." From his friends and those who were interested in his grounds and buildings the Earl received many very welcome contributions. From Lady Tresham at Lyndon, whose husband had become quite an expert in the various branches of horticulture, he received an offer of as many as fifty cherry trees. The Earl of Shrewsbury sent him liquorice, accompanied by full directions for its culture, and Sir Edward Coke sent him a Norfolk tumbler for his warren. The Earl of Salisbury was fortunate in the choice of the two persons whom he installed in the important and responsible office of gardeners. One of these two functionaries was Montague Jennings, and the other was John Tradescant. The latter in subsequent times was appointed royal agriculturist to Charles I., and became the father of the illustrious John Tradescant, who founded at Oxford one of the chief glories of that ancient city, the Ashmolean Museum. It may well be believed that under the watchful eye of Jennings and Tradescant the garden at Hatfield became the pride and joy of all the country round, and that the careful tendance and watchfulness which such tracts of soil imperatively demand taxed to their very utmost the energies of both. There can, however, be no doubt that the gardeners of Hatfield studied to approve themselves workmen that needed not to be ashamed.

In the month of November 1835 Hatfield nearly fell a prey to the flames. In pursuance of her usual custom of passing the Christmas season in the society of her beloved son, the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury arrived at Hatfield House, and took possession of the apartments which she had occupied in the west wing of the mansion ever since the death of her husband. On the afternoon of Friday, the 25th of November, the Marchioness retired shortly before dinner to her dressing-room in order to write a few letters. At five o'clock her maid entered her apartment and found her still engaged in writing by the light of two candles. The Marchioness complained of the dimness of the light, and requested her maid to bring to her a particular candle, alleging that she

always saw better by its light than anything else. This candle was accordingly placed before her, and the maid quitted the presence of her ladyship, who was wearing a very high head-dress, writing by these three tapers. Half an hour later considerable fears were entertained by the female domestics of the establishment, in consequence of the volumes of smoke which were found pervading the apartments. A housemaid, who discovered a dense pillar of smoke hovering over the staircase of the left wing of the mansion, was the first to raise a cry of "Fire." The alarm was immediately communicated to the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, both of whom exerted themselves to the very utmost to rescue the venerable lady from her horrible fate. But all was in vain. Lord Salisbury, in attempting to force his way into his mother's dressing-room by means of a door which opened into it out of an adjoining apartment, discovered that it was locked. His lordship next endeavoured to reach another door which opened into it from the domestic offices belonging to that wing of the mansion. This door the Marquis succeeded in reaching, but on opening it he found it so enveloped in flame and smoke as to render it absolutely impossible to enter it in safety. The floor and the ceiling of the apartment blazed with such vehemence that all hopes of rescuing the ill-fated Dowager Marchioness were abandoned. The fire-bell was set in motion, and engines from Barnet, St. Albans, and Hertford quickly arrived upon the scene. Despite the vigour with which the fireman went to work, the flames continued to rage, and, owing to a deficiency in the supplies of water, carried everything before them. A large portion of the west wing of the mansion was speedily gutted, and the roof falling in with a terrific crash, buried the hapless Dowager Marchioness in the *débris*. Since that memorable date Hatfield House has suffered no material injury. Long may it stand! Long may it occupy its position among the stately homes of England! Long may it gladden the eye of the historical, the antiquary, and the literary pilgrim, who, taking a hint from the melancholy Jacques, may find tongues in its trees, sermons in its stones, and books in the memories of the noble hearts and master minds who have lived and moved beneath its shade!

WILLIAM CONNOR SYDNEY.

SANITARY STRUGGLES AT PANKOBIL.

IN India people marry as a matter of course ; religion and custom alike enforce the practice. They have also, as a rule, large families. The increase of the population would, therefore, have been enormous in former times, had it not been restrained by the three great factors—War, Famine, and Pestilence. It has been seriously urged at times by writers not destitute of human feeling, that we have here one of those mysterious laws of Nature, the working of which we can as yet only dimly trace, and with which it is idle to attempt to interfere. Were not the teeming population thus checked, it is said, it would soon increase beyond the power of the soil to support it. It is true that the Indian peasant demands but little—a few handfuls of rice, a few yards of coarse cloth, a little thatched hut are all he wants ; and the soil is fertile, the climate mild, it is not difficult to satisfy such simple needs. But even a race whose requirements are so few would, it is thought, if not checked in some way, spread so rapidly as to outgrow the means of subsistence ; and what would happen then our prophets cannot tell. Fortunately, however, for the natives of India, the Government in the present day is very far from yielding assent to this fatalistic view. On the contrary, all the tendencies of our system are in the direction of counteracting these three hostile factors. War within the limits of the Indian Empire may be regarded as a thing of the past. Frontier campaigns there are, and must be ; and once in a way a petty forest tribe may create a trifling disturbance, and may have to be fired at by Sepoys before it subsides into quiet. But the incessant internecine feuds between one State and another, the armed raids and rebellions of provincial Viceroys, which mark in so sinister a manner the annals of the last century, are now no longer possible. The *pax Britannica* prevails throughout the land.

Famines can also now be combated with far greater ease than formerly. The great network of railways facilitates the supply of food-stuffs to distressed tracts rapidly and abundantly. Though the

loss of life is still sometimes great, it is infinitely less than it was in former times. In many parts of the country also the irrigation canals render the agricultural population independent of the annual rainfall, and secure the crops even in seasons of abnormal drought.

Pestilence remains still to be dealt with, though even in this field European science and skill have reaped victories. Much, however, has still to be done before the Indian population can stand on the same footing of comparative immunity as regards endemic disease as that of the best-cared-for European nations, and still more before the sweeping epidemics that rush through a whole country with such awful intensity can be brought under control. A great medical authority has recently pointed out that in considering the general question of disease there are two sets of influences whose mutual opposition must be weighed and estimated. There are, on the one hand, those morbid influences which are external to the human frame, and, on the other, there are those internal arrangements of the body by which it is enabled to resist the morbid causes, and to repair the damages inflicted by them. In India, and especially in the malarious districts of that country, such as the Gangetic delta, external morbid influences must be extraordinarily numerous and powerful. The decaying vegetation, half-drowned in stagnant water, and subject to the action of a fierce tropical sun, must necessarily breed countless masses of micro-organisms, bacilli, vibriones, and what not, while the feeble constitution of the Bengali villager renders him less able to resist these influences than men of hardier race. Hence the terrible mortality from cholera and malarial fever that everywhere prevails; hence, too, the shortness of the average duration of human life in Bengal, which, according to the last census, does not exceed thirty or thirty-five.

Under these conditions any great degree of success in combating disease is hardly to be expected at present. In the rural tracts, the vast extent of country and the smallness of the administrative staff available prevent the exercise of any appreciable influence over the people, and without their co-operation officials are powerless. The habits of the people are in many respects highly insanitary, and they are deeply attached to all their habits—most of which, in fact, form part of their religion. The peasant bathes every day, but it matters little to him whether he bathes in a river or in a muddy pond which receives the drainage of his village. After bathing in the pond he will fill his drinking-vessel with the water, and take it home for his own consumption during the day. The soil around the houses is foul with unmentionable abominations,

dense thickets keep out the fresh air, and people sleep at night in the same room with their cows and goats, with every door and window closely shut.

Towns are, of course, more hopeful subjects. They are more under official control, a few at least of the inhabitants may have some dim perception of sanitary laws, there is more regard to decency, and the beginnings of good water-supply and systematic removal of filth from roads and open places.

But even in the towns the reformer's task is not an easy one, as those who are acquainted with the flourishing little municipality of Pankobil can testify.

Pankobil¹ is a town of some twenty thousand inhabitants, situated in the centre of Bengal, in the heart of the great delta of the Ganges; and what is true of Pankobil is true, more or less, of a hundred other middle-sized municipal towns in Bengal. It is a land of large tidal rivers, running in and out of each other in a most confusing way—a land of luxuriant vegetation—a land of immense swamps and vast bare plains where the rice grows in two feet of water—a land as flat as a billiard table, and rather below than above sea-level. The town—if anything so straggling and amorphous deserves to be called a town—is situated on the northern bank of the Jhingrikhali, a muddy creek which connects the great swamp, the Panko Bil, from which the town takes its name, with the broad river Pansai, one of the principal channels of the delta. The river bank is, as usual, higher than the country further inland, and the interior portions of Pankobil are low-lying and water-logged.

Starting from the point where the creek is crossed by the high-road leading to the capital of the district, a high-arched crazy wooden bridge on piles is the first architectural object we meet. The prevailing sentiment of the place is here fully expressed. It may be described as ooze and slime; rottenness in wood, thatch, and brick; green mildew, dampness, a concentration of everything that is crazy, shaky, pulpy, putrefying, weedy, sludgy, malarious, dank, noisome, foul, and fetid. From the bridge we enter a broad street of one-storeyed huts, all open in front, built of bamboo and thatched with straw. In them sit the half-naked shopkeepers, behind their greasy shelves, laden with baskets of rice and other kinds of grain,

¹ There are probably several dozens of villages in Bengal named appropriately Pankobil ("mud-swamp"), but I do not think there is any municipality of that name. If there is, I beg to assure the honourable municipal commissioners thereof that it is not *their* Pankobil I am writing about, but another place or which I have borrowed the name.

piles of sticky sweetmeats, tobacco in round black lumps mixed with treacle to suit the taste of native smokers, betel-nut in triangular packets of green leaves, and all the delicacies in which *ghi* (butter, melted, skimmed, and cooled into a white paste) can be made to form an ingredient. Further on are the brick-built houses of the wealthier merchants, two or three storeys high, whitewashed, and picked out with bright colours ; and beyond, a mile of street with an avenue of trees down the centre. Turning down a narrow lane between two of these large brick houses, we find ourselves in a few minutes in dense jungle. First there is a very large square pond or "tank," dug a long time ago by a rich landholder of the neighbourhood. On the further side of the tank is a small and rather graceful white conical Hindu temple, and immediately behind the temple begins the woodland. Here are broad-leaved water-plants in every puddle, ferns on bits of crumbling wall, wild flowers, dark clustering masses of bamboo, thirty or forty feet high, broad-spreading umbrageous mango-trees, palms of various kinds, rattan creepers with their long thorny canes, a profusion of giant *lianes* tangling over everything, waving luxuriantly from tree to tree, and enshrouding the scattered huts in a cloud of unwholesome verdure. Everywhere, pools of black stagnant water lie hidden under a thick mantling of weeds. Dark, shiny ponds, haunted by myriads of insects, send up their poisonous exhalations from the road-sides, and gleam dull among the shafts of bamboo and palm.

Following the narrow road through this wilderness of lovely sights and noxious smells, picking our way through the unmentionable horrors on both sides, we emerge suddenly upon another bit of town with shops and huts and brick houses. In fact, little clusters of houses and little bits of jungle lie intermixed for some miles in all directions, till we reach at last the point of junction of the creek with the broad Pansai. Here is the populous and busy suburb of Alamganj, consisting chiefly of a long street of large warehouses whose roofs of corrugated iron can be seen gleaming in the sun far down the river. In front of the high, sloping bank lie countless clumsy native boats, from and to which coolies are all day long carrying bales of jute, sacks of rice and other kinds of country produce. Half-way between this commercial emporium and the town, on the cleanest spot in the neighbourhood, are situated half a dozen structures in that style of unpretentious hideousness which is characteristic of British architecture in India. These are the police-station, with a constable in red turban and blue blouse standing sentry before the door ; the court of justice, with its crowds of pleaders and suitors

sitting under the trees in front ; the charitable dispensary, and the school. Close by there is an unfinished building, which one day, when sufficient funds are forthcoming, will be the office of the Municipal Commissioners. But unfortunately the Corporation of Pankobil, like most Bengal municipalities, suffers from

That eternal want of pence
Which vexes public men.

There is a very great deal to be done, and very little money to do it with. The law requires the Commissioners to carry out many useful and indispensable measures. The construction and maintenance of roads and bridges, drains and drainage works, sanitation and conservancy, the support of schools, hospitals and dispensaries, the control and management of ferries, markets, and obnoxious trades, vaccination, registration of births and deaths, in some places also a fire-brigade, in others a large annual fair of a semi-religious, semi-mercantile character, at which thousands of people assemble and remain camped out for days at a time—all these matters have to be managed by the Commissioners, acting under the general control of the district Magistrate. But the necessary funds for doing all this work have to be provided by taxation ; and so great is the general poverty of the majority of urban taxpayers, that the sums raised by taxation have in most cases proved very inadequate, and many important measures have to be put off from year to year for want of funds, or to be provided for by loans, the interest of which is a heavy burden on the municipal budget.

Municipalities are thus driven, among other expedients, to cast their nets far and wide in order to take in as large a taxable area as possible. Thus it happens that no less than five purely agricultural villages, separated by broad stretches of rice-fields from Pankobil, have been included within municipal limits. The peasant inhabitants of these villages have to pay heavy taxes, in return for which they receive no benefits at all.

Of all the matters with which the Corporation has to deal, sanitation is undoubtedly the most important. It is also the most difficult. A sufficiency of wholesome food and drink, and pure air to breathe, are the prime necessities of existence. The food question is comparatively simple. Rice, with a little fish, some cheap spices, and milk or curds, forms the food of the whole population. Rice, though deficient in some of the constituents of nourishment, is a harmless and fairly healthy article of food. In the Gangetic delta there is not much danger of famine on a large scale, though there are occasional

failures of the rice crop, which cause high prices and consequent distress to the poorer classes. Such distress, however, never exceeds the power of the State to relieve it. The water supply is a more serious matter. Not that there is any lack of water—quite the contrary; the difficulty arises from there being far too much of it, and none of it pure. It is literally a case of

Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The water of the creek which flows past the town is muddy, and, coming as it does from the great swamp, must necessarily be loaded with impurities such as decaying vegetable matter and the myriad forms of insect-life which swarm in such places. The Pansai is also muddy, and, in addition, being a tidal river, is for a great portion of the year brackish during the flood-tide. The soil is soft alluvial sand, in which no wells can be dug. Thus the majority of the population is driven to seek its drinking-water in what are called tanks—large rectangular ponds which derive their supply partly perhaps from springs, but principally from the rain and the drainage of the surrounding country. As the whole population bathes and washes clothes every day in these tanks, the foulness of the water may be easily imagined. But there are worse places than the tanks; they can be kept partially clean—the pits near the houses cannot. In this water-logged soil the first step towards building a house is to dig a hole, the earth from which is heaped up and levelled so as to make a platform on which to build the houses. Unless so raised they would be too damp to be habitable. They are damp enough as it is in the rainy season. In the pit so dug water soon collects, and is used by the women for cooking and drinking, partly to save themselves the trouble of going to the tank or river, and partly from their natural shyness, which leads them to prefer any place sheltered and screened as their pit is by dense jungle. For the same reason the sloping sides of the pit are resorted to for certain purposes of nature, not only by the women, but also by the men of the family. Frequently also they use it for bathing purposes. It does not take long for such a pit to become a reservoir of concentrated impurities.

What is an impecunious municipality to do under these circumstances? Sometimes they vote a sum of money for cleaning one of the large public tanks; an army of coolies then slowly and painfully bales out the water, after which the thick layer of black fetid mud at the bottom is dug up and plastered over the slopes of the tank, where it lies for weeks drying in the sun and giving out sickening

odours during the process. Then nature is left to do the work of refilling—some small amount of water oozes slowly up through the soil, but by far the greater portion of the supply comes from the surrounding lanes, streets, and courtyards of the town, bringing with it all the filth lying on the soil, in addition to that which it picks up in flowing down the slopes covered with the mud lately dug out. It may fairly be questioned whether, after all the expenditure of money and labour, the tank is any cleaner than it was before.

Sometimes efforts are made in the direction of scavenging the streets. Two or three carts are purchased, with a like number of ponies or, more usually, bullocks. To each cart two sweepers are attached. The residents in the principal streets are supposed to sweep out their houses early in the morning and to deposit the sweepings in front of their doors. Then the carts crawl by, the sweepers remove the filth heaps, wholly or partially, and drive off their carts, theoretically to some waste place beyond the town, where they shoot the rubbish—practically in many cases they only go to the first open place they can find, and throw the rubbish behind any convenient screen of bushes there may be. A great deal of it gets deposited in the pits near the houses, in big old drains, or on the sides of the tanks, and so much of it as is not eaten by the lean pariah dogs, the crows, kites, and vultures, drains eventually into the tanks, and adds its quota to their insanitary contents.

In order to diminish the risk to health from the large quantities of fæcal matter deposited in gardens and open places, public latrines have been established in many towns, and a latrine tax is imposed for their maintenance. No measure is so intensely unpopular and so vehemently opposed as this. Even the Municipal Commissioners themselves are reluctant to impose it, and some of them do not hesitate to vote against it on every occasion. It is extremely difficult, in spite of fines and penalties, to get the men to use these places, and, in the case of the women, impossible.

It is unnecessary after what has been written above to say anything about the purity of the air in the urban parts of Pankobil. In addition to the exhalations from the damp soil, the smell of decaying vegetation, the miasma from decomposing matter all around, there is the heavy smoke-laden atmosphere from countless fires, the burning grease in the sweetmeat shops, the sickening odour of stale tobacco, and all the closeness and stuffiness of narrow streets and small rooms packed with human beings.

It is hardly surprising that a town such as here described should be a hot-bed of disease. The picture is not exaggerated, indeed

much more might be written and much darker shades introduced ; but the reader would turn from the whole naked truth in disgust and horror. It is from places like these—and they are numerous—that cholera, always endemic, occasionally spreads, not only to the neighbouring country, not only to the rest of India, but, creeping on from one land to another, carries its devastating poison into Europe and the world.

The sanitation of these places is thus no mere question of Indian interest or importance—the whole civilised world is concerned in cleansing these Augean stables, these homes of pestilence and plague. The feeble resources of the local municipalities are quite inadequate to the task of eradicating the seeds of disease. The people themselves are indifferent, and, moreover, incredulous and distrustful of European science and sanitary precautions. Pankobil is a danger to humanity : can nothing be done to purify it ?

JOHN BEAMES.

THE BALANCE OF POWER.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

A CURIOUS reversal of national and traditional policies ensued upon the death of Henri Quatre. The Queen Regent of France and James I. of England alike became competitors for an intimate alliance with Spain. It seemed, indeed, to be the destiny of France, through successive centuries, to be either engaged in hostilities with that country, or to be involved in intrigues aiming at the political abolition of the Pyrenees. So far as Austria was concerned, the death of the Emperor Matthias threatened her for a brief space with greater dangers than those she had escaped through the regicidal act of Ravallac. Not only did the several constituent States revolt from the Empire, but the Austrian territory was actually invaded by Bethlem Gabor, while the United Provinces, Venice and Savoy, strongly urged the revival of the *Grand Projet* under the leadership of France. At the same time the Elector Palatine pressed the Duke of Bavaria to contest the Imperial crown, and his counsels would probably have prevailed had not Louis XIII. declared that the House of Hapsburg alone was worthy to wear the Imperial mantle, and alone capable of making head against the infidel. That opportunity of humbling Austria was accordingly lost. The Elector Palatine was an unfortunate adviser, neither could he keep himself out of mischief. He is known to Englishmen chiefly through his marriage with the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. and mother of Prince Rupert. In an evil hour he was induced by the Protestants to accept the crown of Bohemia, and, coming thus into direct collision with Austria and Spain, he experienced the fate of the earthen pipkin that dashed itself against the iron pot. The success of the Emperor Ferdinand was tarnished by his cruel persecution of the Protestants. He is even accused of purposing the destruction of Protestantism by means of the Roman Catholic States, to be followed by the reduction of those States to abject submission to the Empire. He also hoped to enable Spain

to subdue the United Provinces, which would have placed the two branches of the Spanish House in a position to dominate all Europe. No serious opposition needed to be feared from Charles I., who was not only wrangling with France and Spain, but was drifting into that fatal struggle with his own Parliament which brought his head to the block. Neither was France free to act in Central Europe, being sorely hampered by the Huguenots, besides being committed to a triangular conflict with Spain and England. The Dutch Provinces were weakened by internal dissensions; the Turks had almost ceased to be formidable; Bethlem Gabor was lying on his death-bed; Denmark was quiescent; and the King of Poland disposed to be friendly. The prospect for the aggrandisement of Austria and Spain was in the highest degree encouraging. One factor alone had been omitted from the calculation. Sufficient allowance had not been made for the defensive power of Protestantism, nor was the military genius of Gustavus Adolphus so much as suspected.

Cardinal Richelieu alone realised the eminence of the danger which overhung the European equilibrium, but was unable to take action until he had completely humbled the Huguenots and deprived them of their cautionary towns. Notwithstanding his harsh treatment of the French Protestants—which, after all, was due to political rather than to religious motives—he resolved to succour their co-religionists in Germany, who were unable, even with the aid of Christian of Denmark, to make head against Tilly and Wallenstein. Ferdinand, however, by nature a despot and a fanatic, carried things with too high a hand. He desired to reduce the Electoral Princes to the condition of Spanish *grandees*, and the Prince Bishops to that of Imperial chaplains. With this view he commanded the Protestants to restore the benefices and church lands which they had held unquestioned since the Peace of Passau. His schemes in that direction were thwarted by the invasion of Italy by a French army under the personal command of the king, or rather of the Cardinal, and still more effectually by the victorious career of Gustavus Adolphus. French historians, notably the late Baron Martin, have ascribed to Richelieu somewhat greater praise than was really due to him. Not often carried away by enthusiasm, M. Martin becomes excited to the point of exclaiming that “the tempestuous year 1642 finished in immense splendour; fortune, so long wavering, flung herself by the side of France. As Austria descended, France ascended, a Henry IV. had secured her future independence—Richelieu gave her supremacy. It was all over, and for ever, with the work of Charles Quint and Philip II. France resumed at the head of nations the pre-eminence

she enjoyed when she led to the crusades the Europe of the Middle Ages." This effervescent rhapsody is truly French. Godfrey of Bouillon was certainly not a Frenchman, and as a fact the French knights were less distinguished than those of Italy and England. In any case, an historian who prided himself upon his strict impartiality should rather have regretted that Europe seemed destined to be even under the domination of some one ambitious power that played with her progress and welfare as one may play at cup-and-ball. Richelieu, we are assured, aspired to a preponderance that had nothing in common with the Austrian dream of universal monarchy. "The principle of natural frontiers and, secondarily, that of the identity of language and origin, determined for him the limits of territorial extension." In other words, Richelieu anticipated the ethnographical principle recently enunciated by the Russian Government, and which, if pressed to its logical conclusion by a believer in the common origin of mankind, would end in making that Empire march with the limits of the habitable globe. Richelieu's purview did not extend quite so far as that. He would have been content to accept the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees as the boundaries of France, to be transgressed only when opportunity invited or provocation impelled.

The first public recognition of international law and international equality was brought about by the Dutch during the ministry of Cardinal Mazarin. Those sturdy Republicans insisted that their Envoys should be placed on the same footing with those of the Venetian Republic and of crowned heads. Their demand could not well be refused, and then it became necessary to extend the concession to yet smaller States, such as Genoa, the German electorates, the Duchies of Tuscany, Savoy, Mantua, and so forth. While recognising this incident, M. Martin seems to depreciate its importance by dilating on the greater results that sprang from the Peace of Westphalia. That event, no doubt, was the beginning of a new era. Central Europe, as he points out, may be said to have been reorganised on a new basis. The maintenance of the federative system in Germany obtained the guarantee of France, until Napoleon remodelled it to gratify his own caprice. By way of compensation France—the only country which, as we have since been told, takes up arms for an idea for the exclusive benefit of a neighbour—recovered Alsace and rested upon the Rhine. The Protestantism and civilisation of Germany were secured by the Franco-Swedish intervention. Thenceforth Rome thundered in vain. Her bolts fell harmless on the thresholds of the Chancelleries. The Christian States had deposed their ancient mediator and daysman, nor did they again bow to his temporal

supremacy. A new form of international law rose up in the midst of Christendom. A community of religious worship ceased to be the underlying principle, and was replaced by the universal independence of nations, subject only, as regarded their mutual relations, to the general laws of humanity. The European equilibrium, about which so much has been said and written, and which was really nothing more than an understanding to prevent the overwhelming preponderance of any one Power, is described by M. Martin as the "material guarantee of this moral principle of the independence of nations. Secular and international policy," he adds, "had replaced ecclesiastical policy." All that, of course, is indisputable, though it may still be remarked that it was in 1645 the Dutch established the principle of international equality, whereas the Peace of Westphalia was not concluded until three years later. In any case, the tranquillity of Europe would probably have been assured for many years had Spain acceded to that adjustment of differences, instead of persisting in a purposeless struggle with France until the Treaty of the Pyrenees in 1659 attested the virtual triumph of Mazarin's policy.

Philip IV. of Spain had arranged to marry his eldest daughter, the Infanta Maria Theresa, to Leopold I., Emperor of Germany, but was now compelled by adverse circumstances to bestow her hand upon the youthful King of France. Louis XIV. and the Infanta were accordingly united at St. John de Luz, after they had each separately and solemnly renounced all right of succession to the Spanish crown in any possible circumstances. They did so the more readily because there stood between them and the throne a prince who was afterwards Charles II., and because the Queen was far advanced in pregnancy. Philip, indeed, is reported to have ridiculed the apparent renunciation, quietly remarking that, if the Prince of Asturias chanced to die, nothing on earth could prevent Maria Theresa's succession to his rights and pretensions.

On the death of Mazarin, Louis XIV. took the reins of government into his own hands, and lost no time in giving Europe reason to apprehend his insatiable ambition. He had little to fear from his rivals. Spain was clearly entering on her decadence. Her naval power had been destroyed by England and Holland, her chief colonies captured, and Portugal rescued from her tyranny. Italy was no longer of account, one way or the other. Naples and the Duchy of Milan still acknowledged the supremacy of Spain. Venice was a commercial emporium and very little more, while the Papal Power was rapidly waning. England, dreaded under Cromwell, had come to be despised under Charles II. The United Provinces,

indeed, were growing in wealth and importance, and having settled a colony at the Cape of Good Hope, obtained a strong position in Java, and taken from the Portuguese all their Indian stations with the exception of Goa, had become a prize to be coveted and, opportunity serving, to be seized. Germany, again, had been seriously weakened by each State claiming and exercising the prerogative of making alliances with one another, and even with foreign Powers, without previous reference to the empire. French money and French intrigue had also helped forward the process of disintegration, while the Electorate of Brandenburg was fast being developed by Frederick William into the future kingdom of Prussia, destined in the fulness of time to absorb and incorporate the German Empire with the exception of Austria Proper.

The death of Philip IV. in 1665 opened an immense vista of territorial aggrandisement to Louis XIV., who at once repudiated the Act of Renunciation voluntarily made by his royal consort and himself. The Infanta, he urged, was at the time a minor, and quite incompetent to alienate rights that belonged to her children as well as to herself. For the moment, of course, the throne of Spain devolved upon Philip's sickly and only son Charles II., a minor, under the Regency of his mother Ann, daughter of Ferdinand III., and German to her heart's core. But, as regarded a large portion of the Spanish Netherlands, Louis XIV. designed to assert his wife's immediate right of heritage in virtue of the *droit de dévolution*, a local custom which preferred the issue, male or female, of the first "bed," or marriage, to that of any subsequent matrimonial arrangements. Marshal Turenne, at the head of a French army splendidly equipped, accordingly crossed the frontiers and made very short work of the fortresses. Nor is that result surprising, seeing that transport, commissariat, and finance were under the direction of such a consummate organiser of victory as Louvois; while it was Vauban who conducted the siege operations and fortified the captured places. Meanwhile, no opposition was offered by the Emperor Leopold, probably, as Archdeacon Coxe was disposed to believe, because a majority of the Federal States had been previously gained over by Louis. The ambition of that monarch recognised no restraints of honour or morality. Although he had just married his brother Philip, Duke of Orleans, to Henrietta of England, sister of Charles II., and had thus united himself to the Houses of Stuart and Braganza, he did not scruple to lend a willing ear to the suggestion of an alliance with Spain hostile to England and Portugal. He only demanded that the advantages obtained by himself should be

sufficiently important to justify in the eyes of the world his unprovoked aggressiveness against friends and allies.

The Dutch States now became seriously alarmed for their own safety, and, fortunately for them, their apprehensions were shared by the British Parliament. Shortly afterwards the Triple Alliance, of which Sweden became a member, was negotiated by Sir William Temple, and for a time checked the selfish projects of the French King. The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, dated May 2, 1668, afforded the Dutch a brief respite. The British Parliament was sincerely desirous of opposing an insurmountable barrier to Louis's career of conquest, but Charles and his ministers again succumbed to the demoralising influence of French gold. Sweden and the German States, with the exception of the Duchy of Brandenburg, were won by the same ignoble means, and the United Provinces seemingly lay at the mercy of France. No forbearance was to be expected from that quarter. The expulsion of the Duke of Lorraine from his dominions was the first step—taken without any premonitory explanation or warning. The insolence of the Dutch, which Louis declared to be incompatible with his “glory,” was next to be punished, and many circumstances combined to facilitate military operations. The Rhine was crossed without difficulty, and, owing to the factious conduct of party leaders, the country was overrun almost without opposition. Much time, however, was wasted before Utrecht, during which the burghers of Amsterdam recovered sufficient courage and patriotism to cut the dykes and flood the lands for many a league around. The murder of Pensionary De Witt and his brother, immediately succeeded by the elevation of William of Orange to the dignity of Stadtholder, constitutes an unpleasant episode in the struggles of the Dutch for the attainment of liberty, but Holland was saved from the domination of France, and Louis, weary of a war illustrated by no brilliant victories, returned to Versailles. The European equilibrium had, nevertheless, been too seriously jeopardised not to awaken the slumbering apprehensions of the other Powers, each of whom dreaded the extension of the conflagration to its own possessions. The union of Spain and Austria with Holland, combined with the unmistakable jealousy of the German States, induced Louis to recall his troops from the United Provinces. Not the less, however, did he present a bold front to his enemies, whom he again and again defeated on land and at sea. His preponderance at that time was so great and overwhelming that he was encouraged to perfect his schemes for the political subjugation of the entire Continent. Without condescending to go through the form of

declaring war, and actually in time of peace, Louis seized upon Strasburg and several other important places in Alsace. The formidable combination that was being prepared against him melted away like snow beneath the rays of a summer sun. Charles II., as usual, accepted a gift in the hand ; the governing party in Holland were successfully tampered with ; Denmark was bought off with a considerable sum of money ; the Elector of Brandenburg was pacified by fair words, while Leopold found enough to do at home in suppressing a rebellion in Hungary, incited by French intrigues, and in repelling an invasion by the Turks, also traceable to the incurable disloyalty of the French king. A truce for twenty years was finally accorded to prostrate Europe. "On the conclusion of the truce," Archdeacon Coxe remarks, "the power of France and the glory of Louis had attained their highest elevation. Under the celebrated Colbert the finances had been placed in excellent order, justice ameliorated, the police improved, commerce extended, colonies and manufactures established ; canals and communications were opened, new ports and arsenals formed, or forming, at Dunkirk, Toulon, Brest, Rochefort, and other places on the Channel ; a navy of 100 sail, manned by 60,000 sailors, spreading terror through the Mediterranean, and contesting the mastery of the ocean with England and Holland."

It was impossible, however, that the supremacy of France could long remain unchallenged. The loss of Strasburg had deeply wounded the natural susceptibilities of the Germans. The foulest treachery had been employed in bringing about that consummation of which M. Martin speaks with such short-sighted exultation : "Ce fait l'adieu de Strasbourg à l'Empire germanique . . . cette illustre cité qui n'avait jamais été prise avant d'être française, qui ne l'a jamais été depuis qu'elle est à la France"—though he lived to see that illustrious city turn from France and again incorporated into the German Empire. Sweden and the Italian States had been wantonly aggrieved. Spain, indeed, was helpless, but not less exiled than Germany, which was in no better condition for a serious campaign. William of Orange alone was indomitable. He had already roused the Dutch to a sense of their imminent danger and, consequently, of the necessity for prompt and energetic action. He even succeeded in communicating some sparks of his own warlike and resolute spirit to England, which swarmed with pamphlets against the idea of the "new universal monarchy." France was left without a single ally, with the exception of the Sultan, whom Louis, like his predecessors, did not hesitate to encourage to renew the old Turkish invasions of Hungary. It is unnecessary to trace the spirited, if

unsuccessful, campaigns of William III. against the common disturber of the peace of Europe. Though beaten again and again, the dogged pertinacity of that unhappy and ill-appreciated monarch eventually proved too much for French aggressiveness. The misery of Europe was at length temporarily suspended by the Treaty of Ryswick, when Louis reluctantly acknowledged William of Orange to be the lawful sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, and was compelled to resign most of his conquests. The burning question of the Spanish succession was, however, left untouched, and thus the materials were laid for another conflagration. In their turn the Turks were brought round to a more pacific frame of mind, and in 1699, signed a treaty at Carlowitz, distinctly to the advantage of Austria, Russia, Poland, and Venice.

The death of Charles II. of Spain in 1700 threatened to aggrandise the power of France to the detriment of all her neighbours. After much vacillation Charles had been persuaded by Cardinal Portocarrero, Archbishop of Toledo—who had been won over to the French interests—to bequeath his dominions to Philip, Duke of Anjou, second son of the Dauphin. The weak-minded monarch had been chiefly influenced by the admonitions of Pope Innocent XII., who assured him that the welfare of Christendom depended upon the elevation of the House of Bourbon, as a counterpoise to the ever dangerous influence of Austria. Charles lived to repent of what he had done, though not long enough to undo the mischief he had wrought. The young Prince was kindly received by the Spaniards, who cordially detested the Queen and the Austrian party, nor were the European Governments in a condition to set aside the testament of the deceased monarch. For a brief space France once more dominated Europe, and might have retained that proud position had it been possible for Louis XIV. to curb the innate arrogance which had grown morbid through his continuous triumphs. In an evil moment he recognised the son of the deceased James II. as King of the British Isles, in direct violation of the Treaty of Ryswick, and prevailed upon the Pope, the Duke of Savoy, and his grandson Philip, King of Spain, to act in a similar manner. Not only the English Protestants, but the entire nation, were filled with indignation at such unprovoked insolence and disloyalty, while Parliament at once voted 40,000 sailors and a like number of soldiers. The Emperor and the States of Holland lost no time in entering into a grand alliance with England, in defence of the European equilibrium, and Leopold adroitly gained the sympathy of the Elector of Brandenburg by acknowledging him as King of Prussia.

The untimely death of William III. failed to break up this union, for Anne prudently resolved to walk in the steps of her predecessor, and entrusted the conduct of foreign affairs to Godolphin and Marlborough, the latter of whom was appointed by the States Generalissimo of the combined forces. To narrate the victories of Marlborough and Prince Eugène in Germany and the Low Countries, or of the Duke of Berwick in Spain, does not enter into the scope of this essay. Let it suffice to remark that the true interests of Europe were long sacrificed to the private ambition of two great commanders and of Heinsius, who, for their own selfish ends, rejected the ample concessions offered by the humbled despots. Through the ill-advised obstinacy of the Plenipotentiaries at Gertruydenberg, the pride of the French people was roused to make a desperate effort in defence of their King and of their own national glory. Never did the Grand Monarque or his subjects appear to better advantage than in the hours of adversity. The destitute condition of the peasantry drove them into the army by thousands to avoid starvation, and they speedily became good soldiers inspired by sincere patriotism. The fiercely contested field of Malplaquet abundantly showed that the tide of victory had reached its highest mark, and that despair was able not only to supply arms and indomitable resolution to the vanquished, but even to check the further successes of the victors.

The war might nevertheless have been protracted for the benefit of a few individuals, had not a change of ministry occurred in England, which sealed the fate and terminated the career of the Duke of Marlborough. That remarkable event was followed by the death of the Emperor Joseph I., who was succeeded by his brother Charles, the pretender to the Crown of Spain. The political situation was thereby entirely changed. It was clearly not to the advantage of Europe that the Spanish dominions should be reunited with Austria. Not for any such object had the Grand Alliance been originally formed. Against the House of Bourbon the British people nurtured no particular prejudices. Their only concern was to keep apart the kingdoms of Spain and France. Besides, they were satisfied that no danger was to be apprehended from France for at least another generation. Towards their ancient enemy they bore no vindictive feelings. It was enough that the French population had been shockingly reduced; that their Colonies had, for the most part, changed hands; that their finances were dreadfully involved; and that the national jewels had been placed in pawn. The disappearance of the Crown diamonds in Spain indicated a

similar exhaustion in that country, while Philip's renunciation of all claims to the Crown of France cleared the way for a suspension of arms and the earnest prosecution of negotiations to a pacific issue. The Treaty of Utrecht, signed on March 31, 1713, seemed to be the harbinger of a stable and satisfactory peace of long duration, and yet the ink was hardly dry before dark lowering clouds again obscured the horizon. For Philip V. of Spain entertained a personal hatred of Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, and, had his daring been equal to his ambition, he would have crossed the Alps to claim the regency. As that wish could not be gratified he aspired to the French throne in the event of the death of the young prince, who was afterwards known as Louis *le Bien Aimé*. Had that contingency come to pass, he proposed to resign the throne of Spain to his son by his first wife, Marie Louise of Savoy, in the hope of thus holding both kingdoms in his grasp. In the meantime he resolved to recover from Austria the territories in Italy that had formerly belonged to Spain. These ambitious projects were probably suggested to him by his second wife, Elizabeth Farnese, presumptive heiress to the Duchy of Parma, Placentia, and Tuscany, and who completely ruled her husband, as, in her turn, she was herself controlled by Cardinal Alberoni. The Cardinal was undoubtedly a great statesman, though his policy was frequently marred and ultimately frustrated by his excessive subtlety and love of intrigue. His designs, however, were thwarted and counteracted by the Abbé Dubois, who prevailed upon the Regent to cultivate the friendship of England and Holland, and to adhere rigidly to the Treaty of Utrecht.

In 1717 the peace of Europe was seriously threatened by the rancorous animosity that divided the Courts of Madrid and Vienna, though, for different reasons, neither Power was prepared to submit their differences to the arbitrament of arms. A collision, however, was brought about through the arrest of the Grand Inquisitor of Spain while traversing the Milanese territory, and as no other redress was obtainable, a small force of Spanish soldiers took possession of the Island of Sardinia. The Emperor thereupon appealed to the co-signatories of the Triple Alliance, and received valuable assistance from Great Britain. A Spanish fleet was destroyed off the Sicilian coast by Admiral Byng, but Alberoni's downfall was mainly attributable to his own folly. He was charged with having organised a plot for the seizure and deposition of the Duke of Orleans, with a view to secure the regency for his royal master, Philip V. The detection of this outrageous conspiracy was followed by a declaration of

war on the part of France, and two months later of Holland. The invasion of Spain by a French army under the Duke of Berwick, and the destruction of the Spanish navy, at length convinced Philip that the policy he had adopted was opposed to the honour and interests of his Crown. The dismissal and banishment of Cardinal Alberoni led to a general suspension of hostilities, and, ultimately, to the Treaty of London, which aimed at the reconciliation of all the European Powers, though with quite partial success.

The singular innovation introduced into the Austrian law of succession by Charles VI. in 1724, under the title of the Pragmatic Sanction, was accepted by England only on the condition that no Archduchess, heiress to the Imperial Power, should marry a Bourbon, or any other prince in a position to disturb the international balance of power. The marriage of the Emperor's daughter, Maria Theresa, to Francis of Lorraine, Grand Duke of Tuscany, secured the British alliance, which, at a later period, proved invaluable to the young Queen of Hungary. Maria Theresa in 1740—the same year which witnessed the accession of Frederick the Great to the throne of Prussia—succeeded to a goodly heritage, comprising the kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia, the provinces of Silesia, Austrian Suabia, Upper and Lower Austrian Styria, Carinthia, Carniola, Burgaw, Ruscgau, the Low Countries, and Tyrol, together with the Duchies of Milan, Parma, and Placentia. Bohemia, however, was claimed by Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, while Augustus II., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, pleaded a right to the entire succession by virtue of his marriage with the eldest daughter of Joseph I., the elder brother and predecessor of Charles VI. But the first assault was delivered by Frederick the Great, who invaded and to a certain extent conquered Lower Silesia. The rapid success of that great captain stimulated the martial ardour of the French nobles, who chafed under the pacific sway of Cardinal Fleury. Their eyes were turned towards Maria Theresa's Italian territories as the most easy of access and historically connected with French ambition and enterprise for upwards of two centuries. French Statesmen looked farther afield, and aimed at the exaltation of the House of Bourbon upon the abasement of the House of Hapsburg. They proposed at the same time to secure the Imperial dignity for Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, who was entirely dependent on France. A temporary alliance was accordingly patched up with Prussia, and the Count of Belleisle was sent across the Rhine at the head of a well-appointed army. Had that policy borne the fruits that were expected of it, France would have obtained the undisputed leader-

ship of the Continent; but happily for the liberties of Europe, it was the common belief of the Governments of Germany, England and Holland, and even among the Powers on the Baltic, that, in order to counterbalance the ascendancy of France, it was indispensably necessary to maintain the House of Austria as an equipoise. Large subsidies were voted for the service of Maria Theresa by the British Parliament, whose chivalrous spirit was strongly excited by the romantic position and conduct of the young queen. English money incited the sluggish Dutch to make a mild demonstration against the ambition of France, while the Czarina Elizabeth manifested feelings of sympathy towards her sister sovereigns, and Sardinia openly withdrew from active opposition. Cardinal Fleury himself was, from age and temperament, averse from war, and infinitely preferred to weave a network of intrigue, not to draw together the other Powers, but rather to divide them by mutual jealousies and thereby promote the supremacy of France. The election of the Consort of Maria Theresa to the Imperial dignity, by the style and title of Francis I., was a considerable disappointment to French self-love, though practically less important than the setting in motion, by English and Dutch gold, of the first Russian army that ever crossed the German frontier.

The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 afforded Europe a little breathing time, which was unfortunately employed in making preparations for the renewal of strife on a larger scale. Circumstances speedily justified the distrust with which Frederick II. regarded that melancholy example of diplomatic optimism and imbecility. 'Troubles, he foresaw, were certain to arise on the death of the king of Spain, nor would France and England long delay to quarrel over the boundaries of Canada. The bitter struggle between Francis I. and Charles Quint had inspired Frenchmen with a traditional dislike towards the Austrians very similar to the feeling they have for so many centuries cherished towards the English nation. Count Kaunitz, however, being seriously alarmed by the rapid growth of the military power of Prussia, resolved at any cost to win over France to the Austrian side. His task was not an easy one, for, although he encountered no great difficulty in insinuating himself into the good graces of Madame de Pompadour, he met with a formidable obstacle in the pride of Maria Theresa. In the end political exigencies triumphed over prudish, and even proper sentiments, but the co-operation of England under the energetic guidance of the first Pitt more than counterbalanced to Prussia the hostile allegiance of France and Austria. Within the space of five

years the French were despoiled of their North American colonies; and in India, while relaying the foundations of a shattered factory, Clive turned up an empire. Never at any time, perhaps, were the tremendous strength and inexhaustible resources of Great Britain more freely manifested in Europe than immediately before Pitt's dismissal from office. England, however, as Heeren acknowledges, has never sought to dominate Europe, though never wholly disengaged from European combinations and complications. Her object has nearly always been to prevent the dangerous preponderance of any one potentate, and with that view she has usually taken her stand by the side of the weaker belligerent, and "materially contributed, in a greater degree than any other European Power, to uphold the political balance of Europe."

By the Treaty of Versailles in 1758 France and Austria united their forces, in order to confine Frederick II. within the narrow limits of his hereditary dominions, and to protect Germany against aggression. Their enmity was also directed against England, whom they chose to accuse of disturbing the tranquillity of Europe. The most bitter enemy of the Prussian monarch was, however, the Empress Elizabeth, who had come to look upon Prussia as a desirable acquisition, and anticipated only slight opposition to her project of annexation. The French were the first to grow weary of the war. Their losses had been enormous. The alliance with Austria had no longer the charm of novelty, and had, besides, entailed such severe sacrifices that the people cried aloud for peace. Meanwhile, Ferdinand VI., King of Spain, had been gathered to his forefathers, and was succeeded by his brother Don Carlos. Jealous of the British conquest of the French provinces in North America, and apprehensive as to the security of his own possessions on that continent, Charles III. sought safety in the Family Compact, which has been described as "an ambitious league which seemed to threaten the liberties of Europe with extinction," though it failed to extinguish anything but itself.

The remarkable progress of the Russian army under Prince Galitzin in 1769 reasonably alarmed the Courts of Vienna and Berlin, who were alike overshadowed by the menacing growth of the semi-barbarous Power that seemed on the point of renewing the Tartar invasions of the Middle Ages. Their common danger caused them to forget their mutual grievance for the moment, though some time elapsed before the Czarina Catherine II. could be made to recognise the unwisdom of having too many enemies to confront, but no doubt her disappointment as regards the Turks was mitigated by the pros-

pect of sharing the spoils of Poland with the two other unscrupulous Governments. The peace of Europe was certainly preserved through the partition of that ill-conditioned kingdom and people. After congratulating Europe on the aggrandisement of the Hohenzollerns as tending to balance the oftentimes excessive influence of the Austrian monarchy, Lord Brougham, in a similar spirit, approved the partition of Poland. He could not, of course, be otherwise than shocked by such a flagrant violation of the principles of international morality, but he comforted himself with the reflection that the despoilers were three in number, whereas, in the absence of the balancing system, the tempting morsel would have been swallowed at a gulp by Russia, and would have given her a decided preponderance in Northern, and even in Central, Europe.

Until the outbreak of the French Revolution British statesmen deemed it their first duty to arrest the progress of Russia, and to humble the overweening arrogance of Austria. That tremendous cataclysm, however, completely effaced for a while the old international landmarks, and the European continent narrowly escaped subjugation by Imperial France. The steadfast opposition of England, though marked by an astonishing series of blunders and misadventures by land, ultimately broke the force and arrested the progress of French conquest, and gave time to the great military Powers to gather together their armies for a final effort to regain their freedom of action. It is quite unnecessary to summarise the changing phenomena and startling vicissitudes of the Napoleonic wars. In the end, with a few inevitable variations, the old order of things was restored. The French were, of course, compelled to retire behind their long-established frontier, and Europe awoke as a giant from a troubled bewildering dream. The balance of power had become almost a myth, until the "crowning mercy" of Waterloo replaced the nations very nearly in their former relative positions.

The foreign policy of Louis Philippe was characterised by two episodes, neither of which proved advantageous or honourable to his government. With the object of preventing Constantinople from falling under the influence of any other European Power, M. Thiers encouraged Mehemet Ali in his design to render Egypt and Syria independent of the Porte. In all probability caring very little for the Sultan's supremacy over those two provinces of the Ottoman Empire, Lord Palmerston was, nevertheless, quite resolved that the passage to India, whether by the Red Sea or by the Euphrates and Persia, should not be at the mercy of France or of any of the Great Powers. He would have preferred to act in concert with France

rather than with Russia, but found it impracticable to work in harmony with M. Thiers, who was moved by a profound and abiding jealousy of England, and was above all things solicitous to prevent the disembarkation of Russian troops on Turkish soil. The negotiations in London were protracted beyond all claims of reason or necessity. In order to maintain what he was pleased to call the European equilibrium, but which might more justly have been designated the military ascendancy of France, M. Thiers demanded of the Chamber the means to keep up a standing army of 600,000 regular troops, independently of reserves and the National Guard. A not inconsiderable faction were clamorous for a revolutionary war, and called upon the Government to overrun the European Continent with an irresistible mass of legionaries to proclaim a Universal Republic, and to make an end of kings and emperors. So long as public opinion in France continued in this unsettled and dangerous state, it was clearly impossible for Lord Palmerston to place confidence in M. Thiers, or in any other French minister. At the same time he had to contend against the selfish and insidious propositions of the Russian Government, but by dint of perseverance and steadfastness of purpose, he finally drew together Russia, Prussia, Austria, and England, while France was absolutely isolated, and had the mortification of beholding the Sultan's sovereignty re-established over Syria and Egypt.

The second episode to which allusion has been made was the offspring of M. Guizot's peculiar genius, and has commonly been supposed to have largely contributed to the subversion of the Orleans dynasty. On the death of King Ferdinand VII., in 1833, his daughter Isabella was recognised as heiress to the vacant throne, though contrary to French interests and to the rescript of Philip V. in 1714, which limited female succession to cases where no male heirs existed, direct or collateral. The ancient custom of the country, however, ultimately prevailed, and the French accepted and supported the claims of Isabella from 1833 to 1842. Though only twelve years of age, the young queen was then declared marriageable, and M. Guizot certainly remarks that it was to the advantage of France that "Spain should naturally court her alliance, and remain unconnected with every European combination hostile to French interests." Queen Christina was entirely influenced by the French Court, and was anxious that her eldest daughter should marry the Duc d'Aumale, though Louis Philippe was averse to a direct matrimonial alliance between the two branches of the House of Bourbon. For one thing, he was unwilling to excite the jealousy of Europe,

and especially of England ; nor was he at all satisfied in his own mind as to the stability of Spanish affairs. He asked for no more than the confirmation of the Bourbon dynasty upon the Spanish throne, which might have been effected by the choice of one of the sons of Don Carlos, or of the Infanta Don Francisco. In the abstract, Lord Aberdeen was not unfavourable to M. Guizot's views, though he demurred to the Duc d'Aumale as tending to disturb the balance of Europe, and he was further of opinion that the young Princess should be at liberty to choose her own husband. It came at last to be generally understood that Isabella would eventually marry a Bourbon prince, though the English Court would have been better pleased to witness her union with the brother of Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, who had married the Queen of Portugal.

Louis Philippe, with discreditable duplicity, personally and with his own lips assured Queen Victoria, his own guest at the Château d'Eu, that in no circumstances would he accept the hand of Isabella of Spain for any one of his sons, and with that Royal assurance *ce cher Aberdeen* was naturally quite satisfied. The promise was, indeed, fulfilled as to the letter, though shamelessly broken as to the spirit. On August 27, 1846, Queen Isabella summoned her ministers to her presence, and informed them of her decision to receive for her husband her cousin, the Duke of Cadiz, son of Don Francisco de Paula and Donna Carlotta, and that on the same day her sister, the Donna Fernanda, would be married to the Duke of Montpensier. When the partial success of M. Guizot's chicanery was reported to the British Foreign Office, Lord Palmerston remarked to Count Jarnac, the French Ambassador : "This is the most glaring act of ambition and political aggrandisement Europe has witnessed since the Empire." He protested against the Infanta's marriage as prejudicial to the independence of Spain, and to the preservation of the international equipoise. His apprehensions were dispelled in less than two years, and equally futile was M. Guizot's undertaking that the Infanta and the Duke of Montpensier should reside permanently in France. Looking back in after years upon these events, in which he played such a disloyal part, the exiled Minister sadly confessed that "politicians as often deceive themselves as to the evils they dread as on the success they promise themselves, and time teaches lessons the vexations of which would be spared them by a more just appreciation of the facts and men in the midst of which the events have taken place." He might have added that a more upright and straightforward policy would have proved more honourable to himself and more beneficial to his country.

The Second French Empire was full of surprises. More than once it seemed to threaten Europe with "hideous ruin and combustion," but the storm clouds gradually dispersed, and the political atmosphere recovered its serenity. Though instinct with revolutionary projects, Napoleon III. fortunately lacked decision of character, and while he hesitated the opportunity was lost. It cannot be said that he was ever trusted by any one of the European Powers. He had no definiteness of vision, no fixity of principle, no confidence in himself or his ministers. He dreamed of being the despotic, irresponsible ruler of a thoroughly submissive democracy. He was troubled with ideas ever varying, ever clashing with one another. At one time he desired to parcel out Northern Africa. He proposed to give Morocco to Spain, a considerable slice of Tripoli to the Kingdom of Sardinia, Egypt to England, and a portion of Syria to Austria. For France he sought compensation in other quarters. He would gladly have promoted the union of Portugal with Spain, and the restoration of the Kingdom of Poland. The emancipation of Italy from foreign domination was more largely his handiwork than he had either wished or contemplated. Like all Frenchmen, he dreaded the solidification of Germany as fatal to his lifelong dream of reviving the Empire of Charlemagne, and upon that rock his own Empire was in the end miserably wrecked and shattered. His predilection for the groupings of nationalities was repugnant to all established Governments. His leaning towards a Russian alliance was viewed with jealousy by the other Powers, chiefly, perhaps, because no reasonable motive could be discovered for his sudden partiality for the oppression of his professed clients, the Turks and the Poles. Not improbably it was Austria that had roused the resentment and cupidity of the two Emperors. Nothing, however, happened during the reign of Napoleon III. so subversive of the European equilibrium as the Peace of Sadowa (or of Prague) in 1866. It was idle to expect from a unified Germany any sort of compensation on the Rhine, or even the neutralisation of a territory strong enough to serve as an independent State, equally closed against both his neighbours. If it be true that Prince Bismarck dangled before the dazed eyes of the debilitated monarch the incorporation of Belgium, the infatuation of the Emperor and his unwise counsellors must have been fatuous indeed to have credited the sincerity of such a proposition. Of all men living Prince Bismarck would be the last to consent to the aggrandisement of France by the possession of the iron foundries of Liège, the productive coal mines of Hainault, the fertile plains of Flanders and Brabant, a navigable river like the Scheldt with the splendid port of Antwerp, and, above all, of easy access to

the lower waters of the Rhine. The restless people was clearly incompatible with the to the stability of Germany as recently consti inevitable, and it was brought about by the Bismarck at the moment when Germany w for the desperate struggle, and when the French finances, the demoralisation of her a astounding incapacity of her statesmen and success of the invaders as certain as any venture to predict.

For the moment the German Empire is t peace of Europe turns and depends. Th warlike Powers such as France and Rus disturb the rocking stone known as the balai and bring unnumbered woes upon mankind such an untoward alliance Austria and Italy gravitate towards the great Teutonic Emp would hardly regard with indifference the p could not long remain foreign to her Asiatic

THE PITIES OF ITALY.

WHEN a man proves himself to be quite undesirable in all respects, it is easy to repress him by means of assassination or of the amateur pianoforte, or one may insure his eternal departure by lending him some money, or by any other obvious method. But what is to be done with people whose unpraiseworthy characteristics are tempered with so many good ones that the former must be suffered for the latter's sake? Clearly, their society is not to be eschewed altogether, for fear that, while their shortcomings are escaped from, the benefit of their virtues may be likewise missed. The same condition of things may be said to exist in the case of nations as much as, if not more than, in that of individuals; so that whoever wants to procure at their hands as many advantages as possible must needs, taking one thing with another, be thankful for some portion, and, if unthankful for the rest, at least be content to accept it with becoming resignation and with the meek reflection, "What a pity!"

"If I had not been a Frenchman," a certain statesman is supposed to have said once to his English host, "I should have liked to be an Englishman." "And I," the other is supposed to have answered, with more wit than politeness, "if I had not been an Englishman, should have liked to be one." Now, the first thing in Italy that will strike everybody is: What do these Italians want to be? It is manifest that they are tired of being themselves; for, it would seem, they have resolved to abolish all such methods of behaviour as, once upon a time, served to lend them individuality and to provide them with a sort of distinctiveness whereby they might be recognised from other folk. At the present moment, indeed, there is not an Italian of any education or social position whose aim and purpose is other than to imitate the practices that appertain to some country outside his own. Nay, even in villages and remote hamlets the peasants also abandon the customs that were theirs, in order to adopt others imported from elsewhere, whose meaning they by no means understand; and, essaying a new manner

of life on foreign principles, however difficult of application these may be, they will have all sorts of foreign merchandise and foreign goods and foreign inventions, and will no more hesitate to assume exotic vestments which not only destroy the picturesqueness that they used to have, but which also render them exceedingly ridiculous. So, too, in the classes that are more learned and more opulent, there is not one man to-day who does not rejoice in perpetually speaking some other language than his, if he is able to do so, or if it with ever so abominable or incomprehensible an accent: nor is there one who does not feel prouder if his appearance and demeanour induce the unsophisticated to believe him to be of some other nationality than he is; nor will he shrink from trouble or expense or inconvenience for the sake of bringing this sort of effort into the most considerable evidence he can. What is the good of this? Surely there is no good.

Of course nobody denies that in most cases, where any advantage may be derived from imitation, such imitation is well enough for want of anything better. For instance, it was probably beneficial to Italy, in the period of its reorganisation, to establish its constitution on some of the same bases as those which were seen to be the most convenient elsewhere: likewise, it was probably well to retain the law code of a foreign conqueror for fear, at its rejection, of somebody supplying another with worse blunders in its place, to say nothing of worse scenery and more extraordinary syntax: and, in a third instance, every one must congratulate a people on reproducing the results of a foreign's progress, such as the various modes of applying electricity, mechanics, steam, and so on. But on the other hand, the well-asserted fact that an eye ultimate discomfiture can proceed out of this, and the translation of national characteristics which is taking place in all directions, and even increasing in intensity from day to day, and in almost every part, the exchange of ideas has not been altogether without its evil consequences, in those cases where the original idea was better than that from the alteration, but has not been so fortunate as to be so well made, or so well made, and with repeated arrangements, and the better never been overthrown. In the second instance, the fact that such apparently insignificant matters as language, dress, and manners, which were mentioned above, have been altered, and that such changes in these things induce a corresponding change in the mind, will perceive that, so far from being a good thing, it has indeed the very sources whence a multitude of our most valuable efforts have sprung: for once a due measure of respect for the original has been surpassed, the more

external habits are introduced the more they will assuredly lay hold on the populace, and eventually predominate, until there is no longer evinced any national enterprise, ambition, or energy whatever, inasmuch as all become resigned to a state of inanition and of mimicry. Straightway this idea, passing from smaller things, begins also to affect greater ; and thus it is that on all sides we see the Italians in their own land subservient to foreign masters, ousted from management, deprived because of their ineptitude, and driven headlong to an unspirited subordination, while even such meagre commercial institutions as they have got must needs, in order to avert insolvency, be managed by the English or by the French or by the Swiss, with batches of Germans half-way down the scale, they themselves remaining at the bottom. If some new undertaking is set on foot, it is set on foot by a stranger, while these must think themselves lucky if they are even invited to participate in it in the smallest way. In answer to this it is urged that they have never evinced any fitness for business operations ; and, truly enough, one cannot expect a nation whose genius produced mere Ghirlandaios and Del Sartos to compete successfully with one whose genius possesses, for proof of its deserts, such superior results as sewing machines, automatic machines, human machines, vermilion and gamboge advertisements, and emporiums of cheap haberdashery. To expect this would be too exacting. Yet, all the same, there is no doubt Italy is mistaken in retiring so completely from the arena of wholesome competition, and in giving herself up so limply to the reflection that for all her commercial adventures she must rely on the energies of the first foreigner who comes along.

Already she has too little confidence left in herself ; soon she will have none. Though she herself is now the readiest to admit that she is losing everything and gaining nothing by her connection with Germany and Austria, it is most doubtful whether, when the opportunity comes, she will sever it. " I like the French, adversaries though they be, better than the Germans, though these are friends," is (an uncomfortable translation of) one of the most common remarks amongst all classes in Italy. Yet, since she cannot be reconciled with the French halfpenny prints, she prefers to make a foe of that nation than to stand self-reliant alone. And it seems as if she must always be following at someone's heels—even Austrian heels—inviting incompetency by believing that she is incompetent.

Moreover, a similar unhappy conviction is making Italians retire from their own strongholds. If, by the admission of the whole world, there was a thing in which they excelled, it was their

art. And what is happening to this? They are letting it be superseded by whatsoever is forthcoming from the uttermost parts of Europe. Their own artists do not try any more, for the plain reason that, if they did try, no one would appreciate or encourage them, but all would flock to the same places as they flock to now. Thus, they who have produced the Uffizzi Palace and the Vatican cannot nowadays have an exhibition similar to our Academy or to the Salon. Perhaps they would be ashamed to have it, even if they could. We may, therefore, leave this question on one side. At all events we may feel sure that the same shame does not apply to other branches of artistic activity, although, on inspection of these branches, we find that the existing state of affairs is similar. Go, for instance, to the classical theatre in search of Goldoni; behold, they are playing Shakespeare—and what Shakespeare! Go on to the modern; behold, it is Ibsen or Sardou! Proceed to the region of comedy or farce; it is only some conceit transported from the Palais Royal. But these are the performances which fill the seats; whereas a composition of internal origin is played to deadheads or to empty rows. Again, how futile it is to search at the bookseller's for a new Italian publication; for, if you by chance encounter a fresh scientific work, it is certain to be a translation from the German; or if, in a lighter vein, peradventure you discover a new vagary in philosophy, its origin is sure to be English, while the remainder of the shop is occupied with volumes of Tauchnitz and with Parisian psychologies at 3 francs 50 the rigmarole, and with reviews that are concerned with criticisms of what is passing five hundred miles away. "What! have you no new novels or poems of your own, then?" has been asked of them sometimes, and the answer is, "No." "Why?" "Because there is no public for our authors." And, to be sure, the handful of scribes who, persevering, have striven against these difficulties, have been, and are, obliged to adopt the style of the foreigner who is most popular at the time; so that this is in the manner of Bourget, and that of Tolstoi, and the other of Hauptmann. Precisely the same thing occurs in musical productions of all sorts. Indeed, it was only the other day that the most illustrious composer in the country produced as his latest inspiration an opera which was avowedly constructed upon the principles of Wagner, or, in other words, upon principles which, whether good or bad, are at any rate wholly antagonistic to those by means of which Italian ideas of melody were ever expressed. And, by way of illustrating the dangers that beset adaptations generally, the chief personage in this Shakespearian libretto was represented all over Italy with red Dundreary

whiskers, and he only lacked the telescope and the check suit to have been the exact reproduction of the pseudo-typical Briton whose home is the Folies-Bergères. But (to return to the music) when this work was produced all acclaimed it vociferously, no one seeming to be sorry about it in the least degree. If, then, so great a master of melody forsakes the national manner of expression for the Teuton's with such success, what is to withhold the younger men from doing the same? Thus they allow even their music to perish, just as everything else has perished. As far as this goes, of course it is hard for us to understand that this can matter much either one way or the other, because, in spite of affectations and of enthusiasts, the opera with us remains, and will ever remain, the merest incident in the midst of a London season, and at the outside can only be said to compete with race-meetings and fashionable churches as a suitable place for staring and being stared at, and for the display of new designs in millinery and chignons. We must remember, however, that in Italy the opera has a place in the lives and hearts of the entire people; so that it is all the more remarkable that they should be ready to exchange their own style, which lately was so dear to them, for that which is its very opposite. Indeed, one would have thought the tunes of this nation—if the elect will pardon it for having got any—would have been the very last things to be given up. Nevertheless, it is notorious that, from La Scala down to the tiniest caffè-concerto, there is little to be heard now except imported measures attached to the distorted rhythm of vile translations, while the whole scale of other people's treasures is descended, beginning with Gounod and Wagner, through Audran and Lecocq, until harmonious depths are reached in versions of "Ta-ra-ra" and of "Daisy Bell." And, since there is no speed in the acquirement of the originals, all that is presented, be it in music, in literature, in the drama, or what not, is, by the time it has undergone transposal, not only poor and paltry as all transposals are, but is also stale, ancient, and more depressing than are the political complications which seem to be the only things that Italy cares to produce bran new.

A similar affection for what is second-hand pervades all the amusements there are. Observe the entertainments given in houses. There scarcely remains one not based upon alien ethics of enjoyment, with the result that hosts and guests alike are weary, and are praying for the end before half-time is reached; and, even if the rich are able to attain success in this matter, those who are not rich having forsworn the custom of easy-going hospitality which once was theirs,

must now content themselves with the miserable substitute, badly done, which acquires its etiquette and all its conduct from reports of an English or French suburban tea-fight. Even the northern severity of demeanour is frequently assumed at these proceedings, and, the natural affability of the Latin having been discarded, there exists a sort of apprehension that if any one is natural he will forfeit all that rigid respectability which he is now determined to ingather from the outskirts of Philistia. Further, the desire for pleasure, inherent in this southern race, is no longer to be assuaged with the diversions which hitherto have been considered practicable and expedient, and which could be carried into effect satisfactorily ; but now an Italian, in absurd clothes, must career on a second-rate horse at the tail of a third-rate pack of hounds across tracts of country which are wholly unsuitable to the performance. Then, having descended into outrigger racing boats, clumsily copied from ours, he must endeavour to row in the most elaborate 'Varsity form along rivers which, of all rivers on earth, are the least fit for such undertakings ; and, to finish up the day appropriately, he must go head over heels for a couple of hours up and down the "skatings ring," in the crazy belief that in this discarded and stale pastime he is doing something exceedingly British and, for that reason, conspicuously "smart." By way of being British also is the piteous burlesque of horse-racing, whereat, in silence save for the occasional voice of a bookmaker to whom no one listens, a troop of effete cattle, at whom no one looks, ridden by jockeys so bad that they can get no employment elsewhere, amble round the course until it is time for the ladies to get out of the grand stand and promenade once more along the lawn.

Such sorrows as these are the substitutes for the national amusements. The fruits of them may be best appreciated by noticing how Italy, day by day, is losing the gaiety, the cheerfulness, the laughter, that once were hers, and, instead, is becoming as melancholy as all our territories up here where sunshine abides not.

It would be tedious to examine all the cases in which the Italians are either renouncing their own or letting it be renounced for them ; but, if those already mentioned may serve for examples, it need only be added that there is hardly a city or a community or a condition of life over there wherein the same tendencies are not conspicuous. What a pity this is ! It is indeed a pity from a patriotic point of view as well as from a sentimental standpoint ; nay, for far more urgent reasons than sentimental reasons, it is a pity, because in the unfortunate state of their finances they are in absolute need of making their country as attractive as possible to the wealthier

foreigner. They are aware of this, and know also that even the worst species of cockney tripper must be enticed for the sake of the sovereigns he imports. But, unless they are careful, they will discover very soon that it is not everybody—even amongst cockney trippers—who cares to repair a second time for change, or amusement, or instruction, to a country where, on arrival, he finds that he must be satisfied both to do and see and hear and get exactly the same things that he has always done, seen, heard, and got at home. Nor will Italians convince themselves that possibilities are limited by birth and blood and race as much as by any other accidents, and that it is completely beyond the power of southerners to acquire the virtues of northerners, or of these to acquire the virtues of those, without rendering themselves either objectionable or, more probably, ludicrous at the very outset of the endeavour.

There are other things which have to be regretted, rather (in the cases which follow) by the casual visitor than by the accustomed and inured resident. The visitor, then, laments that Italians do not tell him the truth. He is right ; they never tell it either to him or to each other or to anyone else ; and this is where their mistake is most apparent. Of course it is very naughty of them to try to deceive the innocent at all ; but, apart from this view of the transgression, how much more satisfactory and profitable their untruths would be if only these were a little more ingenious and less frequent ! “I was here all the while,” any one of them will say to you when, after having waited two hours without moving from the spot, you reproach him presently about the appointment which he never dreamt of keeping ; or “I warned you of that before,” he will swear to you, *per Dio*, when you discover some unpleasant circumstance which he has taken extraordinary pains to conceal. Being so obviously, not to say drearily, erroneous, all such assertions are unworthy a good man ; and when they, or others equal to them, are repeated at intervals of five minutes, they become more unworthy than ever. For he that tells the truth, say, some nine times out of ten, can generally persuade somebody to believe him about three times out of four ; but if he be discovered in falsehood—and, worse than that, in obvious and obtuse falsehood—nine times out of ten, he is simply flinging his tenth opportunity to the winds, since, though it were a fragment of the Nicene Creed itself, there is no one who would credit it. Moreover, his fault is yet worse when, as frequently happens, the greater number of those nine are quite unnecessary, pointless, and used on trivial occasions when an excuse would have sufficed or perhaps when nothing need have been said

at all. The result is that, after a short space of time, no one trusts the Italians any more, because, on account of their indiscretion, they have "given themselves away." Now we, instead of condemning them so stoutly as we do, should be on the other hand particularly sympathetic about the pity of this blunder ; for we are able to arrange our own prevarications and deceptions so nicely that they frequently escape detection altogether, with the result that over there we are considered the most truthful nation in the world, and—can one imagine?—"la parola inglese" has actually passed into a recognised expression of the language, whereby is signified the utmost unimpeachability in the way of trustworthiness. For the sake of chivalry, if for no other sake, the more capable should ever be clement to the less well qualified ; and those who excel must forbear from asperity towards those who do not. Thus it surely behoves us to reserve our strictures for other occasions, and in this matter of deceit to refrain once more from observing anything harsher than "What a pity !"

A kindred spirit of tolerance must be exercised in the consideration of their abandoned vice of cheating. Just as they will lie unwisely about next door to nothing, so also will they cheat unwisely over the most trifling transaction, never pausing to consider that, though even the operation meet with momentary success, the ultimate gain must certainly be far inferior in value to the amount of reputation for fairness which is placed in jeopardy. In matters of any moment, the practice is conceivable enough, depending for avoidance, for the most part, on considerations of individual prosperity or scruple ; but it is truly lamentable that the system should pervade every department of purchase or exchange so thoroughly that there can be found no escape from it whatever. It is not an exaggeration to say that there is no sum so exiguous, and no article so worthless, but that the one and the other are converted into vehicles for a piece of unfair dealing ; and, if possible, an Italian will be fraudulent concerning a halfpennyworth of macaroni as readily as he will be fraudulent over a commodity that costs a thousand francs. His speciality, though, is in petty sums. "How much is this?" you inquire of him. The thing, say, is threepence ; but, if you pay it, the next time it is fourpence, and then sixpence, and eventually a lira, other amounts being dealt with in proportion. Thus everybody, however great may be his reluctance, is driven to bargaining and haggling, lest, if he once pay what is desired of him, the price may not rest there, but may continue increasing every day until the protest which he withheld at first is absolutely forced out of

him in the end, and he is compelled to begin all over again. A more sophisticated people—let us not say a more scrupulous—reserves its frauds for important transactions, when the profit derivable is of some signal value, and having with considerable subtlety matured those frauds during its Sunday evenings at home, only puts them into execution at moments that are most becoming. But the Italian, apparently, although the example is before his eyes, will never understand that this, and this only, is the advantageous course to pursue, while it can only be disastrous to himself to imperil, and eventually to lose, a very great deal of confidence for the sake of a very few coins. No; like his deceits, his frauds are woefully petty as a rule, and should excite more sorrow than indignation. Large proof of this conclusion resides in the fact that he is seldom an offender of this sort on any elaborate scale, by no means being able to rival the French or English adventurers who, with labyrinths of schemes involving infinite labour, contrive to reduce the unwary to the workhouse, while they themselves, on several thousands a year, are residing in half a dozen houses. He does not do this. Nor does he, save in the very rarest instances, live far beyond his means in places where he is unknown, then to be conveniently absent when the creditors appear. Nor is he fond of frequenting the largest jewellers' or *bric-à-brac* shops for the purpose of suffering from that grievous malady of kleptomania so prevalent elsewhere. He is foolishly steadfast, rather, to happy-go-lucky little swindles, which the merest student could detect at once; and it must be admitted that, in this respect, a perpetual example is set him by no less an institution than his own Government, which, having issued certain notes, says: "These notes are worth a lira each," and when they are offered in payment of taxation observes: "Oh, no; you must buy money wherewith to pay this tax." More than the nominal value of the notes has to be paid for money; the Government, therefore, having declared its paper issues to have such and such a value, does, in fact, immediately afterwards declare that its paper has not got more than a fraction of that value, and by these means it reaps a little harvest of farthings year by year. It all seems too paltry to be angry about, but there is no doubt that many get angry about it; and, to be sure, the perpetual recurrence of such measures, encountered in all classes of society, is apt to result in the creation of a feeling of annoyance in the bosoms of the more discreet. So there is constituted, as it were, another objection to this imprudent country, which, endowed with so many advantages

of every kind, must always contrive to conceal them under all the most unattractive blemishes that possibly can be displayed.

Furthermore, there is no end to the vexation caused by the hosts of those who lie in wait for the stranger at every place of ingress to the peninsula. True, Venice, Genoa, and Naples are the greatest sinners here ; but other cities are not far behind. All who arrive are accordingly harassed by touts of every description, and assailed by hawkers, and pursued by a phalanx of guides, children, beggars, and unappreciated artists. Utterly provoked, some have turned back forthwith, and it is no wonder their remarks are not complimentary after the experience they have had. Even in Rome similar herds, with lynx's eyes, will detect a stranger after brief delay ; and they will not let him recline outside a caffè (murmuring, of a surety, "Dolce far niente" to himself) without recounting to him some history of their misfortunes, or exhibiting a boxload of cheap gew-gaws underneath his nose ; nor can he do so much as peep sideways at a column or a ruin or anything of that sort without being at once surrounded by twenty individuals more ignorant than he, who desire to supply him with archæological information at so much the absurdity. In vain does he protest against this ; if he seek redress for such unwarranted annoyance, he cannot procure it in any quarter. Ourselves, we are so hostile to official interference with our liberties that we can hardly expect others to endure it with better grace than we do ; yet, seeing how much of it the most peaceful Italian has to put up with already, we might surely wish that some such instrumentality were at work for the purpose of restraining the zeal of the aggressive vagabond. Touching restrictions, too, how much more advantageous it would be for these people if they would hinder all that is worst in their population embarking for abroad or, at any rate, for other European countries. It is notorious that the most unscrupulous characters, having been released from gaol, take the first opportunity of sailing for another country—usually England—in order to escape the police supervision which would be their portion if they remained at home. They are even encouraged to do this ; and here is one more instance of the way Italians pounce on a small advantage which must inevitably be followed by considerable loss. For, though they are thus conveniently rid of a large proportion of their criminal classes, the benefit of this is paid for at the price of their ruined reputation ; because we (and other nations beside), when uncleanly Neapolitans come and vex us (and them) with horrible noises, and poison us with their filthy merchandise, and when they live among us in disgusting quarters, and thrust carving knives into each other

and repeatedly appear in the police-court, believe that all their compatriots at home are capable, if not positively guilty, of equally unsatisfactory behaviour, and that they, too, pass their days in brandishing stiletti alternately with grinding hurdy-gurdies and engendering parasites. If this community were kept at home—either by persuasion or, if necessary, by legal intervention—Italy would never possess the unenviable reputation which is her portion at present; nor would such legal intervention be a whit more severe or fussy than that which, at this very day, is inflicted in the name of justice on the most excellent citizens under the austerity of Napoleon's code. There is no legislation, however, which, for want of a better name, may be entitled the legislation that has to do with the general convenience of society; since there is not at Monte Citorio a statesman who can find time for anything except the consideration of his emoluments or the discussion of opportunities for fresh taxation. And, as for the police, when they have expanded their chests and assumed blue swallowtails and cocked hats with red plumes in them, what more can you expect them to achieve, unless it be the distinction that accrues from standing at corners to be admired by a crowd of husbandmen who come in, amazed, from the distant vineyards? Nay, if the populace were so fond of knives a foot long as is supposed of them, it is long since that there would have been nothing left but mincemeat on the banks of the Tiber and the Arno, for all that the police would do; and it is only because the people are so exceptionally amiable, peaceful, sober, and good-tempered that they have got any heads or bodies left to be amiable, sober, and good-tempered with, inasmuch as they are sheltered only by the most insignificant array of braid and metal buttons that ever called itself magnificent names. Far more important are they of the Customs, who are so enterprising that, if you are travelling to and fro, they will inspect the same box containing the same things at the same places a dozen times in succession, and whose zeal is such that they will invariably search for some dutiable thing that is dearer in the place you have come from than it is in the place where they are searching. But this, after all, is in perfect harmony with that whole system of theirs, who, desiring foreigners with all their might, nevertheless arrange that as many hindrances as possible may be set in the way of these in order that they shall retire in complete disgust, annoyed, misled, and resolved to set foot in Italy no more.

Misled, forsooth, is the word that applies to half the remainder of such situations as are left over from the list of intentional deceptions. When on rare occasions, by way of relief from the oppression

of interminable politics, there is a morsel of news in the papers, it generally turns out to be wrong, and the next day there has to appear a contradiction: "We regret to have said, &c." A gallery, a museum, or what not, is publicly announced to be open until four o'clock, when in effect it shuts at three. A train is advertised to start at such or such an hour; it does not do anything of the kind, nor was it ever meant to do so, and presently it arrives at the other terminus an hour and a half late; while, on the way, perhaps, you ask of the officials, "How long do we stop here?" and when they have answered "Ten minutes," you find that at the end of five there is a hue and cry for you all over the station because you are not in your seat, and the train is setting forth in motion while you are being hustled into it by robust men from behind. A well-known journal, much read by strangers, publishes daily a list of notorious places of interest and the ways to reach them; for years it has asserted that the Cascine in Florence was on the left bank of the Arno, and it was not until the other day that it occurred to somebody on the staff that, after all, the Cascine (about a mile square) was on the right bank. Another referred recently to a statue of Trajan on Trajan's Column. Other instances may be discovered by anybody who skims through a bundle of their papers published on any one day. Remember, moreover, that this is in speaking of their own, and not of a far distant country. Why, even French sheets, except when faithful Russia or perfidious Albion is their theme, can manage to be a trifle more accurate than this. "Every night at eight," you read in bold letters on a poster concerning some performance; on arrival at the doors you find them shut: those responsible had quite forgotten to efface the bill. "When does so-and-so take place?" you ask of some constant inhabitant of a town, and, rather than confess his utter and usual ignorance of what is passing around him, he will with no hesitation invent a day and an hour; when you set forth, accordingly, it is to learn that the event is not to occur until a week hence, or else that the whole thing has been accomplished and the fragments cleared away the day before. "Fancy that! I must have made a mistake," is then the explanation furnished by your informant. The same mistake, unfortunately, arises in so many different fashions that we cannot help believing it a most convenient one to make. It turns up again in every species of architectural or artistic dissertation; for, like most people, the Italian knows nothing whatever of the place he lives in, but, instead of admitting that, he is prepared to deliver a discourse about every stone or steeple within the precincts, while

in his anxiety that his city shall eclipse its neighbour in antiquity he will think nothing of subtracting a few hundred years from the date of everything; so that what belongs to the thirteenth or fourteenth century is straightway ascribed to the eleventh or twelfth. And, from Fiesole to Taormina, there is hardly a place that does not announce itself the most ancient of all places; nor does anybody dig up a smashed jam-pot in his back garden without this becoming another proof of the oldness of that back garden the more the pot being commonplace and hideous the more it is Etruscan—or else Greek. Many, supremely ignorant of the decayed centuries about which they converse so nicely, believe these legends; and the smile is reserved for Austrian Jews whose business it is to supply the most engaging antiquities (of the day before yesterday) to American millionaires, who bear them away in triumph to the realms of pork.

On the other hand, it is the duty of every Italian to be acquainted with the various states of disrepair with which his neighbours are afflicted; and there is not a person, howsoever brief his sojourn anywhere, who does not immediately become an object of the most keen concern. None is so busy but he will find time to learn not only about his resident neighbour, but also about the merest nomad, concerning whom, at the end of a fortnight or so, he is able to provide an abundance of minute and inaccurate information for any one who cares to have it. Many pilgrims to artistic or devotional shrines are astonished to learn such a variety of interesting details about themselves, their incomes, wardrobes, and occupations, and they wonder how it can be that they themselves have lived so long in ignorance of such a compendious key to their own identity. There is, indeed, no personality esteemed too childish to be the subject of lengthy gossip and debate—even for men—or to be the principal incentive to quantities of the most industrious research. From the habit of feeding in restaurants and living in public a great deal more than we do, the facilities are better for spying out entertaining things; so that there is no conscientious Italian who is not aware to what extent his neighbour at meals is in the habit of eating, drinking, and spitting about the floor, how strong he takes his vermouth, how much he gives the waiter, whether he gives him twenty sous or only nineteen, and whether he is fond of fat and smears it up with bread, or whether with icy disdain he removes it to one side; nor is any man, conveniently brought up, ashamed in the least to interrogate valets, porters, waiters, maids, and all sorts of servants about the performances, uprisings, and reclinings of those on whom it is their duty to attend.

These are other pities, some will think.

So are most of the less pleasant characteristics of Italians ; for it is outrageous to exaggerate them and call them by austere epithets which might be more appropriately reserved for the grosser offences which are familiar to us all, but which exist, perhaps, in a less degree in Italy than in certain other countries which need not now be named. But it is still more outrageous to take notice only of these pities simply because they are rather obtrusively obvious, and to ignore the manifold beauties and virtues which do far more than counterbalance them. Instead of believing, as many of us do, that those beauties are exhausted when, equipped with Bradshaw and Childe Harold, we have rushed at full speed past the Bay of Naples, past grey walls in Rome, past Botticelli's Madonnas, sundry busts of Victor Emmanuel, and acres of cathedral window, let us rather endeavour to appreciate the courtesy, the refinement, the good temper and lack of conceit possessed so pre-eminently by this race against whom, with too little reflection, we are so ready to inveigh. In any case, whatever individual preferences or aversions may exist, whatever affections or prejudices may be predominant, it seems—to say the least—to be particularly ungraceful on the part of Englishmen to assume such a superior air in Italy, to institute the most objectionable comparisons all the while that they are there, and finally to withdraw in attitudes of extreme arrogance, which after all are much less dignified than they are meant to be ; for we must surely confess that it is particularly ungraceful, if the expression may be repeated, to be so magnificent towards those who are simple, to upbraid them with worthless maxims instead of exhorting them with civility, to exclaim, “What an offence !” instead of “What a pity !” and generally to behave presumptuously towards those who, above all others, have been and still are ready to endorse the claim that we have to be esteemed the greatest and most drunken, if scarcely the most modest, nation in this transitory existence here below.

GEORGE WIDDRINGTON.

MODERN PENOLOGY.

THE science of Penology has indeed expanded since the days of John Howard. Looking back to his times, we find the word which describes our paper an almost undiscovered one. Overcrowding, insanitary rooms, selfish jailors, with a system of farming the prisons, very much as turnpikes used to be sub-let, prevailed. The hulks—an iniquitous system of cramming together hundreds of men and women, sometimes, indeed, children—lent a charm to the general absence of humanity as evinced by our legislators of that day. A charm? What was it to such if the prisoners were so crowded together that they died from suffocation? What was it if loathsome diseases flourished like poisonous fungi in dark recesses of gloomy caverns? Who heeded the despairing cry of the woman as she brought forth into the dark depths of her pent-house a puling infant, whose spirit wavered indecisively for a few hours in the asphyxiated air, and then floated away to some more blessed abode? Well might we answer, No one, not a solitary person of any influence, save John Howard. Standing alone, like a lightship on some quicksands of the Downs, or hard by the Kentish Knock, he showed his light manfully in spite of the rising waves of opposition which threatened to swamp his boat, as amid the currents and cutting seas of public parsimony he bravely kept fast his anchorage. What do we see now? Let us relate our tale briefly and to the point, dividing our story into three heads: *Sentences*, the *Prisoner*, and *Prisons*.

Some fifty years ago transportation was in full swing, and the cry was, "To the convict ship." Numerous were the transportees, various the crimes for which transportation was ordered. Petty thefts, burglary, arson, almost every phase of crime was dealt with by transportation. Millbank Prison was the first departure in this direction, and Pentonville followed, ousting the convict ships. We now divide penal sentences into three great divisions: simple imprisonment, imprisonment with hard labour, and penal servitude, and these three comprise the totality of penal sentences. Simple imprisonment may be ordered for contempt of court, county court cases, and such-like misdemeanours; imprisonment with hard labour for all more serious cases not necessi-

tating penal servitude ; penal servitude for all serious offences, most of which are known as felonies. In the first class of imprisonment, *i.e.* simple, the chief punishment consists in deprivation of liberty and adherence to certain prison rules, which are in themselves irksome to most persons, affecting their general ideas of comfort, convenience, and *dignity*. In the second, we find a great step taken in the penal ladder. Loss of liberty, a certain definite amount of labour to be undertaken and completed daily, strict rules as to discipline, prison dress, diet, interviews with friends, so that we may say briefly the hard-labour prisoner is serving an amateur sentence of penal servitude, which may extend from one day to two years. There is not much associated work, and very little outdoor labour, the latter especially favoured by the working classes, who resent deprivation of light and air. There is compulsory chapel, schooling, and silence—disagreeable luxuries to many men and women. In the third we find a definite system of polite slavery, polite so far as the prisoner behaves himself, but very harsh and despotic if he kicks against the goad. The convict may be sentenced from three years to life, the latter, in many cases, implying twenty years' servitude, when release is often obtained. There is a system of nine months' probation, spent in complete solitude in the cells, with the exception of exercise and chapel, and a few minor details calling the convict out of his cell. Then comes the period of real servitude, when the prisoner is drafted off to some public works prison, where quarrying, building, carpentering, dock-making, and numerous useful trades are taught. It is here that the convict may find his sentence very difficult to serve if he be quick-tempered. Discipline is now very severe, the smallest breach of the same being dealt with in a routine fashion most disconcerting to the novice and to the man untrained to military organisation. We cannot wonder that this strict routine should exist, remembering the large numbers of prisoners in each gang, and the desperate characters abounding therein, so that the convict cannot escape or show insubordination with any hope of success. Rigorous searching on marching to and from work, and a terrible vigilance, unnerves the most desperate prisoner, but, curious to relate, the reconvicted men usually make the best prisoners, the explanation being that such know what to expect from past experience, and from which latter they profit, to the satisfaction of the officials.

Brevity compels us to pass on to the *Prisoner*. A very motley group they form, composed of all sorts and conditions of men. The common thief, the born and bred burglar, the hereditary criminal, the clerk, the bank manager, solicitor, military officer, and others may all be found here, a few ashamed of themselves, and a great many abso-

lutely unabashed. Men who are in penal servitude for the first time, and have no previous conviction recorded, are marked by a star badge, which constitutes their membership of the star class, and such are kept very carefully apart from other prisoners. The reports hitherto issued upon this class have been very favourable and encouraging, and there can be no doubt of the relief afforded to the better class of men by this isolation from prison contamination.

Let us briefly sketch a few of the types met with in convict prisons. There is the old offender, who is well versed in prison discipline, knowing exactly what to do and what not to do, serving his time as easily as he can by the avoidance of all collision with the authorities. There is the troublesome convict, who is always under punishment for some breach of rules, sullen, dangerous, and revengeful, only staying his hand from dread of the prison cat with tails. Then there is the plausible man, who is full of excuses, sometimes whining and servile, sometimes threatening and fierce, as opportunity occurs. It is needless to add that this man, like the troublesome type, fights against the air for any good that his efforts obtain. Then there is the cunning, astute prisoner, who is always waiting for an opportunity of reporting some fellow-convict on false charges—grumbling, self-seeking, and viperish. There is the malingerer, a common type, anxious to deceive the prison surgeon, the great end and aim being escape from hard work, of which latter he usually gets a maximum share when detected. A large majority of the prisoners strenuously assert their innocence, usually ascribing their convictions to what they call “a miscarriage of justice” or “perjury.” A very small percentage admit the justice of their sentences, a fact observed by all prison officials, and an established one, though the explanation is not so very simple. Perhaps the innate tendency of the human mind towards the non-confession of wrong may suffice as a reason for the undoubted assertions of innocence on the part of convicts, however guilty they may have been.

In treating of prisoners, the question of reformation must be dealt with. As a matter of fact, statistics hold out but faint hopes when the reformation of prisoners is in question; that is to say, thorough reformation. Reconvictions are very frequently met with, and for an explanation of the failure of penal systems to reform we must inquire into the antecedents of the prisoner—his parentage, education, and other matters. Heredity is a most important factor in the inquiry, and exerts an enormous influence upon crime, the children of confirmed criminals being prone to follow in the courses of their parents, even when taken from bad influences and educated under good auspices. The best education in our Board Schools is, sad to relate, no remedy for a

criminal tendency, and the more thorough the instruction and acquisition, the greater the subsequent fall, not in crimes of coarser types, but rather in those of intelligent fraud, such as forgery, ingenious swindles, and so on. The theory of inoculating children with knowledge as a preventive against crime is quite effete, and unsupported by any evidential units. The question has often been asked (and will probably never be solved), Why are our prisons a failure? So far as complete reformation is concerned, they are often unsuccessful in checking crime, or eradicating it. In many cases they are successful, when the *materies morbi* can be destroyed, which occurs in first offenders and those who have fallen under great pressure of temptation, and are borne down by shame and repentance. A great number are imprisoned with but one view and hope, which is to keep them safe and to cage such from damaging the public welfare. In this point of view our prisons are but human cages for the captivity of dangerous wild beasts in the human guise.

Space compels us to pass on to the third division of our paper, our *Prisons*, after the discussion of which we shall give a few remarks and suggestions generally. In an early portion of our paper we commented upon the insanitary dens, called prisons, in the time of John Howard, and alluded to the erection of Millbank and Pentonville. The former is now swept away; the latter remains as firm as ever. A former paper appearing in this magazine (for May 1893) dealt with "The Rise and Fall of Millbank," and we then pointed out the unscientific character of the buildings which are now destroyed. Pentonville represents a model prison, and Wormwood Scrubbs a very recent development of prison architecture, built entirely by convict labour, the design being from the draughtsmanship of the Chairman of Prisons, Sir Edmund Du Cane, K.C.B., R.E. This building is the finest specimen of penological art in the world, the chapel being unique in its capacity and design. It stands on Wormwood Scrubbs Common, near Shepherd's Bush, and facilities were afforded to us so that we saw the whole structure raised, visiting the works every month during a space of nearly five years. The bricks were made on the spot from local clay, and the stone was quarried at Portland Prison. There are no gloomy passages here, no dark corridors or multiplicity of iron gates such as abounded in Millbank, but all is open, light, and sanitary, and, so far as a prison can be pleasant, Wormwood Scrubbs is eminently so. By its erection several prisons have been erased—Coldbath Fields, Clerkenwell House of Detention, and others, the former having been anything but a wholesome institution in comparison with this modern giant of progressive enlightenment.

Our county prisons are not, in all cases, so satisfactory ; but new buildings are being erected from time to time, notably Norwich gaol—a fine instance of city progression and advance. Our court accommodation offers anything but cause for congratulation to those municipalities responsible for the same. In many cases, sad to relate, men and women awaiting trial during the session days are crowded together in wooden boxes or pens ; decency is impossible, and the sanitary arrangements are atrocious, if not incredibly bad. On conviction, prisoners pass from a scene of discomfort and shame to better surroundings ; so that it is true to state, strange though it may be, that a man or woman awaiting trial in the court-house suffers more while there than in the prison cells. Reform rests with the various municipalities, who are the principal offenders, although the county authorities are not free from blame in some instances. Money will effect most objects sought for, and a liberal use of mammon must be applied here in view of reformation—a reformation urgently demanded in the name of justice and humanity.

The question of Sunday exercise for prisoners is one that has given rise to some comment on the part of humanitarians, amongst whom may be reckoned the Howard Association, London, and its excellent secretary, Mr. William Tallack. The detention of prisoners in their cells during the whole of Sunday is a proceeding which cannot be justified on any grounds but those of economy, the prison staff being thus enabled to leave the prison in the charge of a few. To argue that the attendance at chapel affords some relief to the gloomy monotony of the day (scarcely a bright one for prisoners) is absolutely useless. A few may not feel the monotony of the white-walled cells, plain and bare, and the small area allotted ; but that a great many do long for the hour's exercise is absolutely certain. Here, again, political parsimony and Treasury narrowness reigns triumphant. We trust that this necessary exercise will be shortly allowed to all prisoners, even at the cost of an augmented staff, if it is not even now in force.

One question is often asked of penologists, and it is this: Are our penal establishments successful institutions as deterrents of crime? In a measure they are, but this is all that can be said so far as deterrence is concerned. A large number of criminals return again and again to undergo the ordeals of hard labour and penal servitude, and it is quite a common occurrence to find men some few days after release retaken for burglary or robbery, and this after a sentence of eighteen months' hard labour, or even five years' penal servitude. A professional burglar will say: "Oh, I know it doesn't pay when you *are* caught, but then the chances are that we may run free for months and years, and during that time we are living on the fat of the land, and earning hundreds a

year, which we could not do if working honestly. So we take our chance, and when we are 'copped,' why, we serve our time as easily as we can, and we know how to do that. What with the 'screws' (warders) knowing us, and letting us alone so long as we keep quiet, and the times and times we've served, first in one 'hotel' and then in another, things run smooth enough, just as an old soldier knows his drill." Such is the philosophy of the average cracksman, or burglar, who reckons up his balance-sheet and finds heavy profits on the one side and occasional losses on the other, and the greater his experience the fewer are his chances of arrest. That so many experienced burglars quietly submit to capture, eschewing the use of firearms, may seem at first sight an anomaly, but the fact is easily explained thus. The revolver has fallen into disuse of late years, owing to the very severe sentences passed upon the Muswell Hill burglars, and others, who fired at their captors; hence bloodless resistance is now the fashion, rather than melodramatic conflicts between police and burglars. In short, resistance does not pay. Again, we have to remember the very strong passion existent in many criminals for burglaries of every description. They like the excitement of the night entry and the risks encountered, and it is no exaggeration to state that with many men housebreaking and complicated burglaries are real passions, a monstrous form of art, in which competition largely finds a place. To be considered an expert burglar, with every resource at hand, and to escape detection for lengthy periods—these are indeed objects of emulation to many a criminal; and when caught he will endure his captivity calmly, and console himself with the reflection that he is a smart fellow, and the best in that prison. Can a remedy be found for such a state of morals? Can we hope to effect any permanent reformation in such cases? We fear that our prisons serve, in but too many cases, as cages for safe detention, as a means of separation from the public of the beasts of prey who hang upon the skirts of society, rather than as institutions of reformation, and so it is all over the world. It is necessary to remember that a confirmed criminal is probably the victim of some mental disorder or cerebral condition militating against all appreciation of right doing, preventing the mind from ever acquiring the true conscience of rectitude, or the duty of man to man. As with almost every kind of wickedness, selfishness and a disregard for the feelings of others rules supreme. Therewith associated we find evidences of a weak mind of a distinctly animal type, if, indeed, it possess any elements of the human order at all. As we said just now, selfishness rules supreme, and then comes the remarkably distorted view of life so commonly found in criminals, which shows the world to these men in a strangely

lurid light. The animal passions must be gratified at all hazards, and to do this money must be obtained, and to accomplish this crimes must be committed. The young votary of crime soon finds his criminality growing into a passion, and the burglary or robbery with violence becomes a delightful occupation, as seductive as are the pleasures of drunkenness and gluttony. Now, these are the men met with in penological studies, these are the monstrosities of human nature, an abundant and prolific growth of all our large cities, especially in the Whitechapel end of London, where rookeries abound, safe holes for criminal vermin, who conceal themselves during the day, and creep out at nightfall, bound upon some venturesome errand. And what is the end of all these men? Some forty per cent. reform, if taken at the proper time by the various missions, among which that excellent association managed by Mr. Wheatley stands in honourable prominence. (Many experts would say that forty per cent. is an excessive number, and that twenty-five per cent. would be nearer the truth.) A large number receive assistance at the hands of these philanthropic societies, and for a time remain at work, some to fall away during the first few days, others to last out for a few weeks, when they in their turn relapse into criminal ways. It is no exaggeration to state that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred it is alcohol which leads them down once more. Inside of prison, and *debarred from all intoxicating drink*, these unstable creatures, fierce and untamable as they certainly are when at large, become docile and manageable, and the prison chaplain has his hopes of some permanent reformation in many cases. Once free, then they hasten back to the public-houses, and down they fall.

Let some of our readers stroll slowly down Endell Street, in the direction of St. Martin's Lane, and, wandering into St. Andrew's Street, the centre of Seven Dials, let him keenly observe the loafers in this district. There are many low taverns here, and standing outside he will notice groups of young men dressed in threadbare clothes of dark colour. What are they doing? Nothing in particular, and there they loaf from hour to hour, possibly discussing the fate of a gang of roughs, now in penal servitude, who used to haunt these alleys and courts, robbing and ill-treating passers-by, the aged in particular, until the Common Sergeant ordered them wholesome floggings and long terms of imprisonment a few months ago.

The reader need not, if young and vigorous, fear his perambulations in these slums, for these creatures are arrant cowards, and prefer onslaughts on drunken men and helpless women to attacking an able-bodied person, strong though they may be in numbers. If they notice a gold chain, one glance from the owner will cower them,

especially in the daytime, for such loafers dread observation of any kind. The observer will find an hour's walk in these alleys very inviting if he is interested in these matters, and his knowledge of low types, and the difficulties in disposing of such, much increased. He will notice a special class of loafers—elderly men with red noses, fat bodies, and thin legs—leaning against the walls of these taverns. They do nothing all day, with the exception of an occasional visit within to drink with some generous friend, but lean against the doors or walls, apparently thinking of nothing but the last drop of rum, and longing for more. This is the finished article, the alcoholic criminal. Too diseased for work (criminal pursuits), they remain here until the union infirmary receives them or the Charing Cross Hospital provides them with a bed, and thus they die, in most cases enlightening medical education and alcoholic pathology. What are we to do with these men? We confess that we do not know. Taken in hand at an earlier period of their career some hopes of success are reasonable, and experience has proved this; but the large majority of these loafers—young, middle-aged, and old (and by old we mean *comparatively*, for most of them are fifteen years in excess of their normal age)—seem beyond the reach of the most active philanthropy. Our observant reader will notice the absence of any old men. Why? Ask the barmen of these low houses. They know well enough that the drinks handed across the bar have diminished fifteen or twenty years of their normal lives; have made a young man of twenty metamorphose into a red-nosed loafer of forty, and the man of forty into a crippled wretch of sixty at the St. Giles's Union hard by—for there you may find the finished article in the winter time. The public-house flourishes, and the loafer is manufactured here, all at the expense of society in general, who allow the drink traffic to put money—even fortunes—into the pockets of these traders of vice, and not one complaint comes from the various corporations who have to keep these hopeless alcoholics, and at their own cost too! We are now on the eve of a great national crisis; of a tremendous revolution, which will overthrow these manufactories for criminals and release the country from its unjust taxation, a criminal levy, for what else is it? To make the fortunes of a limited number of men at the expense of the whole community—what is this but criminal taxation of the vilest kind? Upon whom falls this load of taxation? Let the readers of this paper make answer.

G. RAYLEIGH VICARS.

REST.

REST for the wearied hands and aching feet,
 The brain that throbs, the care-distracted breast ;
 And for the heart whose pulses surge-like beat,
 Rest !

Alas, we seek not always what is best !
 The sluggish dreamer never can be blest
 With crowning triumph and surprises sweet.
 Moments are swift as swallows, life is fleet ;
 And soon the sun declining in the west,
 Will set on barren fields, or fields of wheat.
 Then let us work whilst we are able, lest
 When life's short day is o'er we do not meet
 Rest !

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

TABLE TALK.

"EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIGNETTES."

I LIKE to keep up the traditions for which Sylvanus Urban has always been a stickler, and so return to the "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" of Mr. Austin Dobson, of which a second series, in every way equal to the first, is now issued. The marvellous fidelity of Mr. Dobson's portraits has won constant and delighted recognition. It is the special recommendation of his works that they claim to be kept always close at hand by their lovers. One never wearies of them; their fidelity, grace, and vivacity being equally noticeable. Of the twelve Vignettes Mr. Dobson now supplies, two or three only deal with the figures of the eighteenth century most prominent from an English point of view. The "Journal to Stella" is, of course, occupied with Swift, and "The Topography of 'Humphry Clinker'" with Smollett, while in "Richardson at Home" Mr. Dobson borrows a phrase of the modern interviewer. Others, for which I dare not own a preference, take up less familiar subjects—"Robert Dodsley," "At Tully's Head," "Little Roubillac," "Silas Told," of whom few can have heard, as "The Prisoners' Chaplain," and "Lady Mary Coke," in some respects the least known of all. The last article, which has not, like the others, previously seen the light in a periodical publication, introduces to the public a very striking, eccentric, and interesting figure with which most readers will be glad to scrape an acquaintance. Very picturesque and remarkable is the life of Silas Told, a follower of Wesley, a man whose early experiences might be derived from the accounts of the buccaneers—he was on a slave-ship—and whose later life was self-denying, edifying, and in a sense heroic.

AMONG THE OLD BOOKMEN.

NOT an essay is there in Mr. Dobson's book which has not its special claim on attention, and most of them must commend themselves to those whom the topography, traditions, and associations of London attract. Those of pleasantest flavour to myself, however, deal with old booksellers, bookbinders, book-lovers, and the like.

There is thus an excellent account of "Johnson's Library," the sale of which occupied four days in February 1785, the result being short of £250; the exiguity of which sum is perhaps attributable to the bequests he had made to his friends. Of Robert Dodsley—ex-footman and author of "The Muse in Livery," and other works in prose and poetry, subsequently the publisher and friend of poets—an admirable account is given. One of Dodsley's glories is the publication of "Gray's Elegy." An animated picture is also given of the two Paynes, which appears just in time to be of service to the Dictionary of National Biography. Other booksellers, Lintot and the like, are discussed, and Mr. Dobson supplies the opening of a *ballade* of bygone bookshops. This, which is on the lines of Messrs. Andrew Lang and Edmund Gosse, it would be too much to ask him to continue, since the names are not sufficiently numerous. The stanza he has written I venture to quote:

Curll, by the Fleet-Ditch nymphs caress'd ;
 Tonson the Great, the slow-to-pay ;
 Lintot, of Folios rubric-press'd ;
 Osborne, that stood in Johnson's way ;
 Dodsley, who sold the " Odes " of Gray ;
 Davies, that lives in Churchill's rhyme ;
 Millar and Knapton,—where are they ?
 Where are the bookshops of old time ?

I should like also to enrich my pages with the dainty "Epilogue" in which the writer justifies his affection for eighteenth century subjects; but, however agreeable this might be to myself and my readers, it would not be fair to the author nor to his enchanting book.

THE BULL FIGHT AGAIN.

MY predictions concerning the unhappy results that would follow the toleration of bull fights in France have been fulfilled more rapidly than I anticipated. At first some pretence was made that the combats were sham. Except by an accident no life, it was said, was taken. The bull's horns were tipped so that he could neither rip up the horses nor seriously injure his assailant. It is needless to say that these precautions, if they were ever observed, were speedily abandoned. The sight and scent of blood and the contemplation of slaughter and suffering are all in the bull fight that appeal to a Southern public. Between the spectacle as seen on the other side the Pyrenees, say at San Sebastian, and that said to have been first tolerated at Nismes, there was no more difference than there was between a prize fight as it was witnessed by our fathers and is

occasionally, if surreptitiously, seen by men of our own days, and the sparring matches with gloves that, I am told, are still patronised by a portion of our idle classes, known as "patrons of the fancy." One by one the so-called precautions were relaxed until, in some cities, notably in Nismes and Bayonne, the exhibition became as horrible as it is among its Spanish or Saracenic founders. The most highly-trained toreadors were imported from Spain, and were applauded or hissed with the fury which such scenes are calculated to inspire in a Southern temperament.

ATTEMPTS OF THE BULL FIGHT TO INVADE PARIS.

ONLY in the South could bull fights be tolerated. Attempts have been made to introduce the thin end of the wedge in Paris. I myself have driven past a building consecrated in Paris to bull fights, in this instance really emasculated and deprived at the outset of a measure of their atrocity. Had they obtained sanction, or been publicly followed, the experiment of Nismes might and would doubtless have been repeated, and the most bloodthirsty and demoralising of existing pastimes would have been established in the French capital, and within easy reach of England. Fortunately the Parisian public is more cultivated and more humane than that of the South. The spectacle encountered much opposition, and obtained little support. Among the few who patronised it no inconsiderable share consisted, it is humiliating to think, of Englishmen. The show was finally closed, and no effort, so far as I can hear, has been made to reopen it. The second attempt to introduce it into Paris was of a different character. An idle millionaire, to whose unworthy name I will give no hoped-for publicity, introduced the bull fight into a private arena for the delectation of a select coterie of friends. No money was taken, and the whole entertainment was regarded as private. The practices in Spain were closely copied, and bulls and butchers were duly brought across the Pyrenees. A man may not, even if he is a millionaire with nothing to do, outrage public sentiment, and a repetition of the experiment seems to have been forbidden.

SUPPRESSION IN FRANCE OF THE BULL FIGHT.

OUT of evil comes sometimes good. The bold attempt to establish the bull fight in the French capital has attracted official attention to what takes place in the provinces. Bull fighting, as it has been tolerated in the South, is now prohibited throughout France

It was time. The tolerance that had been exhibited had lowered the dignity of the French nation, and had caused sore heart-burning and misgiving in those who watched with interest the progress of Republican institutions. Bad enough is it in an old and effete kingdom like Spain, where other atrocious institutions have been seen at their worst, and where the intellectual few are powerless to face the ignorance and blood-lust of the masses. In France, however, which claims to carry the banners of enlightenment and progress, the maintenance of the bull fight meant her abandonment of her place among nations. The fiat has gone forth at last, and bull fighting is once more driven behind the Pyrenees. There, if anywhere, let it for the future hide itself, and those only will be harassed by the accursed thing who go purposely to witness it. Such, however, is the degrading influence exercised by the so-called sport, that in Nismes, and other cities of Provence and Languedoc, there is "lamentation and loud wailing." The authorities at Nismes have made frantic appeals, and seem to have meditated resistance. All, however, is vain. The Government is resolute, and France has purged herself of what seemed likely to prove a foul and contaminating disease. That the people should be stirred by Government action to incipient mutiny shows how malignant is the influence of the exhibition.

ENGLISH DEFENDERS OF CRUEL PASTIMES.

WHILE meeting with general encouragement in the crusade against cruel and sanguinary sports, I have encountered an occasional protest, emanating principally from those who have lived in Spain itself or in the Spanish settlements in South America. "Inglese Italianato è un diavolo incarnato:" An Englishman Italianised is an incarnate devil, says an Italian proverb, conveying thus a national experience. I am disposed to think that the same holds true of a Castilianised Englishman. I have known many well-bred and highly educated Spaniards, and never met one who attempted to defend the bull fight, or did anything but deplore its continuance and the hold it has got upon the public. Englishmen "venture in," however, where Spaniards fear to tread. I have met with cultivated Englishmen who have derided my protests, and treated me as squeamish. Saddest of all, I have known English ladies who, if not highly educated, have at least been delicately nurtured, who have expressed their approval of the institution, and told me that the oftener I attended a bull fight the less I should be

shocked with it. The last assertion I entirely accept. I have no doubt whatever that the man who goes on committing crimes finds each successive murder less difficult in perpetration and less troublesome in retrospect. De Quincey supports a view such as this in his famous essay on "Murder considered as one of the fine arts." The person who, having once seen the slaughter of a bull or a horse, can remain to see that of a second, has more of the barbarian in him than I should like to possess. He who went a second time I should look upon as an *Inglese Spagnuolo*.

NORTH VERSUS SOUTH.

ARE, then, the Southern races essentially crueller than the Northern? I think so. When we get into Africa we find ourselves once more in barbarism. There is, however, no need to travel so far. Contemplate the treatment of animals in Spain, and I grieve to say in Italy also, and the question is settled. Again and again I have been horrified by the spectacle of the cruelty shown to domestic animals. My interference has been vain, and has more than once imperilled my own skin. It is useless to preach the lesson of kindness to animals. You are speaking a language that is not understood. There are men in England, doubtless, as merciless and barbarous as any Spaniard. Public sentiment is, however, against them, and they dare not indulge openly their worst propensities. In Spain, on the contrary, when I was last there, public sentiment did not seem to concern itself with the matter. My own protests, as I have said, roused to anger the man with whom I remonstrated, and were heard by bystanders with an expression of pity or amusement. Undeniably, at this time, the Southern is crueller and more ferocious than the Northern. We have not, however, much cause to boast. The times are not yet remote when amusements, only less cruel than those of the Spaniard, were common with all classes; when a bull-baiting constituted a village festival, and when our upper classes knew no amusement more stimulating than a bruising match or a cock fight. Remove the legal prohibitions against these "delights," and I fancy aristocratic patronage of them would soon revive. As it is, our pigeon-shooting is not an entertainment of which we have too much cause to be proud.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

